The Saturday Evening
POST
July 5, 1958 — 15¢

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Tramp-Ship Vacations

I COOKED for the QUEEN
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B-17

"Boy, was I a chump for not telephoning ahead!"

"There we were riding through the night with no place to head in.

"Mary was upset and I was getting more worried by the minute. Every NO VACANCY sign kept reminding me what a chump I was for not calling ahead somewhere for a reservation.

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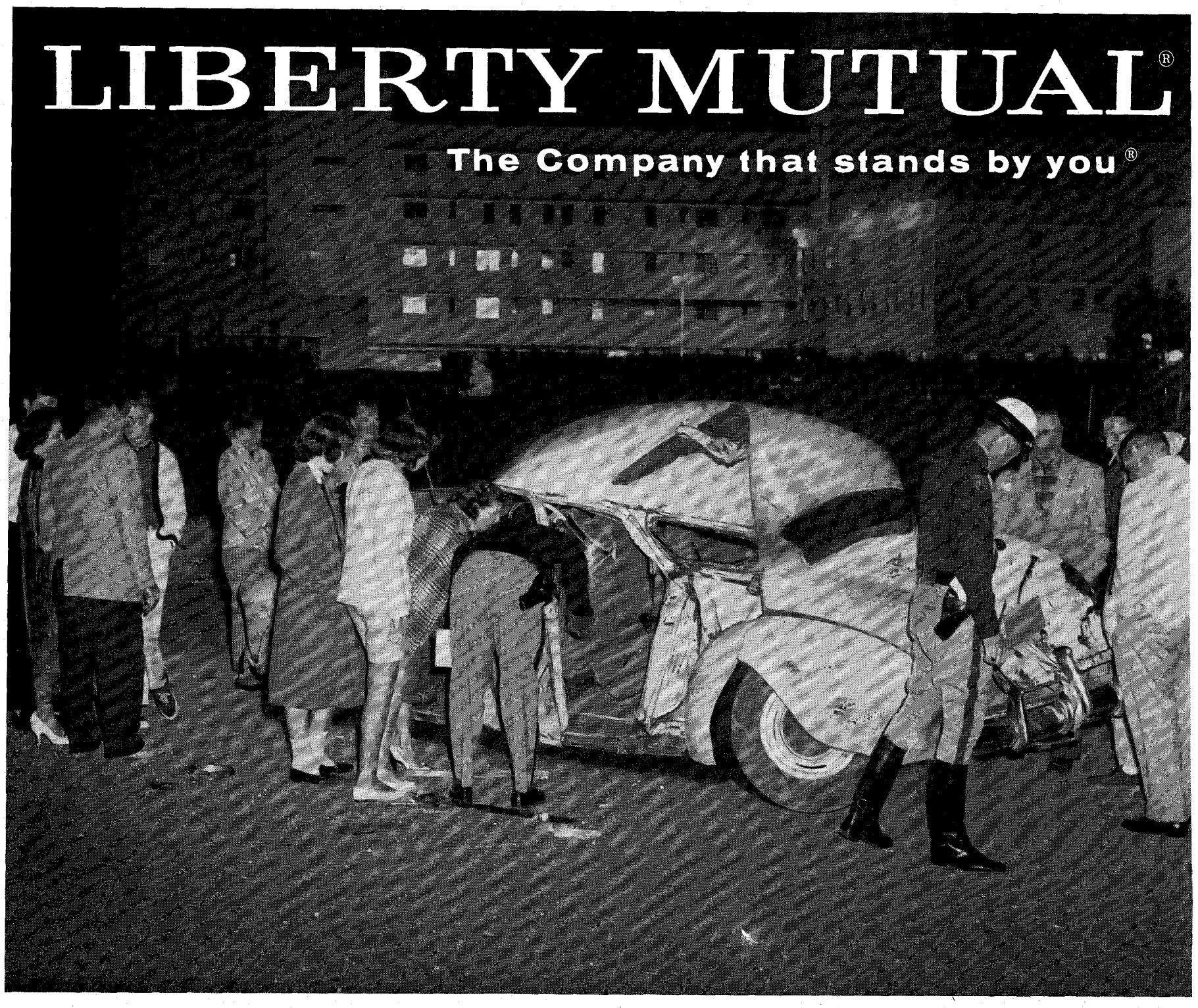

"...car all bashed-in ...someone injured"

POLICYHOLDER TELLS HOW LIBERTY STOOD BY HIM

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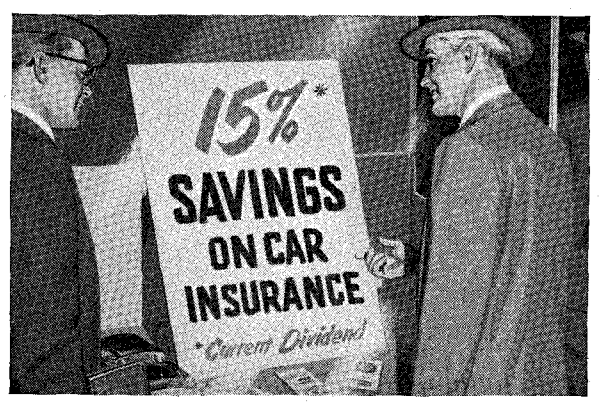

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THE COVER

Alas, the Hillville City parade has paused to change a tire right in front of the mayor, other bigwigs, and three no-parking signs. Lovely Miss Columbia doesn't seem to mind this surplus attention, but her attendants in charge of motivation seem to mind it acutely, proving how kind and unkind Fate can be. If the tire changers don't get a move on, they'll also have to jack up the saluting arms of the bigwigs. Artist Ben Prins got this cover idea while watching the Eisenhower inauguration parade last year: a dignitary stood up in his car to bow to Ike, but before he reached the reviewing stand, the parade stopped, leaving him standing up short of the mark with nothing whatever to do. The befuddled man's wife finally yanked him back into his seat by the coattails.

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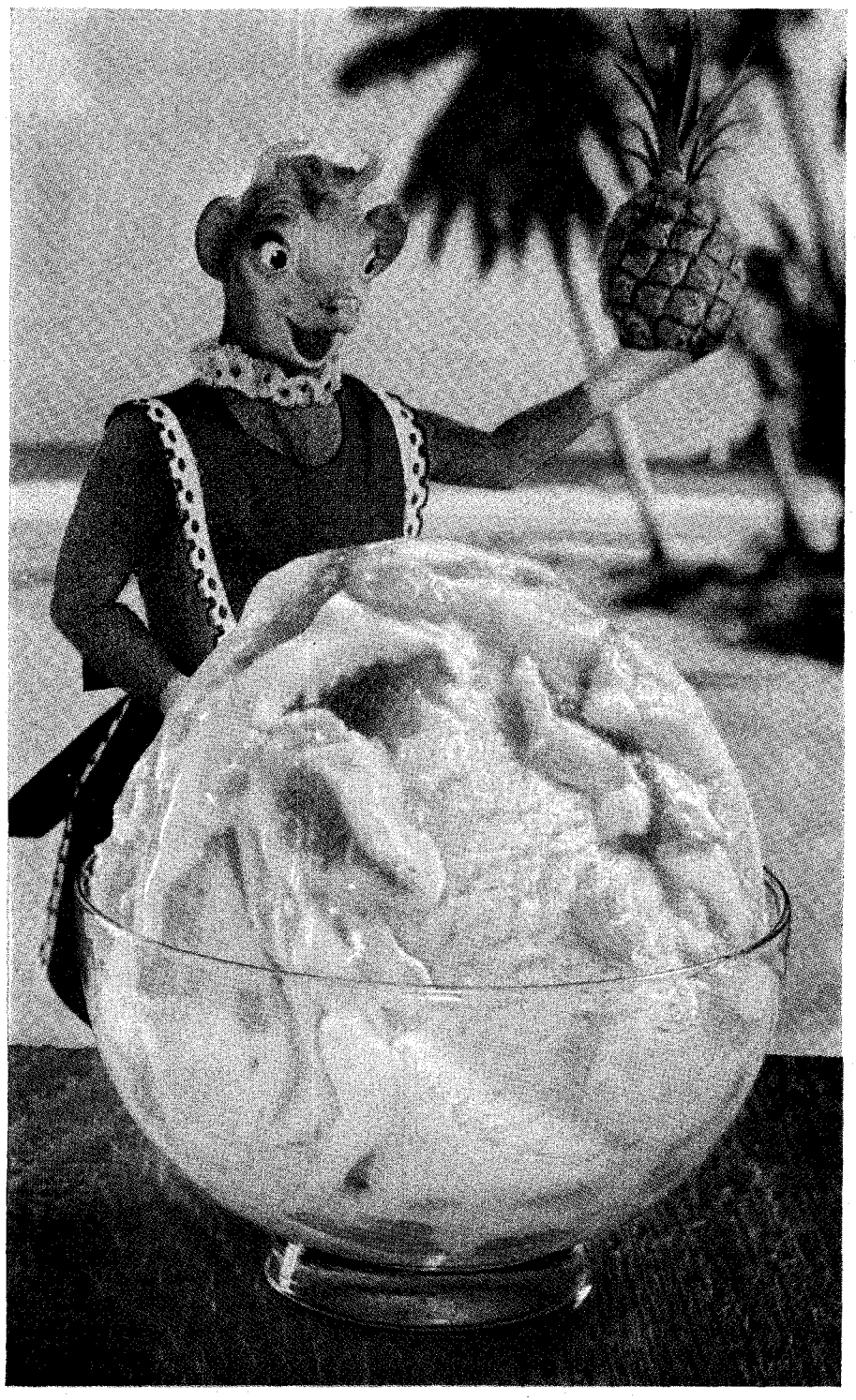

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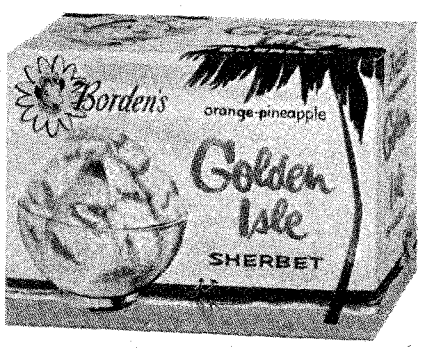

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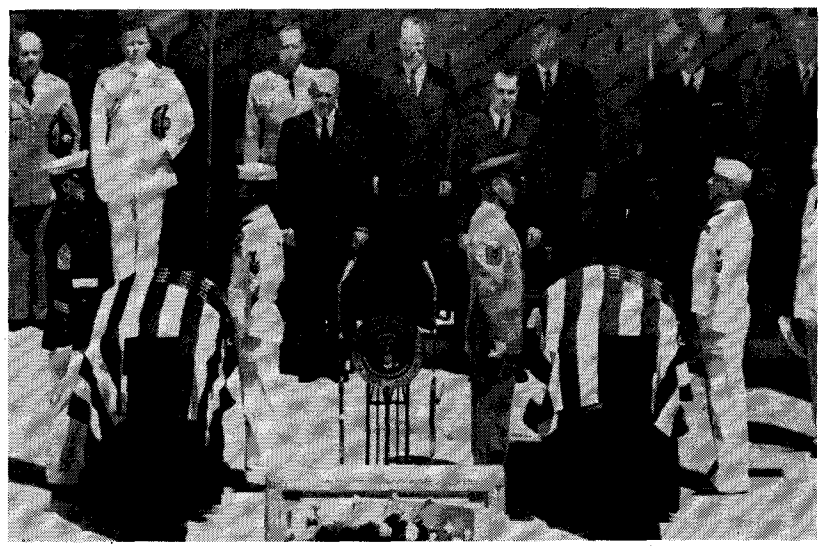
See Borden's TV shows, "The People's Choice" and "Fury" over NBC. © The Borden Company, 1958

Letters

HOW MANY UNKNOWN HEROES?



Memorial Day, 1958: Two additional Unknown Soldiers.

Dear Sirs:

Thank you so much for Col. John L. Virden's editorial, LET OUR REMAINING UNKNOWN SOLDIERS REST IN PEACE! [May 31]. . . .

I was among the ninety enlisted men and four Army officers who stood the Honor Guard around the open grave which received the Unknown Soldier on Nov. 11th, 1921. I feel quite sure that Col. Virden expresses the feelings of those of us who are still alive who stood the Honor Guard that day. . . .

All of us who were there thought that we were burying a man as a symbol to stand for all times for those who had died unknown in the turmoil of battle. . . .

I watched the ceremony at Arlington [see photo] on television and I had a feeling that something was being destroyed.

LEON SIDES
Tacoma, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial has merit—especially the line referring to promotion of a patriotic stunt by "professional veterans."

However, I believe the colonel is incorrect when he refers to "all that was mortal of a *youth* who fell in Korea."

Unknown *old* professional soldiers also died in Korea.

WOJG WILLIAM W. HOLLIDAY, USA (*Ret.*)
Aberdeen, S. Dak.

Dear Sirs:

I couldn't agree . . . more, and I certainly hope that this thing goes no further.

LT. GEN. FLOYD L. PARKS, USA (*Ret.*)
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

My only son was lost in the China-Burma-India theatre and I am sure he would prefer resting where he fell.

MADELINE SPAIN
Yuma, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

Let them sleep where they gave their lives and "leave them alone with their glory."

MRS. N. WAINER GIRARD
Marlboro, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Col. Virden's opinion that the interment of Unknown Soldiers from World War II and Korea will "cheapen" our national shrine, seems, at the very least, unkind to the children, wives, and parents of missing soldiers for whom this Memorial Day might have had a speci meaning.

The publication of such an editori timed at such a late date could obvious achieve no purpose other than attai ment of a "cheap" form of notoriety ar the stimulation of unpleasant emotions.

FOSTER JACO
Glenbrook, Con

Dear Sirs:

The mothers of men who fell at Buer Vista and in battles fought under th generalship of George Washington a gone. Every mother who lost a son World War II or in Korea and does n know what happened to his mortal r mains, can imagine that her son lies b neath one of those granite slabs at th Tomb of the Unknown Soldier(s). Thi I believe, is more important than all th flag-waving, band playing and editoria izing in the world.

JOHN CHAMP NEEI
Arnold, M

Dear Sirs:

Colonel Virden stated that since 192 when the Tomb of the Unknown Soldi was dedicated, a "crack soldier" ha maintained vigil "every minute of ever day and night." Actually, 24-hour guar was not assumed until 1937. Before thi there was only daytime surveillance.

MORRIS MEDOF
Keene, N.H

● *We erred.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Sorry, but we can't supply any un known soldier from the Crazy Snake re bellion in Oklahoma. This uprising of few dozen Indians was led by Chitt Harjo, whose name, incorrectly tran lated as Crazy Snake, gave name to th affair. [The rebellion] did result in th deaths of three deputy sheriffs. But thei bodies were recovered immediately. Bot state militia and U.S. troops were calle out but by then Chitto's boys had . . quietly faded away so there were n uniformed soldiers even injured.

W. E. MARSI
Oklahoma City, Okla

● *Colonel Virden, whose father led a militia unit in pursuit of Crazy Snake, mentioned this 1901 incident as a ludicrous example of "wars" for which an Unknown Soldier's grave might one day be requested.—ED.*

(Continued on Page 6

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B.F.Goodrich

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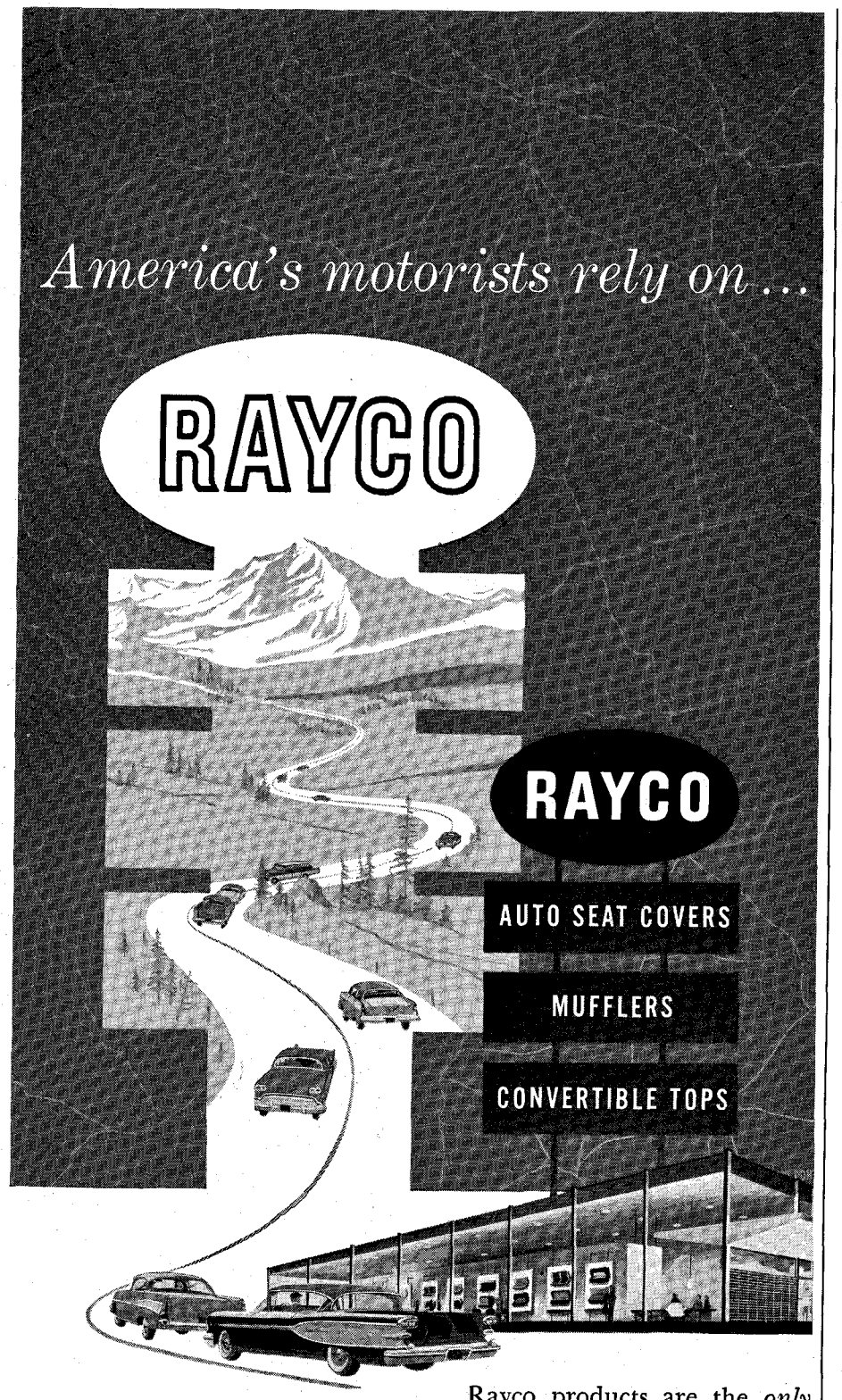

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Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Newfangled Food

Dear Sirs:

In regard to your article, REVOLUTION DOWN ON THE FARM [by Neil M. and Pearl H. Clark] in your May 24 issue: Who is pulling whose leg? Are you pulling the leg of your readers? Did the farmer pull the leg of your authors? Do we have a new breed of cattle that have discovered that since chicken manure has nitrogen in it, it is palatable? Or are chicken droppings more palatable than they used to be?

All the years I lived on a farm the men folks yelled about the chickens running loose and ruining the good green alfalfa hay in the mangers so the livestock wouldn't touch it. Now the Clarks would have us believe cattle will eat straw laden with chicken manure. Ho, Ho.

MRS. GLANN ROGERS
Tiller, Ore.

● *Nonetheless, ground chicken litter mixed with grain and molasses is quite palatable to cattle and sheep.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

I am the wife of one of those "midwest hog-raisers." I am also the chairman of the women's group of the National Farmer's Organization in this county. . . . One of our main reasons for being is to achieve a fair share of the nation's economy for *all* farmers, not just two or three in each county who want to go into integration or contract feeding. There are thousands of farmers who don't want to go into this sort of thing but who will be ruined if they don't go along with it. They are the ones Mr. Benson calls "small" and "inefficient." Actually they are the people who don't want to lose their independence to some feed company or packing company.

MRS. R. L. NICHOLS
Bethany, Mo.

The First Rhino?

Dear Sirs:

The article WE HUNT THE KILLERS, by Peter Ryhiner [as told to Daniel P. Mannix], that appeared in your May 31st issue was especially interesting to me. However, I want to correct him on one point. He stated, "There were none [Indian rhinos] in captivity" at the time of his trip.

Back in 1948 Ralph Graham of the Brookfield Zoo near Chicago brought back a pair from northern India and I saw them on a barge on the Hoogley River prior to their being shipped to the U.S.

They are still in this zoo and doing very well.

JAMES M. WULPI
Brevard, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

On July 8, 1939, Malcolm Davis returned from Calcutta, India, where he had gone to bring back the first Indian rhinoceros that this institution had ever had. . . . It arrived in Washington in perfect condition and may be considered one of the "stars" of the collection.

A one-horned rhinoceros (Rhinoce unicornis), named Gunda [see photo], has rubbed off his horn as a result of r bing up against the wall in his shel which is a common practice for th rhinos in zoos.

THEODORE H. REED, *Dire*
National Zoological P
Washington, D

Rhino, dehorned.

Dear Sirs:

You could easily have done it in two i stallments by simply leaving out the a too-frequent descriptions of his own lit all-wonderful Aphrodite, Mrs. Ryhin

BILL GRONLU
Evart, Mi

Dear Sirs:

The intrepidity and courage of bo Peter and his charming spouse shou prove an inspiration to lovers of adve ture the world over.

THOMAS R. LOGGA
Washington, D.

Saroyan's Pooch

Dear Sirs:

To all who have wondered what go on in the mind of a dog, please join m in offering thanks to William Saroya for his delightful story, FOR THE LOVE O DAISY [May 31]. The minds of Litt People are always a charm to rea but how seldom does one take time t reach into the insight of our four-legge animal friend.

My apologies to Daisy for Mr. Saroy an's permitting Fido to completely stea the show!

MILDRED GRAHA
Bakersfield, Cali

Dear Sirs:

My reaction was: "For Love of Mike, why did they publish this? . . .

The name "Daisy" occurs forty-fiv times, and "Fido" fifty-one times. Isn that an overdose, in a short story?

FLORENCE HEAL
Arlington, Va

● *Our count: 44 Daisys and 49 Fidos.* —ED.

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Reading across pages, then down:

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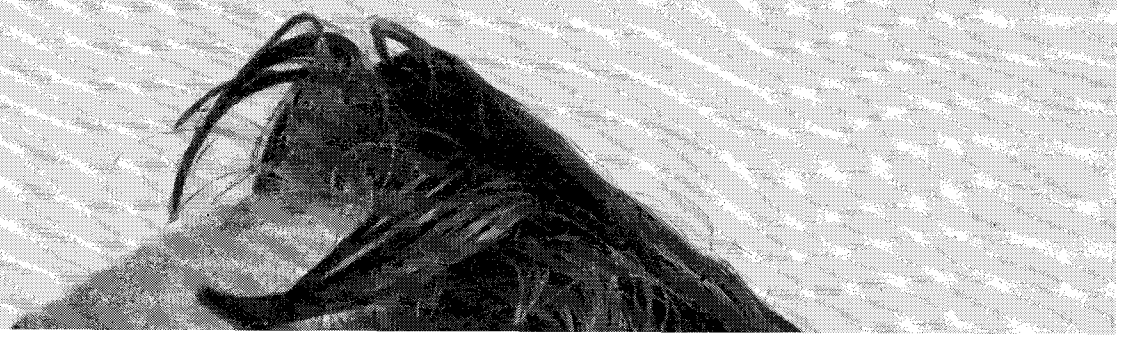

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Editorials

Our Latin-American Diplomacy Isn't All Cooky Pushing!

Since the brutal and unprovoked attack on the Vice President during his visit to Venezuela there has been a great deal of talk about the necessity of some spectacular revision of our whole Latin-American operation. It is frequently said that we should deal with "people" rather than exclusively with governments to which our diplomats are accredited, at any rate when the governments are dictatorships.

One would suppose that American officials on duty among our good neighbors are incompetent cooky pushers, and that our embassies are merely glorified cocktail lounges haunted by aristocratic drones who know nothing and care less about the economic and social condition of "the shoeless masses."

The picture is inaccurate. For many years now, under both Democratic and Republican administrations, American embassies in Latin America and elsewhere have been staffed with able aides who work in less glamorous fields. Economic affairs, press relations, labor unions, international exchanges of students and professors, cultural relations, technical aid in agriculture and industry, financial support for shaky currencies; none of these areas can offer much scope to indolent amateurs.

The case of the labor movements in Latin America is particularly instructive. Ten years ago, the pro-Soviet CTAL (Confederation of Latin-American Labor), controlled by Lombardo Toledano, was unchallenged, partly because it had CIO blessing and partly because of the war. That situation was reversed with the foundation of an anti-Communist federation of labor. Most of the credit must go to the AFL leaders, but they could hardly have accomplished this indispensable work without the strong support of our embassies in the countries concerned and of intelligent officials.

It is significant that neither in Lima nor in Caracas could the Reds marshal the kind of anti-American labor demonstrations that have been so common in Western Europe. They had to depend on their third-string squads, the student organizations and street fighters, hardly more than paid goons. Moreover, the university groups were far from an impressive majority. Too many students and professors have profited by educational exchanges that run back twenty years.

Anybody can understand the pique of Latin America, as a whole, which has seen first Europe, then Asia, then Africa, and now Outer Space, preferred to the more neighborly concerns of the Western Hemisphere. South America, in particular, may well feel itself a Cinderella among continents, and much may be done wisely to correct the unfortunate impression given by our too global concerns. But it is a matter of a carburetor adjustment or a valve job, and not a complete overhaul of a machine that still runs well.

Unbeaten Teams Don't Make Up for Mediocre Education

In the effort to produce better education for America, we need public support for the "intellectual discipline" that Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., the President's Special Assistant on science, and other educators have been talking about. A fraction of our enthusiasm for athletes, band music and baton twirling extended to the scholastic field could accomplish a lot.

The situation at Alabama Polytechnic Institute, better known as Auburn for the town where it is located, provides an example. Auburn is a land-grant university, supported by Alabama taxpayers, and is the largest engineering school in the state. Last year the undefeated Auburn Tigers were named the nation's No. 1 football team and in the very same week API's school of electrical and mechanical engineering lost its accreditation.

The loss of accreditation was no surprise. API's engineering school is a victim of mushroom growth, enrollment having climbed from 1500 to 3500 in six years. Teaching loads were too heavy and faculty salaries too low to suit the Engineers Council for Professional Development, which is the accrediting body. Space has been at such a premium that some engineering classes have moved from the campus to a town movie theater. The state legislature failed to provide a planned increase in corporate taxes to aid Auburn's engineering school. Football at API, on the contrary, is a profitable enterprise.

Money is one obvious need at Auburn, but hardly a cure. The overwhelming growth in the engineering school has its roots in (1) the demand for engineers, and (2) Auburn's attempt to mass-produce them from many students whose qualifications were doubtful. Admission to the engineering school is granted any resident of the state with high-school credits. Only 40 per cent of those who enter the engineering school graduate.

Auburn's objective, shared by tax-supported schools in most states, is to keep the doors to higher education wide open to all who are qualified to benefit. There are limits, however, to the room inside. Restriction of admission in some form, once the present crisis is ended, is being discussed for Auburn's engineering school. It is opposed by those who insist the land-grant colleges were established to provide higher education for any resident who has qualified by obtaining high-school credits. Unfortunately two-thirds of Alabama's white high schools are not up to the standards for accreditation.

Dollars for better teaching in high schools will help more young people qualify for higher education. But the student's sense of values is determined by adult attitudes. High-school students who note as much respect among their elders for an honor student as for a broken-field runner might be spurred to train their minds as well as their muscles.

Water Conservation is a Top Concern With Many States

With rising industrial and public needs, an assured water supply has become an economic necessity all over the country. Industrial use increased 43 per cent and public use 21 per cent in the 1950–55 period according to estimates compiled by the Division of Water Resources of the Department of the Interior.

The available water supply is already influencing the movement of industry and people, a trend that shows signs of being permanent. As Walter L. Picton, water expert of the United States Department of Commerce, said in a review of water use in the United States: "The future pattern of regional growth and development will depend on the wisdom and foresight of state and local areas in developing and allocating water for the optimum benefit."

In most of the states, as in the Federal Government, resource responsibilities have been scattered among a number of separate agencies. These are now being co-ordinated in various ways for efficiency's sake. In Wisconsin a Natural Resources Committee of State Agencies was set up to provide a uniform approach, and in New Hampshire unified action is being effected through a Council on Resource Development. Others are putting their resource agencies in a single Department of Conservation or Natural Resources, as it may be called. In Colorado a 1957 measure brought fourteen existing agencies together in such a department. The state studies are intended, as one official put it, "to begin the management of our water resources, something so far rather rare in this country."

The aim of all these plans is a dependable water supply. Generally they call for this to be achieved by upstream storage of flood waters and their gradual release as needed, along with conservation measures on the land to hold down excess runoff. Since it is a natural operational unit, the watershed is being made the basis for program planning. It lends itself to multipurpose programs in which flood prevention, water-supply maintenance, pollution control and outdoor recreational opportunities may all be developed at the same time.

This new interest in water development could open the door to Federal, state and local co-operation. Most of the Federal Government's expensive water activities follow traditional lines and are without any relation to state plans. A workable policy to gear them together would seem to be in order.

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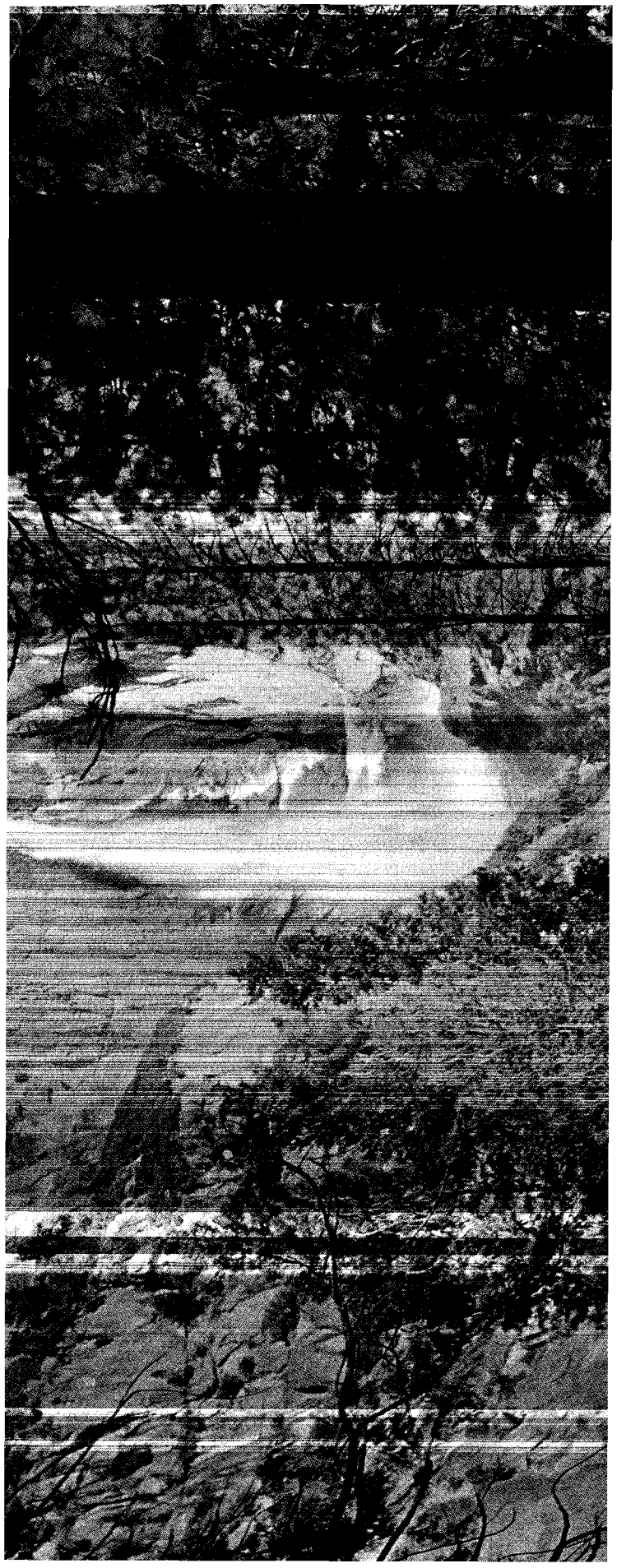

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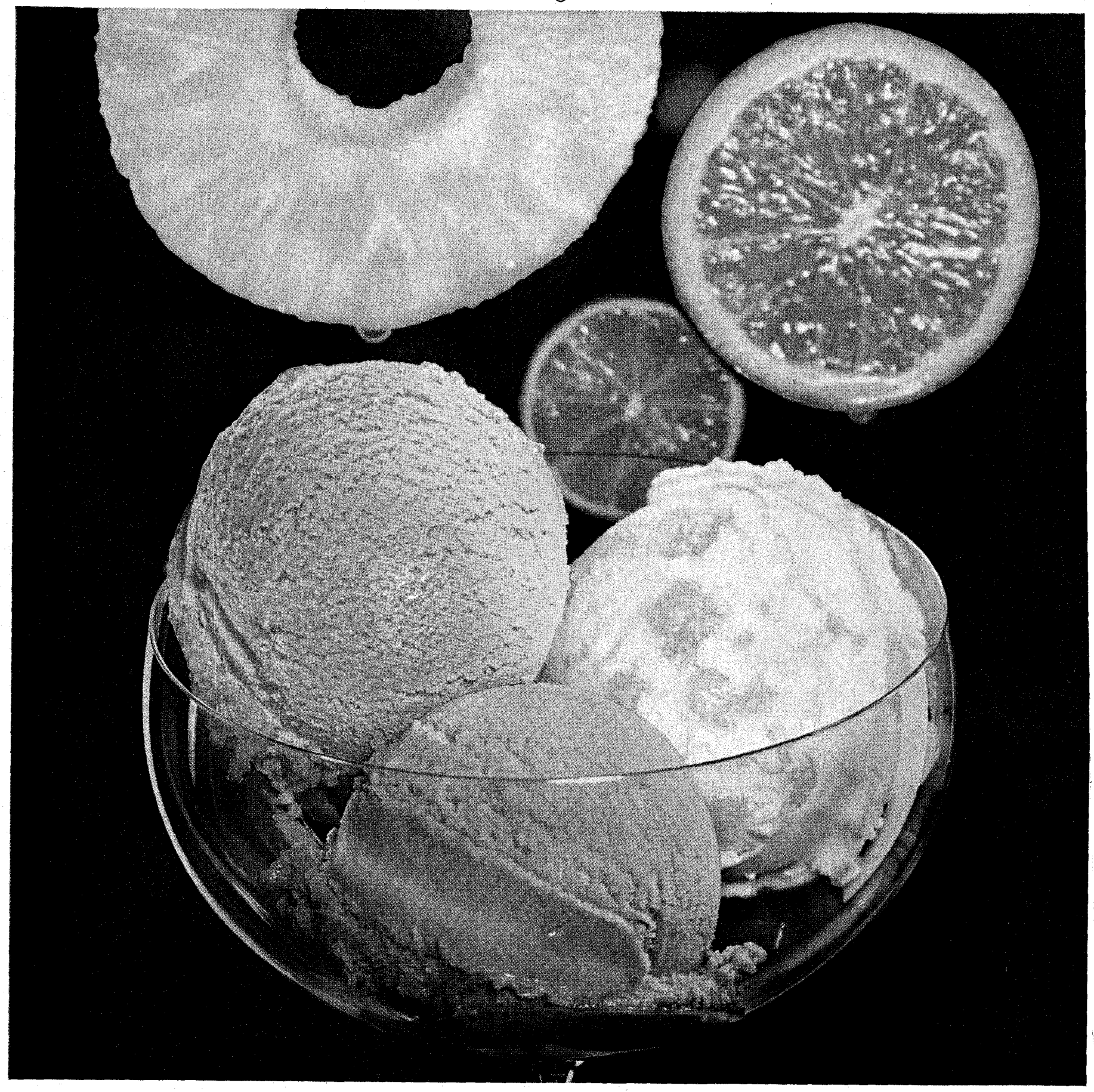
COOL IDEA from the Foremost Dairy Kitchens!

Fresh as the fruit they're made from



FOREMOST
FROSTY SHERBETS

Outwit the weather with your favorite fresh-fruit flavor: Pineapple, Orange or Lime.

FOREMOST DAIRY FOODS

golden state

Tastemark

In some areas Foremost sherbets come to you under these other Foremost family names

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

YOUR FAMILY GETS THE MOST FROM FOREMOST

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Larry Harris (facing camera, left, above) is a Roving Group Worker. His job: to get kids off the streets and into planned recreation. The "Roving Group Worker" project often helps forestall the development of future problem families. With Harris is detective Joseph Sherin.

Is There Hope for "Hopeless" Families?

Tired of pouring money down the relief rathole, St. Paul, Minnesota, is trying a new approach to a seemingly insoluble problem. Can they really do something about the 6% of families who use more than half the welfare dollars while breeding criminals?

By CARL T. ROWAN

One Saturday evening last August the quiet peacefulness of Minneapolis' Pillsbury Avenue was shattered by the urgent wail of a police siren and the shrill screech of tires on two speeding automobiles. In an area of neat, tree-shaded homes, cloaked in the deepening twilight, a dramatic, zigzag police chase came to a crunching halt when three men lost control of their stolen car and plowed into a parked vehicle. The pursuing police car spun to a stop. Two policemen and the three fugitives leaped into the street, guns blazing.

A few seconds later patrolman Robert H. Fossum, father of three children, with a fourth on the way, was dead. As he lay wounded, one gunman had stepped over his body and shot him to death. Patrolman Ward Canfield, father of three children, lay critically wounded. After stealing two more cars and seizing the woman occupant of one of them as a hostage, the gunmen faded into the night.

Every policeman in Minneapolis was called into the most publicized manhunt in recent Minnesota history. The city was filled with speculation over whether the armor plate and the armor-piercing bullets found in the gunmen's abandoned car meant that the Chicago mob had moved in or the gunmen were just local punks and barroom toughs.

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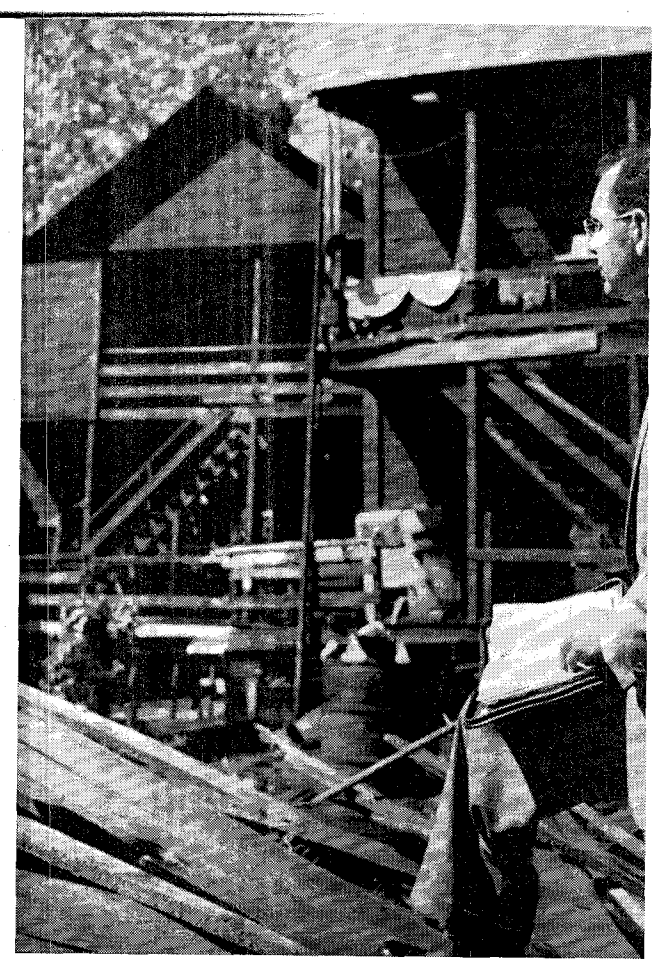
Several welfare agencies have joined forces for St. Paul's Family-Centered Project. Alice Overton, center, the director of the project, here leads a weekly seminar for case workers.



The West Side Flats section is one of St. Paul's seamier areas. It is the assigned beat of Charles Lampright, a project worker.

Four Saturdays later, Minneapolis learned the answer. The fugitives were spotted in a game reserve north of the Twin Cities, and an airplane-directed chase through the game farm got under way, with a posse of police and sheriff's deputies pursuing the three young men. The fleeing gunmen seized Eugene Lindgren, father of three, as a hostage; then killed him when he failed to run as fast as they thought he should.

Finally, policemen managed to corner the trio and they shot two of them to death. The third tried unsuccessfully to kill himself. Who were they? Three local young punks: Roger, twenty-six, Ronald, twenty-four, and James O'Kasick, twenty. They had robbed a string of drugstores and supermarkets over a two-year period, James confessed, so they shot out of fear when Fossum and Canfield first cornered them.

As all the sordid details were bared, it became obvious that the three brothers, whose vicious spree had ended with four people dead, one critically wounded and many more filled with tragic grief, were part of what social workers have described variously as a "hard core," "sick" or "multiple-problem" family. In the Probation Office of Hennepin County District Court there are fifteen bulging file dating back nineteen years, dealing with th problems and the disordered behavior Michael (their father) O'Kasick's family. Re ords at the Hennepin County Welfare Boar show that more than $20,000 in relief ha been doled out to them over the years.

Where did we fail? Minneapolis people aske themselves. Most of them, particularly thos who work in the field of human behavior, su pected that Minneapolis had failed in th same way communities all over the countr had failed: simply by doing too little too lat too unskillfully.

The O'Kasicks: Hardest of the "Hard Core" Families

Father: Michael O'Kasick "supported" his family with 19 years of petty crime and $20,000 in relief funds.

Sons: Ronald O'Kasick (foreground), 24, and his brother Roger, 26, were shot by police after a month-long manhun In a wild orgy of crime that started with a car-stealing spree, they had murdered a policeman and a hostag

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Almost two decades before these young men
ın out the string of delinquency, social work-
rs were filing case reports about the family's
conomic desperation, about the way their
ouse smelled, about the mother's inadequacy
nd the miserable home life, about the fact
hat the O'Kasick children—James was a mere
ıfant then—were in clear and present danger.
t was obvious that here was one of those fam-
lies which represent a millstone about the neck
f civilized mankind, and that unless society
ntervened promptly but wisely all the mal-
djustment and general pathology would be
ransmitted to another generation. "But no-
ody intervened," said a Minnesota official.
'The first organized approach to this family
ame when that posse organized."

Many people argue that public stinginess
ınd shortsighted economies produced the
)'Kasick tragedy; that this family and many
nore could have received desperately needed
guidance and psychiatric help had the com-
nunity been willing to spend the money it
ıltimately had to pay out for that month-long
nanhunt, for the medical bills of Patrolman
Canfield, for Patrolman Fossum's widow and
:hildren. Yet, a growing band of community
eaders are soul-searching deeper than this.
They suspect that more money and social
workers will not in themselves provide a pan-
ıcea for the troublesome situation represented
oy the nation's multiple-problem families.

Under the leadership and prodding of a so-
cial worker named Bradley Buell and his New
York City group called Community Research
Associates (C.R.A.), these community leaders
are concluding that events like the O'Kasick
killings will recur until those responsible for
our public and private welfare programs do
these things:

1. Realize that problem families represent the major health-and-welfare challenges in every community, and admit that those responsible for helping generally have ducked these challenges, using the alibi of "no money" or "you can't do anything with these people."

2. Concede that too many communities have been simply "picking up the pieces" after crises like delinquency, illegitimate births and parental neglect, while doing little or nothing to get at the source of such costly human breakdown with preventive and rehabilitative work.

Perhaps nothing has jarred social work more than this starkly sobering fact: health-and-welfare programs in this country have reached such a staggering level of cost that the public is not likely to tolerate them for long when the results appear to be of doubtful value. Look at the nation's tax-supported health-and-welfare burden in November, 1957—before it was sent soaring at an even greater pace by the economic recession. Although more than 11,000,000 people received almost $600,000,000 in old-age, survivors and disability insurance (Social Security) in November, another 2,491,514 aged people received more than $150,000,000 in public assistance; 2,457,000 people received almost $66,000,000 in aid to dependent children; payments to more than 108,000 blind totaled more than $7,000,000, and to 289,000 permanently and totally disabled more than $17,000,000. Beyond this, state and local governments paid $17,842,000 in general assistance—or poor relief—to 312,000 families last November; some 22,000 more families than were receiving general relief funds in November, 1956. There is every indication that welfare costs will continue to rise.

It is significant that many of the people asking the most embarrassing questions about welfare costs cannot be labeled as hardhearted, blue-nosed reactionaries. They are individuals with a long-demonstrated humanitarian concern for the nation's families in trouble.

"What John Q. Public wants to know is why, in a period of high prosperity and peak employment, public-welfare units in three thousand counties were handing out an average of two hundred and fifty million dollars a month to five and one half million people," says Harry O. Page, C.R.A.'s associate director for public welfare and a former president of the American Public Welfare Association. Page points out that these public-welfare departments have become so much a part of American life, so much a symbol of our national humanity, that their existence no longer is a subject of great debate. What is debatable in the minds of many is the fact that public welfare has ceased to be an emergency operation and has become a permanent, multifunctional institution that some see as an easy refuge for the lazy and faint of heart. What is debatable is the wisdom of pumping more money into programs that seem to offer little evidence that any lasting progress can be made in halting the rising tide of family maladjustment.

There is growing White House concern over the apparent efforts of some states to make human welfare primarily a Federal burden. There are amazing variations in administration costs, the range spreading from two cents out of every welfare dollar in some states to sixteen cents in others. Some argue that, with more local money involved, local administrators probably would be more zealous in seeing that every welfare dollar provides something approaching a dollar's worth of results.

Buell and his C.R.A. associates have warned many communities that the whole structure of worthwhile, desperately needed welfare services may be severely impaired unless those responsible remove the bureaucratic red tape and archaic techniques which make many of today's welfare programs little more than mopping-up operations. In public agencies most case workers are so busy filling out forms that they spend less than 20 per cent of their time with the families they are supposed to help. Deeply troubled families are lumped into huge caseloads. The harassed worker can give little service to any of them, beyond a routine check to see if the bodies are still warm—since the public dislikes paying money to dead men.

The 1956 Congress sought to alter this situation by amending the Social Security statutes so as to lay down a mandate that social workers stop handing (Continued on Page 82)

Survivor: James O'Kasick, 20, attempted to commit suicide after the police killed his two older brothers.

Victim: One of the O'Kasick brothers wounded Patrolman Ward Canfield (below) so badly that his right leg had to be amputated. Canfield's partner, Robert Fossum, was killed in the gun battle.

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"Where did you go after you left the club?" he said.

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By MAURICE ZOLOTOW

Where Were You Last Night?

For the first time in their married life, each of them was hiding a guilty secret.

It was almost eleven o'clock on a Saturday morning in late March, and Mr. and Mrs. Garmer—Vivian and Philip, that is—were still asleep in the master bedroom of their split-level house in a little town in Westchester, not quite so fashionable as Harrison, Rye or Scarsdale, but still tolerably suburban. Now, the Garmers, being a couple who liked to be up and doing at practically the crack of dawn because they were so full of the joy of living and of each other, were definitely not in the habit of whiling away a morning in bed, even on Saturday or Sunday. They were a fairly young married couple—six years of it and without children as yet—and still madly and romantically and openly in love with each other.

It was the openliness that confounded some of their friends and neighbors. As Mrs. Hague, who lived just around the corner, had recently put it, "The lady and the gentleman doth protest too much, methinks." Mrs. Hague simply was not convinced of the sincerity of a man and a woman who, with six years of marriage behind them, were still holding hands in public and otherwise carrying on. By carrying on, she did not mean anything more serious than Philip's kissing the finger tips or neck of his wife, pulling out chairs for her, speaking sweetly and tenderly. It seemed like an act, put on for other people's benefit.

On the other hand, more romantic ladies, like Mrs. Fraser—the Frasers live in that Southern colonial two blocks over—were heartwarmed by the spectacle. "He's crazy about her," Mrs. Fraser would say. "He worships her. Isn't it a delight to see such an ideal couple?" Not only in public but also when they were alone, the Garmers consistently were what Mrs. Hague called lovey-dovey.

Now, the Garmers were not just asleep this morning. They were fast asleep, deeply unconscious and lost-to-the-world asleep. They had both, in fact, gone to sleep the night before in a condition of advanced intoxication, which is a kinder way of saying they had muddled half upstairs—they lived in a split-level, remember—half dead with drink. Since they were not serious drinkers, this was in itself astonishing. But even more astonishing was that they had got—as Mrs. Hague would have put it—good and plastered separately.

The morning sun, in the course of its steady progress from the east to the west, finally glared through the open slats of the Venetian blind on the southeast window and the light fell upon Garmer's eyelids and forced them to open slightly. He tried to shutter his lids again. He felt terrible. As he slowly beat his way into consciousness, he was aware of a throbbing in his brain, a dryness in his throat, a nausea in his belly and a tickling in his mouth, as if his tongue had overnight become twice its normal size and sprouted a pelt of fur. He groaned. *What a fool I was*, he thought. *Never again.*

He groped his way to the bathroom. He brushed his teeth. The fur did not go away. He brushed his teeth a second time. He splattered cold water on his face. He swallowed two aspirins. He dropped a round white tablet into a glass of water and, waiting until it bubbled wildly—really, he had never before realized that effervescent antacid tablets made such an earsplitting racket—he drank the mixture. He showered. Having put much concentration into the matter, he came to the conclusion that it was a Saturday, so he did not have to wear a suit. He clad himself in a T shirt, brown chinos and scuffed moccasins.

(Continued on Page 66)

Illustrated by Joe Bowler

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The Mystery of Matter

By J. ROBERT OPPENHEIMER

What I have undertaken to write here, about an active but very small part of the scene in contemporary science, must leave me troubled, touched with misgivings and some concerns of conscience. I have written this account for those who may be interested, but who are neither professionally active nor professionally trained. Many of the words that I have used may mean the wrong things to such a reader; all will mean far less than they should for a good understanding.

This can hardly be otherwise. We must consider objects like electrons and mesons, processes like collision and radioactive decay. Behind each of these words is an epic of experiment, equipment, observation, error, analysis, imagination and work. None of these words corresponds to anything manifest in daily life, or even in experience close to that of daily life. We must refer to arguments whose rigor and scope can hardly, in practical terms, be comprehended without some use of mathematics, and often mathematics not available to a lay, well-educated contemporary. Here and there I have tried to make a small exposition of what a word or a notion means, but this in turn has rested on familiarity and knowledge with earlier parts of science that were in their day also at the frontier and that are even now far removed by the specialized experience of the laboratory, by the abstract logic of mathematical argument and by the happy interplay between these, from the common experience of man.

There is another side. In natural science, discovery has led to invention, invention to technique and practice; and the shape of our world has changed its day-to-day character almost as much as our knowledge of nature. But by virtue of the fact that these are practical changes, that they satisfy, or are intended to satisfy, human needs and interests, they can be described, even to those who are far from the tradition in which they had their origin.

The consequences of nuclear power for man can be described without reference *(CONTINUED ON PAGE 79)*

About the Author

J. Robert Oppenheimer has been director of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton since 1947. Trained as a physicist at Harvard, Cambridge and Göttingen universities, Doctor Oppenheimer served for eighteen years as a professor of physics at the University of California and the California Institute of Technology. Between 1943 and 1945 he was director of the laboratory at Los Alamos, where the first atomic bombs were made. For his contribution to this project Doctor Oppenheimer was awarded the Medal for Merit. Subsequently he served as adviser to the Atomic Energy Commission, the White House and the Departments of State and Defense. In 1954, after hearings which are still the subject of intense controversy, Doctor Oppenheimer was denied security clearance. Doctor Oppenheimer's most recent book was The Open Mind, published by Simon and Schuster in 1955. Photograph by Philippe Halsman

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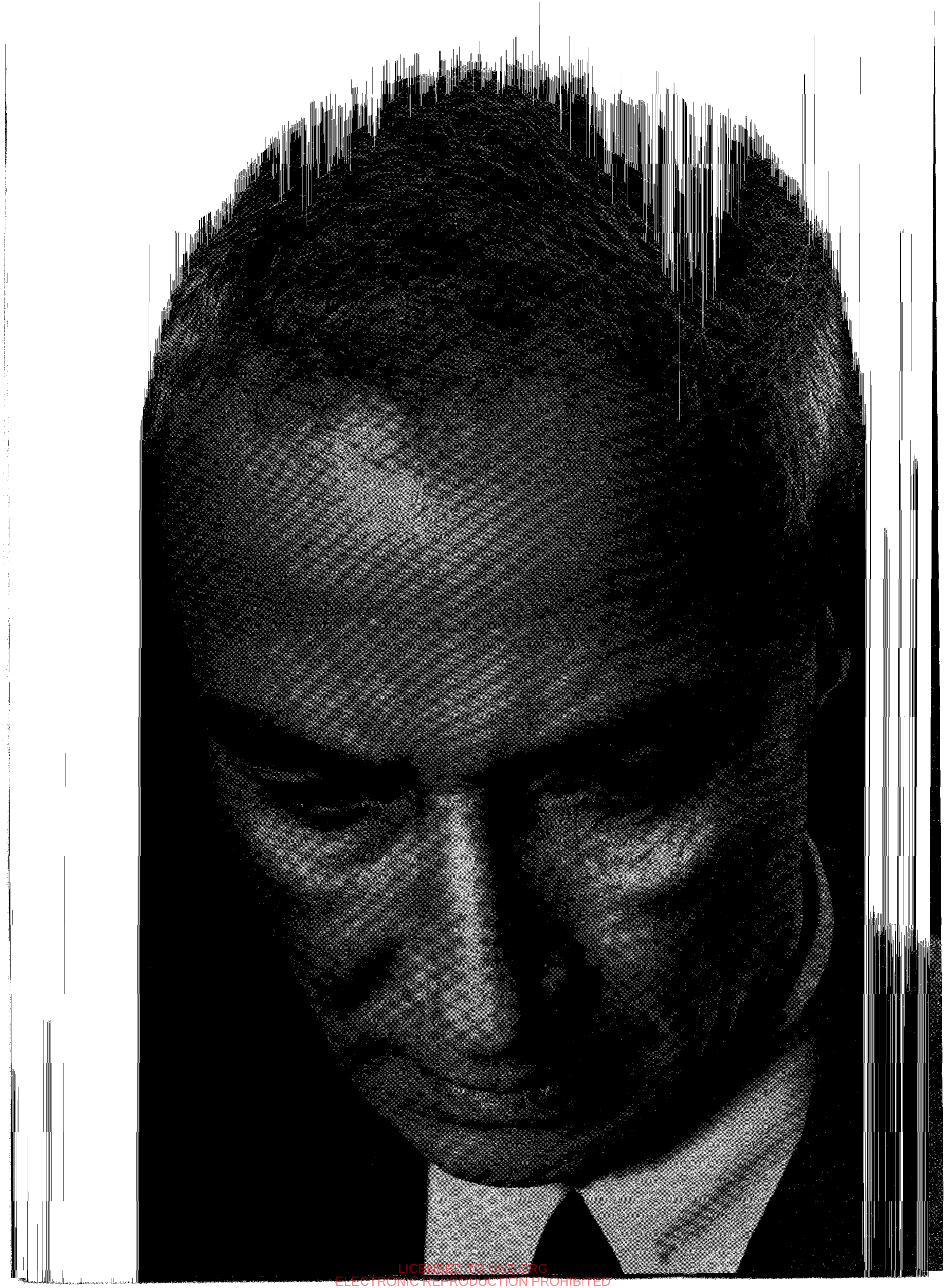

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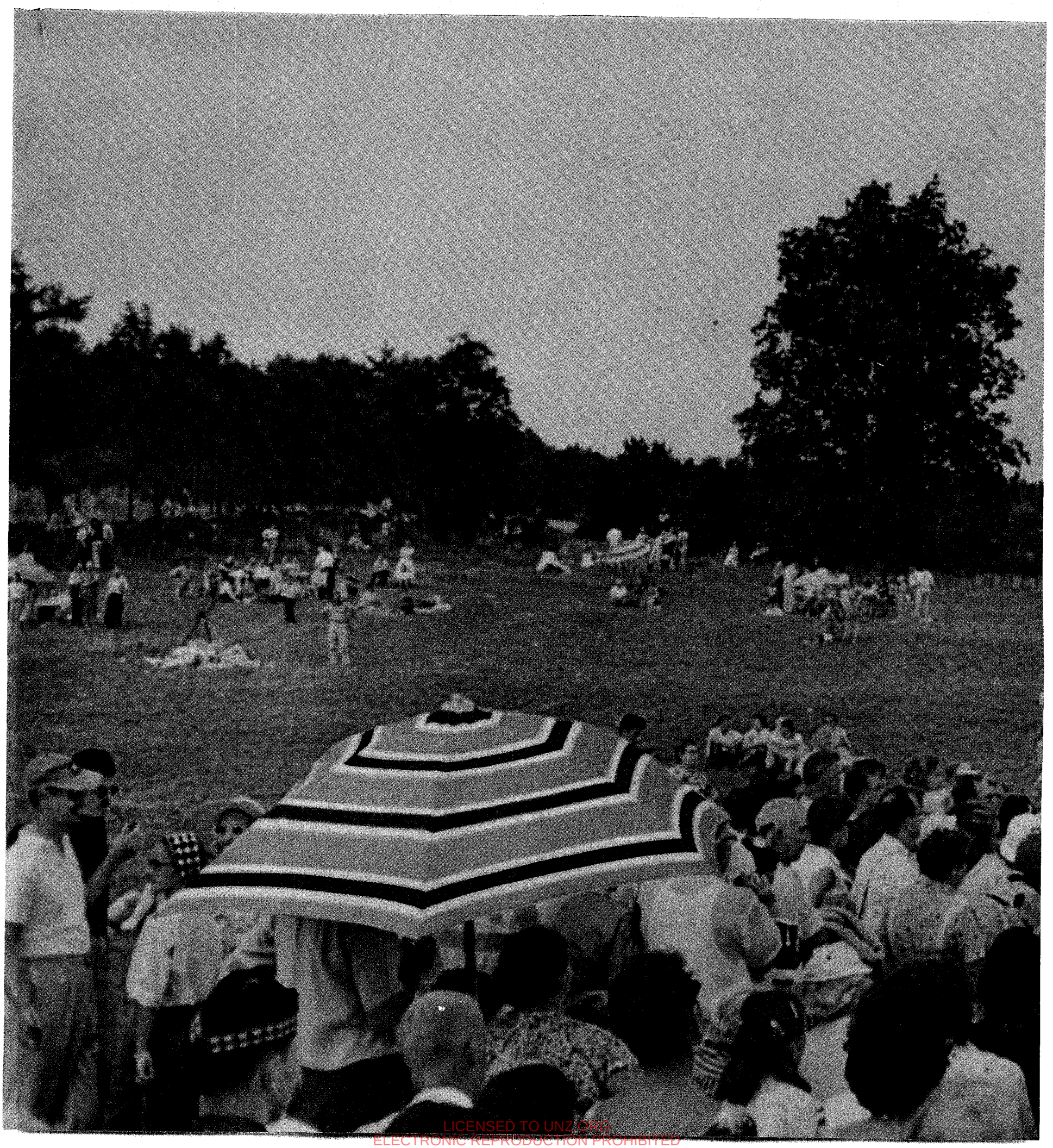
The Face of AMERICA

The Scotch-Americans



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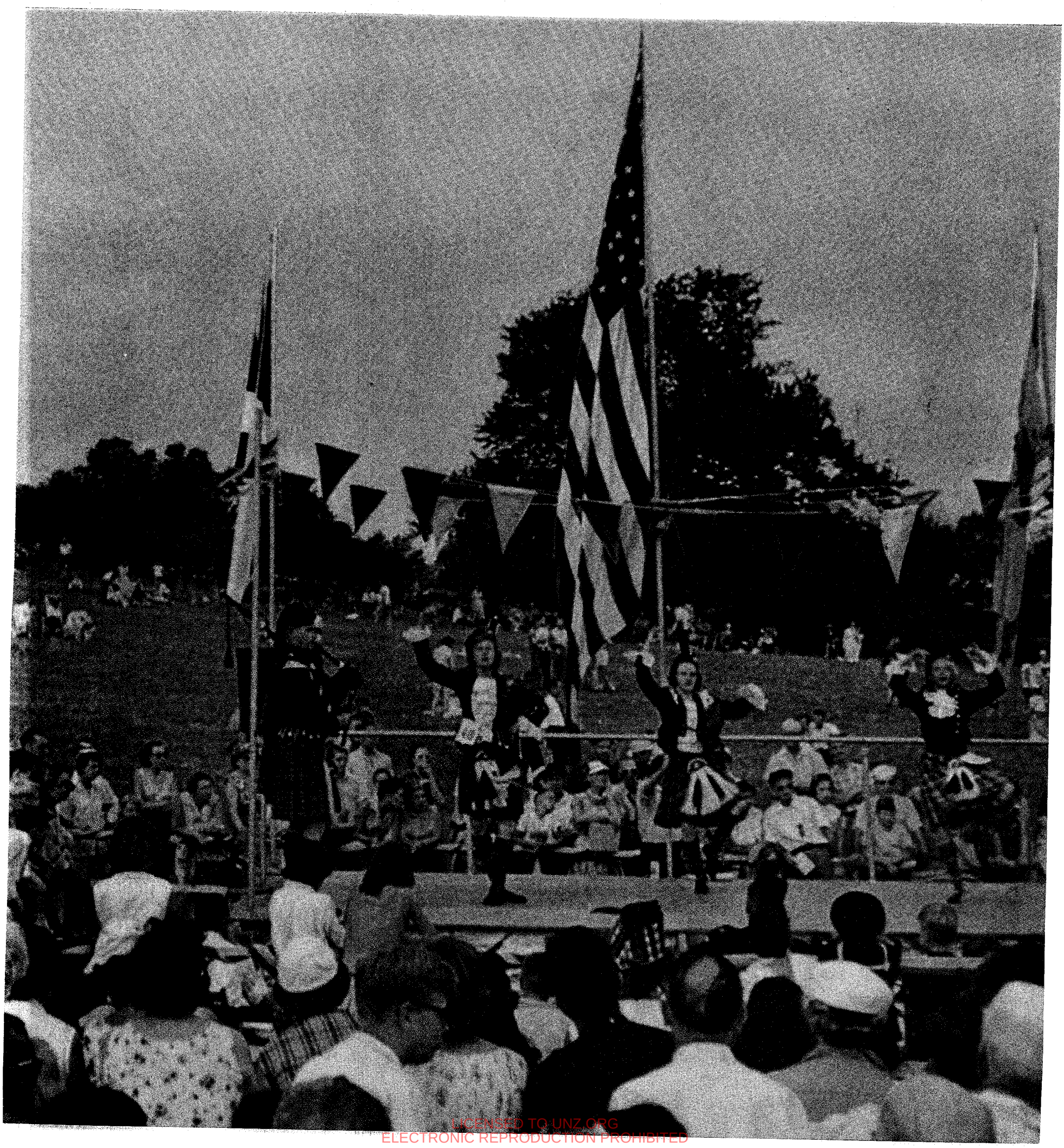
The Scots are a hardy race, wherever they roam. That is proved anew each Fourth of July when the bagpipes skirl for the call of the clans, and Americans of Scottish blood gather near Greenwich, Connecticut, for the Round Hill Highland Games.

They have a grand, strenuous day. Some lassies whirl their kilts in the Highland fling as we see here, while others compete in the Sword Dance and the *Shean Truibhais*, a sort of heather-country ballet. The men recall a heroic age with tugs o' war and an ancient Gaelic sport called "tossing the caber"—pitching a large wooden pole.

All the while the countryside vibrates to blood-stirring Highland music as bagpipe bands, arrayed in colorful tartans, march and drill. In the land of the lochs, games-days are as traditional as haggis. This American version started thirty-five years ago as a simple clan picnic on the estate of the late Charles A. Moore, but now attracts 9000 guests and raises a sizable fund for charity—as well as a lot of fun for Scotsmen.

Photograph by Farrell Grehan



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When Davy saw Janice his heart jumped so far up into his throat he could hardly breathe.

Davy's Big Day

A pair of lovely blue eyes can work miracles on a man. Here's what they did to Davy.

By LEON WARE

It was the best kind of a morning: bright with early sunshine, soft with a late spring breeze, lovely with tiny tufts of cotton drifting across a pale blue sky. Davy Wilson saw it from his window, breathed it deep into his soul, and bounced down to breakfast.

His father was having a second cup of coffee and had reached the sports page. His mother was immersed in the society section, her scrambled eggs almost untouched. Davy sat down, said "Hi," and picked up his orange juice.

"Did you wash?" his mother asked without looking up.

He put down the orange juice and pushed back his chair.

"Ye gods, Davy!" his father said and turned the page.

When he came back they were both waiting for him, his mother with a look of resignation and his father wearing the expression of a man who has promised tolerance and patience but is on the verge of explosion with his commitment.

"I hoped when you got into your teens," his mother said, "we wouldn't have to remind you to wash!"

"Forgot," Davy said.

He drank his orange juice. It had ice in it, the way he liked it. He could see flecks of bacon and green pepper in the dish of scrambled eggs and he liked that too. The toast was sourdough French, browned under the broiler, soaked with butter, and the jam was strawberry, the kind his mother made, with the berries big and unbroken. He began helping himself.

"Before you get involved in anything else," his mother began, "I've got some things for you to do.

(Continued on Page 84)

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During lunch hour, women workers can get their hair done without leaving the building. Beauty-parlor profits go to the employees' educational and social club.

On the third floor, girls process group-insurance papers in five-member teams. In the old, downtown offices, the teams were either jammed together or too widely separated.

It's Nice to Work in the Country

$20,000,000 for an office building five miles from town was a daring gamble for this big insurance company. But now the employees say it's "as good as working in a country club."

By JOE ALEX MORRIS

As any junior executive knows, one of the American businessman's big problems is how to keep his secretary—and the rest of the office help too—happy and on the job. When a secretary or a typist or a filing clerk quits, the firm loses time, money and efficiency and, all too often, the boss loses his temper. Such crises, however, seldom disturb the executives of Connecticut General Life Insurance Company, which last year moved into a new and revolutionary office building five miles out in the country.

Not long ago, Bruce P. Hayden, secretary of the committee that supervised the construction, returned to his office after the 2000 employees were supposed to have gone home and found Anita Bonsagni busy at her desk. Hayden stared at her in surprise.

"Why are you still here?" he asked. "Quitting time is four o'clock, and it's now seven-thirty."

"You don't say?" she replied calmly. "I was held up by some last-minute work; but, even so, I'm not all in, the way I always was by four o'clock in the old place."

That, Hayden later remarked with a pleased grin, was the moment when the last doubt faded from his mind of the company's wisdom in establishing a $20,000,000 headquarters remote from the busy, congested center of Hartford. It hadn't been easy to make the decision to locate an exceedingly modern office building in the wide open spaces. Skeptics, both within the company and outside, warned that 10 per cent of the employees would refuse to work in the country. But instead of the loss of a predicted 200 (Continued on Page 70)

Inside and out, Connecticut General's new home is designed to alleviate the tedium of white-collar work.

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A cabin on the Norwegian M.S. Havmoy. The passengers are bound from New York to Antwerp.

The lady gets a navigation lesson from the Havmoy's captain. Freighter bugs have a run-of-the-ship freedom unheard of aboard passenger liners.

Dockside in Japan: Aboard the Ventura—also Norwegian—all the passengers eat at the captain's table.

Captain Tyse takes his charges on an informal tour of the Ventura's bridge. The gentleman in the beret is a ship's captain taking a busman's holiday.

Have You Got the Freighter Bug?

A tramp-steamer vacation is for those who have more time than money. And many people seem to prefer to go to sea aboard a working vessel instead of a luxury liner.

By J. C. FURNAS

My wife and I had just returned from an up-country trip and were waiting in an African port for the freighter in which we were to go home. Here was an urgent airmail letter: An editor in New York had an idea to discuss with me; please cable exact date of arrival. We laughed for ten minutes, cabled back: ARRIVAL DATE EXTREMELY UNCERTAIN LETTER FOLLOWS, and composed an airmail reply tactfully filling the man in on freighters—a highly enjoyable, but also most unpredictable means of travel.

Somewhere along the coast our ship was still dawdling along, like a child coming home with a bad report card. Nobody could tell exactly when she would turn up to embark us, a quantity of cocoa, some rubber and a six months' supply of movies being sent back to the United States from the local theater. After arrival, she twice put off sailing, so we had three successive farewell evenings with shore friends—"freighter" is just another way to spell "anticlimax." Of thirteen such ships I have traveled in with my wife, none ever sailed on a major leg of the voyage on the date first set. Being so used to delay, we were badly confused last winter when a freighter we were booked in, up and sailed two days ahead of expectation.

Once our S.S. Whatsyourrush got to sea, our Africa-United States crossing through the strange Sargasso Sea was peacefully wonderful. The first officer decided that those movies needn't blush unseen, so every day officers and passengers looked over the list on the manifest and picked two for double-feature screening on the afterdeck—no popcorn, no commercials, just a gentle roll, a mild breeze and the supine comfort of deck chairs. Uncertainties persisted, however. Not until thirty-six hours before landfall did we or the skipper know whether our debarkation point, identified on the ticket as merely "First U.S. East Coast port," would mean New York, Philadelphia, or Fall River, Massachusetts. It proved to be Fall River—and if that strikes the conventional traveler as a curious place to land, he couldn't be righter.

For hopeless freighter addicts, which is what eleven years of hither-and-yonning have made of us, such unreliability has its own charm. We almost consider (Continued on Page 87)

Below: Ship's officers helped Karen McGurren celebrate her seventeenth birthday aboard the S.S. President Hayes.

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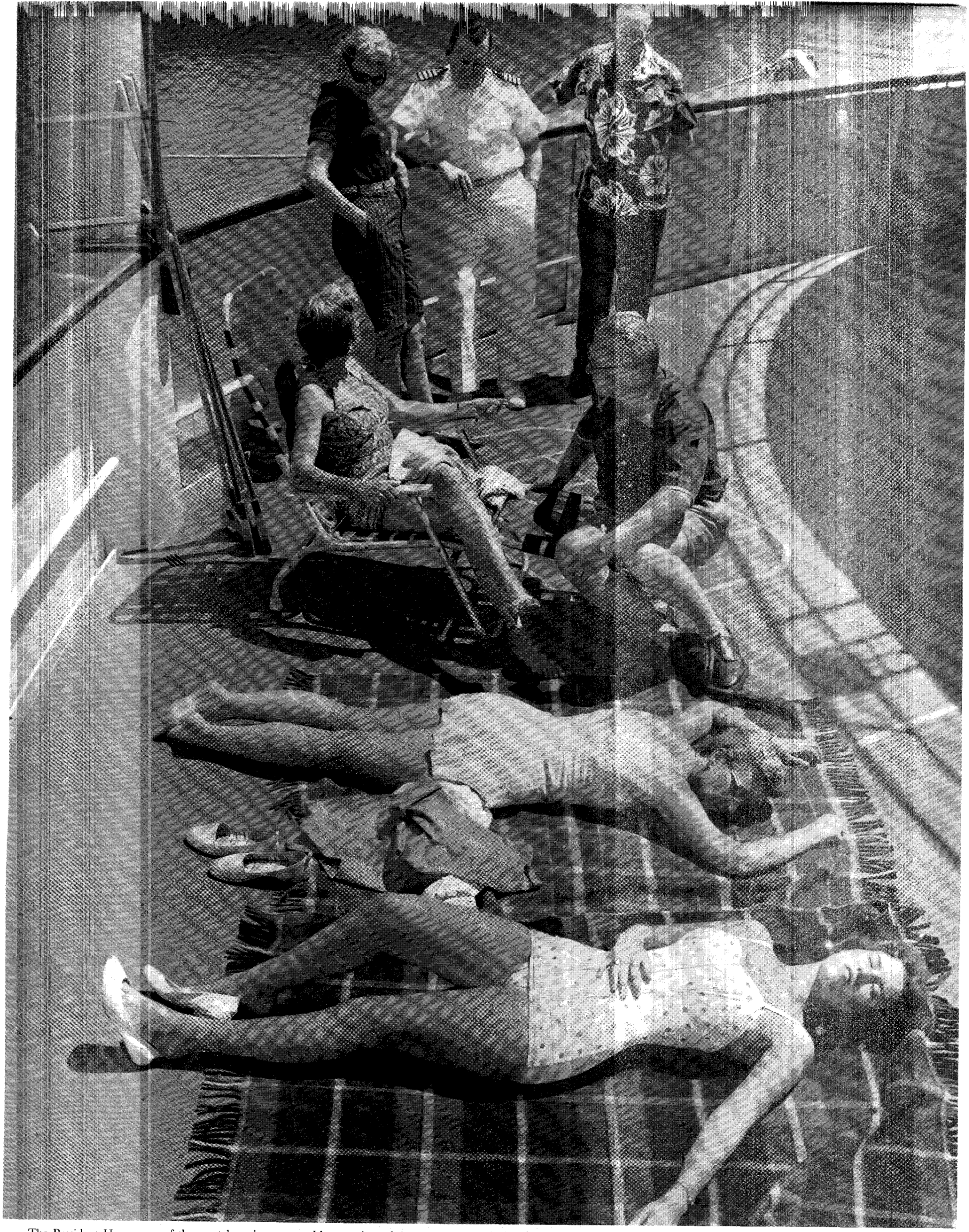

The President Hayes, one of the most luxurious cargo ships, carries only 12 passengers. Above she is about to sail from Los Angeles on her route around the world.

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The Yankee blockaders would never expect an attack by such an unconventional weapon.

Rebels Under The Sea

By ROBERT CARSE

The house, still graceful and neat amid the rubble of its former neighbors, stood in Legaré Street in the eastern end of town, and Captain Illingsley found it without trouble. He paused for a moment before he mounted the steps to the front door. A set of steps such as this, he recalled, was known locally as "welcoming arms" and he did not want to offer a wrong impression to a young lady of the quality of Miss Catherine Burtis.

But back at the Charleston Hotel he had delivered to General Beauregard a number of official letters put in his very personal care. Then, his duty performed, he had been taken on a tour of inspection of the batteries, and some of the staff officers had insisted that he join them in a drink. He had responded in kind with a bottle of French brandy from the portmanteau he now carried, and the liquor had left him chill, a bit tense.

"Might Miss Catherine be at home?" he asked the Negro servant who answered.

"She is, sir," the man said. "Who should I say?"

"Captain Harold Illingsley," he said, "of the Dawn Star."

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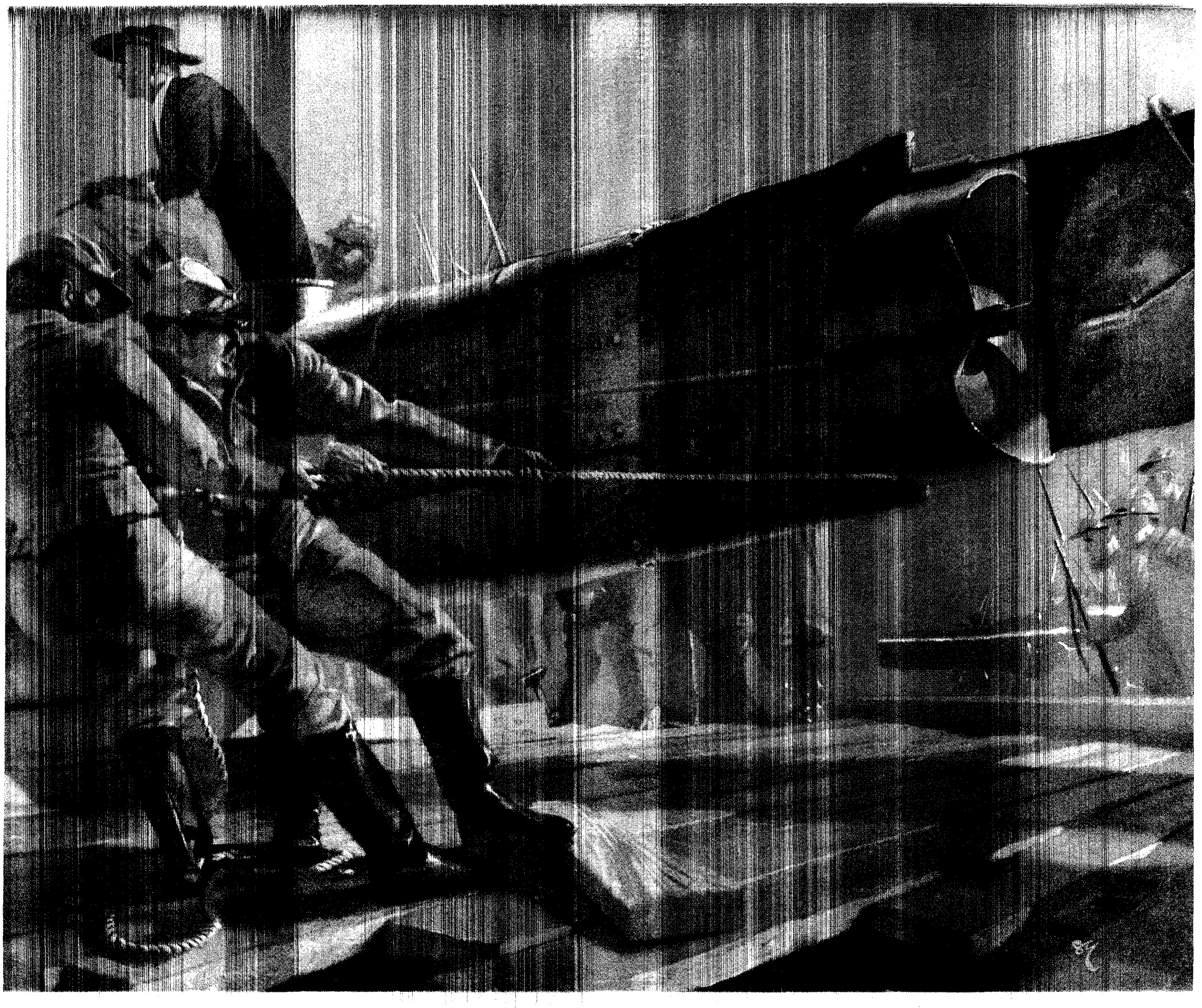

The hallway he entered behind the servant was shabby and the light dim. But the room beyond, where Miss Catherine poised to greet him, was, although cold, quite bright. He had a blurred impression of splendid Sheraton and Hepplewhite and a marble fireplace while he made his bow to her. She was as lovely as when she had made her trip from Nassau aboard the Dawn Star. Her fine blond hair was parted in the middle and worn closely drawn into a chignon at the nape of her neck. She had lost the discreet tan she had picked up in the Bahamas, but it had been replaced by a most becoming pallor that emphasized the shade of her wide violet eyes.

"Why, Captain Illingsley," she said, and held forth both her hands. "What a pleasant surprise!"

"Thank you, Miss Catherine," he said. "It is indeed a great pleasure to see you." But he noticed that her dress of dark merino wool had been darned in several places along the sleeves and she wore wrapped around her shoulders a thick stole against the cold. "My duties happened to bring me here and I took the chance that you would be at home."

"Delightful." She gestured. "Do sit down. May I offer you a cup of tea?"

Tea, he knew, at the current Charleston prices was worth just about its weight in gold. "Thank you, no," he said. "Allow me, though, to present you with these."

He took out of the portmanteau and put on the table beside him jars of jam and marmalade, tins of sardines, two pounds of coffee, a half dozen bottles of sherry, a half dozen bottles of port, a finely made pair of black lace mittens that Penelope had chosen in a Bay Street shop, and a broad scarf of Scottish wool.

"Glory me!" Miss Catherine said very softly. "Glory me!" Then she rose and went to stand tiptoe and kiss Captain Illingsley's cheek.

"Nothing much, really," he muttered. "You and your brother were among my most charming passengers, and Charles is my good friend. How is he? I brought the scarf for him."

Miss Catherine stared at him for a moment in silence, her oval face drained of all color. Captain Illingsley could hear the creak of the cannel-coal fragments in the fireplace, and from outside the faint rumble of the guns of the lower river batteries.

"Killed," she said quietly, "in a small skirmish in Virginia two months since. I have not yet learned the name of the place. But"—she was smiling—"let me not burden you with my woes. And let us drink to victory in some of your very fine wine."

She walked to a bell cord at the doorway and stepped over piles of butternut-dyed cloth that Illingsley had not before noticed. Stuff for uniforms, he thought, his heart heavy. For men like Charles Burtis to wear while they died.

He regained some of his gaiety, though, when the servant poured sherry and Miss Catherine gave him permission to smoke his pipe. "How is Dawn Star?" she said. "Do you still run her through the blockade in style?"

"Never better," he told her. "We made the last run into Wilmington without a shot even coming close aboard. An entire military cargo too. You should have some of the big Blakely pieces for use in the batteries here."

Miss Catherine moved to pour more sherry. "And how is life in Nassau?"

"Decidedly never better," he said. "The governor and his lady entertain endlessly. The Royal Victoria (Continued on Page 52)

Illustrated by Stanley Meltzoff

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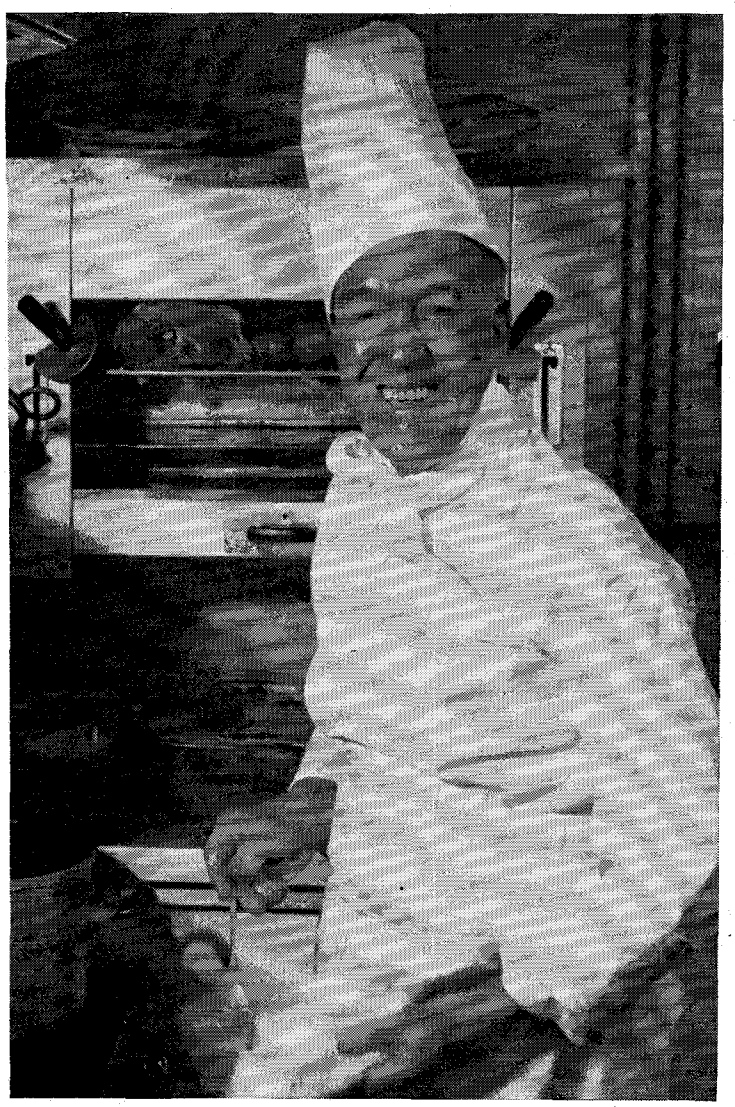

For twelve years Charles Mellis rocketed along the rails as "monarch" of this cupboard-sized kitchen.

By CHARLES MELLIS as told to Graham Fisher

I Cooked for the Queen

The former chef on Britain's royal train reveals the personal foibles of Elizabeth II — including why the Queen's favorite dish is fried potatoes.

I cannot help smiling to myself whenever I hear fresh rumors that Queen Elizabeth II is slimming—cutting down on this and that, carefully following a special diet devised for her by one of the royal physicians, swallowing pills before or after meals. In the twelve years that I cooked for her, as head chef on the royal train, until my retirement last September, I never saw the Queen take any sort of slimming pill and never knew her to diet.

She does have her food fads, of course. She does not like melon. She seldom touches fish. Neither does she care for grapefruit. Instead for breakfast, I squeezed oranges to prepare fresh orange juice for her.

But I have never known the Queen actually to diet. Quite the contrary, in fact. What woman who was dieting would tackle a liberal helping of fried potatoes? Yet the Queen never passes them by.

I had my own special way of preparing the fried potatoes that the Queen so much enjoys. Using a special spoon, I scooped out small sections of potato

(Continued on Page 72

The royal couple aboard the royal train. Philip is fond of spinach, which Elizabeth shares with him, although, says Mellis, "I formed the impression she does not really care for it.'

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GIRL STEALER

By ARTHUR MAYSE

He'd always been a trouble-maker. Now he wanted the prettiest girl in town.

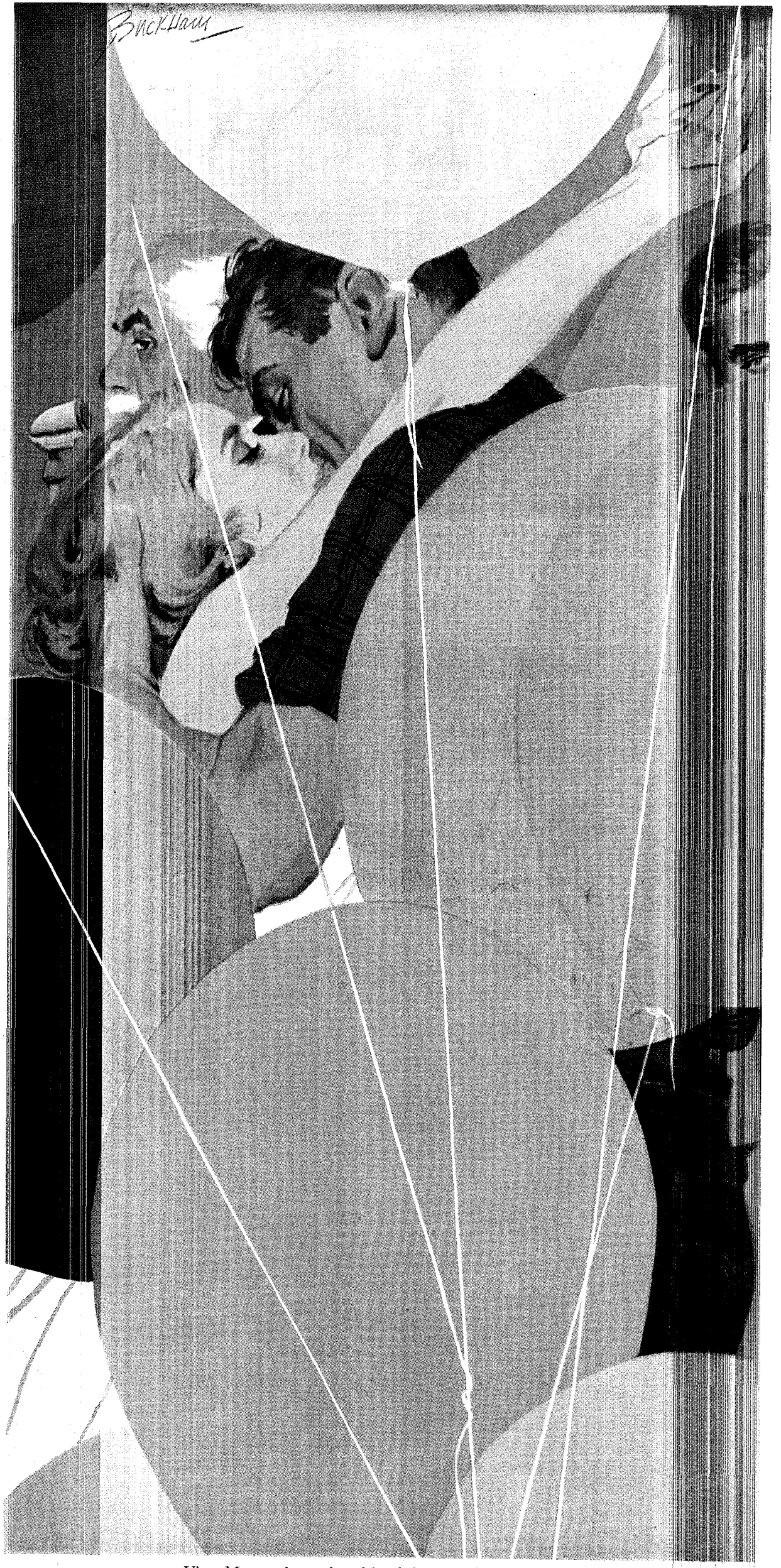
My rightful name is Kelsey—Chief Constable John Kelsey—but most of our Samiston young ones call me Mother Machree. There's no real malice in it; I get along well enough with them, even though they consider me a spoilsport at times. I steer them away from trouble when I can. If that's impossible, I help them ride it through. Now and then, of course, they'll land themselves in a jack pot the good Lord himself would be taxed to untangle, which is the way it happened with Billy Burdett and Jule Tanner, a couple of high-stepping kids who whistled a summer breeze into a hurricane.

The thing started at our annual Community Day jamboree, a show we've built into just about the biggest affair of its kind in the Northwest. Jule Tanner had been crowned Miss Cedar Valley and the loggers' sports were midway through when I eased the police car into my space by the official stand. The crowd hollered, the late-August sun blazed down on the fairgrounds, and the spar tree rigged for the high-climbing event towered tall over the whole shebang.

Watching for trouble before it breaks is a policeman's habit. When I spotted fiery hair in the lee of a new-come jeep, I got out of my car and started over. I could be wrong; it was four years since Billy Burdett had lit out for the Glory Hole country a jump ahead of an assault charge. Then the logger glanced up, and it was Billy, sure enough.

He straightened from strapping on his climbing irons and clumped toward me, a black-jacket punk no longer, but a high and handsome man. The rigger's belt with its trailing line sagged on lean hips. The sun glinted on his crisp red hair, and from the way the girls around Miss Cedar Valley pretended not to watch him, the town could do worse than lock up its daughters this night.

"Damn' if it isn't Mother Machree!" Billy's teeth flashed white in the lazily amiable grin I remembered. That smile, in the past, had warned of new deviltry in the (Continued on Page 76)



Vince Morant glowered, and her father strangled the mike in his fist as she reached up and kissed Billy Burdett on the mouth.

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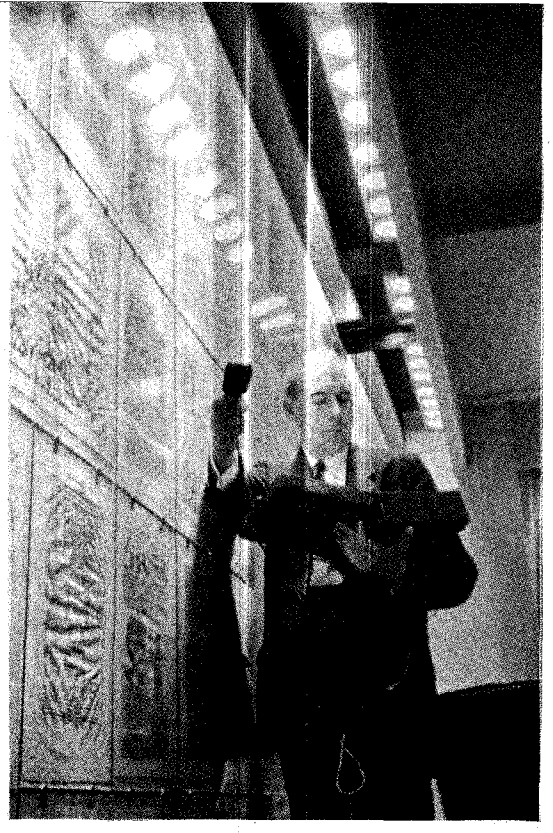


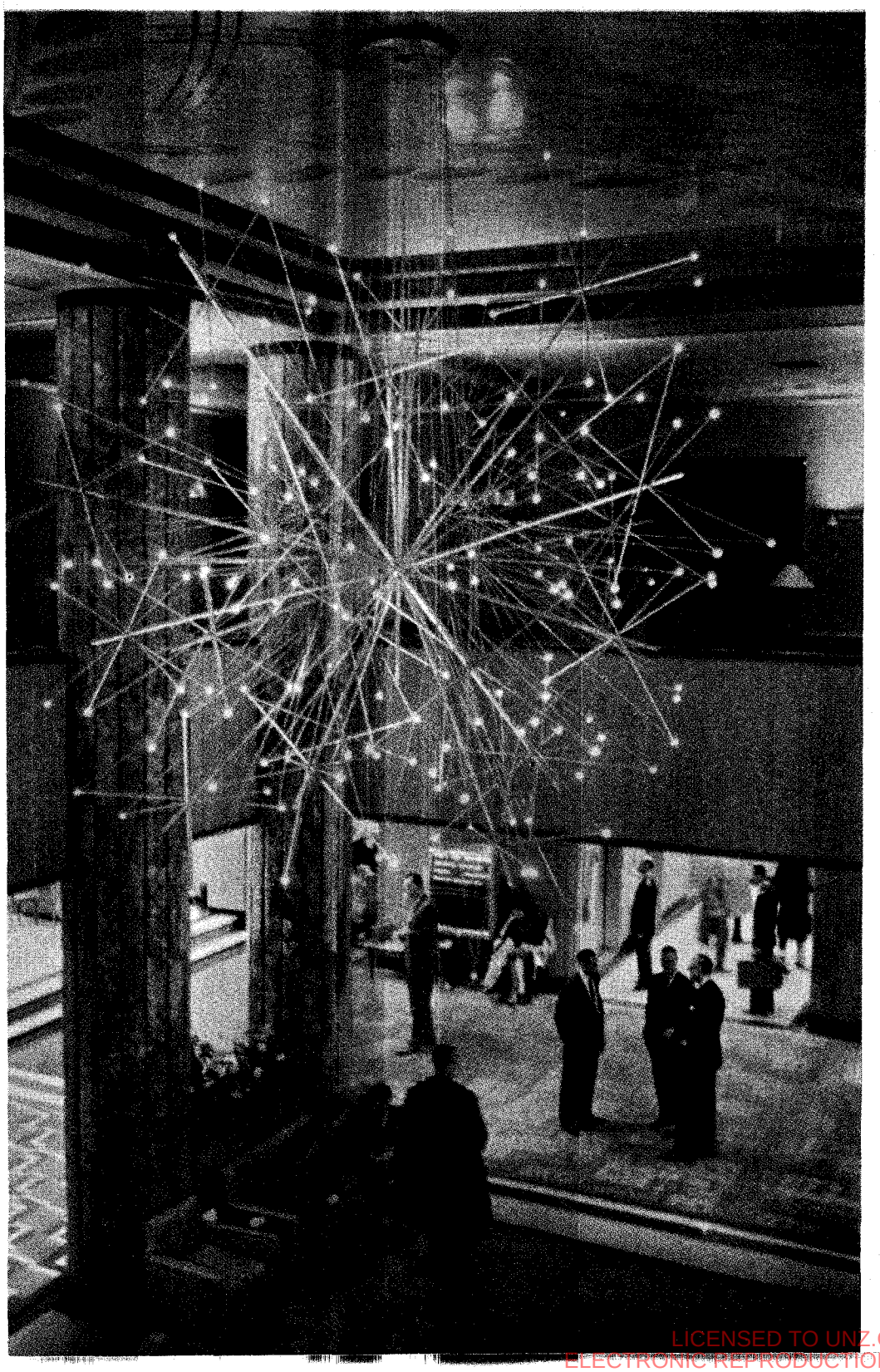
In his New York apartment, Richard Kelly tests the intensity of lamps that "wash" the walls with light.

Mr. Kelly's Magic Lights

This expert contends that tricks of illumination can refresh a tired man and make a faded woman beautiful. Here's how he lights homes and offices with startling and dramatic effect.

By ARNOLD NICHOLSON

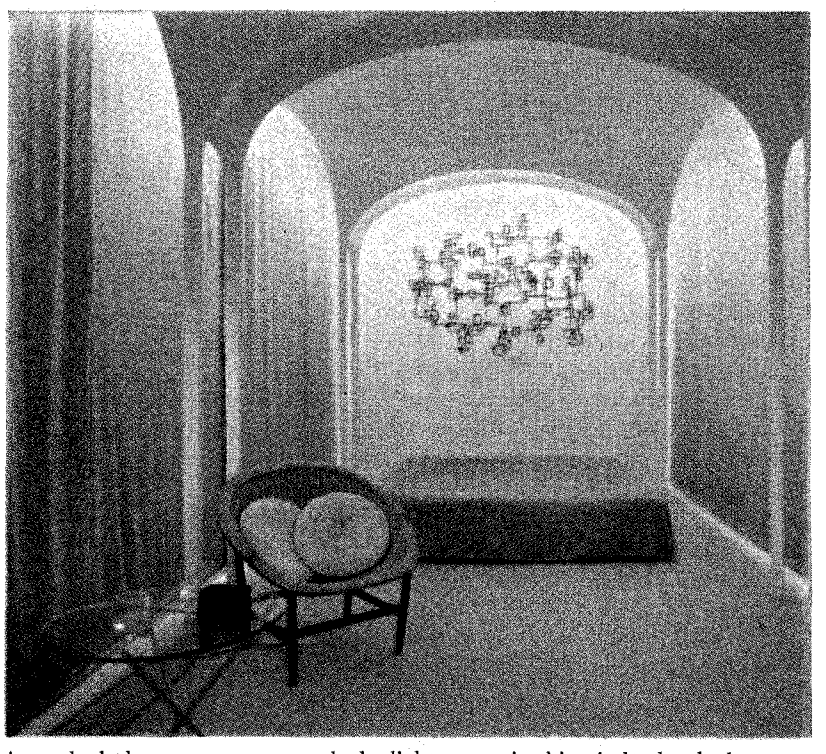
Below: Kelly designed this wireless chandelier—14 feet across—in Manhattan's Barbizon Plaza Hotel. It has 192 pea-sized bulbs and the current for them flows through the rods.



There is a prominent hostess in New York—and for obvious reasons she shall remain nameless—who has found a perfect way to move her guests from the table when her party is threatened by a conversational bore or bores. She uses light.

Her weapon is a tiny switch under the table which controls the level of illumination in her dining room through an automatic system. During the meal, and for as long after as everyone is at ease, the light in the background, away from the table, is dim. A flick of the concealed switch actuates a relay, and the level of light in the room slowly, almost imperceptibly builds up until her guests—even the most ardent conversationalists—decide that the surroundings are getting bleak, the hour must be late, and all but ask her to dismiss them from the table.

The man who installed the lighting system which works this magic is an intense, imaginative individual who is best described as the leading advocate of the new age of light. His name is Richard Kelly, and he calls himself a consultant in architectural-light design. Kelly didn't anticipate that his client's dining-room lights would have this particular use. "She



An arched plaster canopy conceals the light source in this windowless bedroom in the Connecticut guest house of a Kelly client, architect Phil Johnson.

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Photographs by Larry Keighley

The lights which Kelly (left) installed above the windows in the library of his Fifth Avenue residence can be varied to approximate different sunlight intensities.

Kelly licked the glare problem in this glass-walled house near New Canaan by lighting it from the outside. Electricity, for weekends only, costs $100 a month.

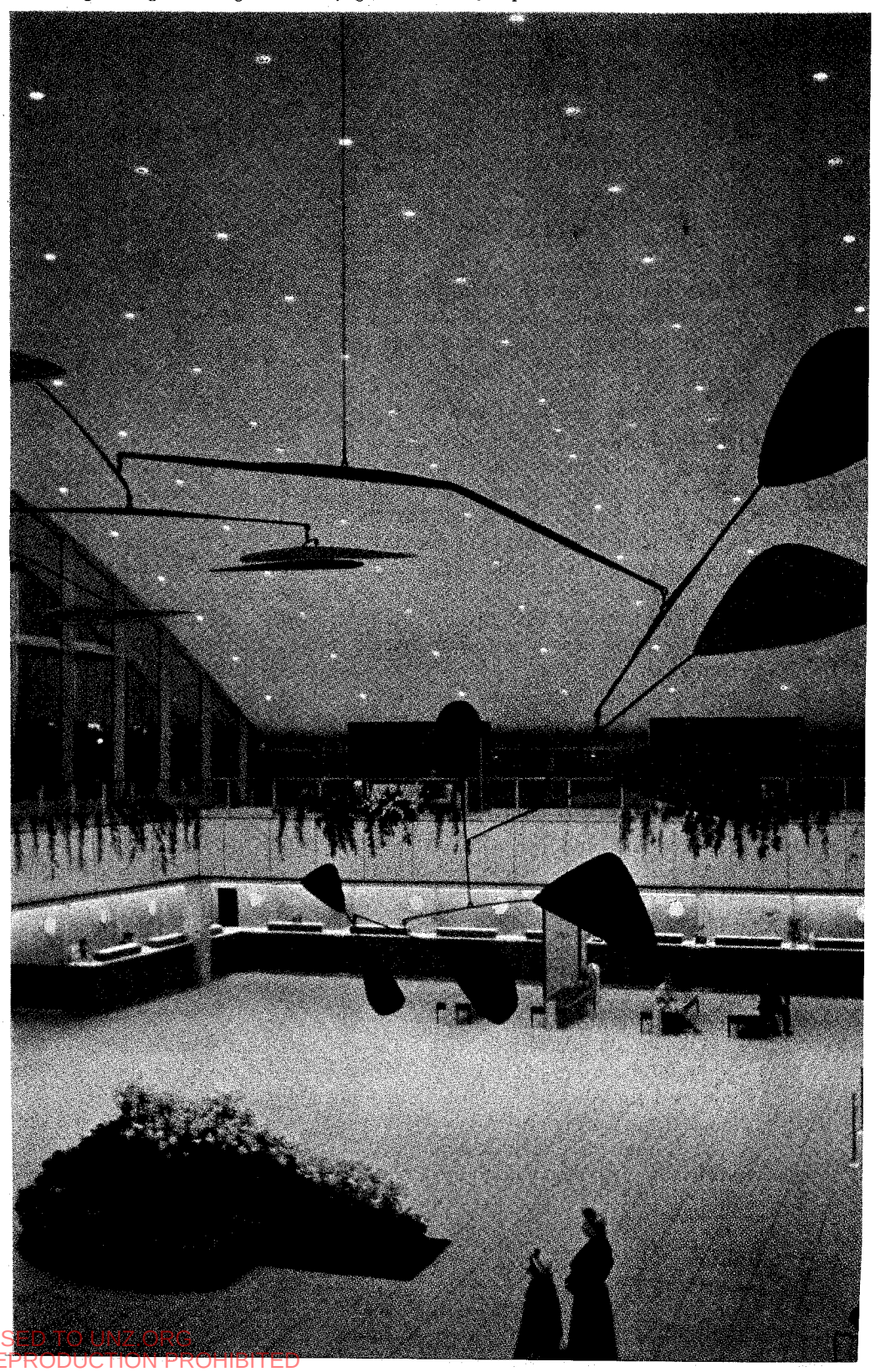
discovered it by experiment," he told me, "and I've passed the word along to other clients since. It's certainly a logical effect."

Most of us, in his opinion, don't realize the control that light exerts on our lives. "The look of things," he believes, "determines more of how we feel and know them than the things themselves." He supports this statement with the psychological research of the American Foundation for the Blind, which has established that "those of us who see gain 87 per cent of our perception through sight."

We're beginning to get the idea, however. In the past four or five years, as much as a fifth of the cost of some buildings has gone into the light budget. Outdoor illumination for General Motors' huge technical center, near Detroit, where Kelly worked with architect Eero Saarinen, required more than $1,000,000 in equipment. The lighting of one New York apartment, for art connoisseur William A. M. Burden, cost $35,000. Such expenditures, guided by Kelly or by other lighting consultants, are "reinforcing" architectural design with illumination, as architect Philip Johnson expresses it. (Continued on Page 61)

Kelly's "dark lights" from above illuminate the entrance to New York's Seagram Building at night. The lighting reaches its peak intensity at noontime.

Below: In the new International Arrivals lobby at Idlewild Airport, Kelly "painted" the ceiling with light that is geared to daylight and dark by a special "astronomical" clock.



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FRAME-UP FOR MURDER

Someone in the group was a killer.

By REX STOUT

"You will go to Alec Gallant's place and speak with Miss Prince, Miss Thorne, Mr. Drew, Mr. Gallant and his sister. You must get all five of them." Nero Wolfe was leaving no stone unturned in his search for clues to the Bianca Voss murder. The incident had occurred while he was talking to her on the phone at Flora Gallant's request.

Wolfe told Archie Goodwin to ask not about the Voss murder but about actress Sarah Yare, whose suicide had occurred almost at the same time. Archie didn't see any connection between the two deaths, but he knew that Wolfe's request was prompted by a study of the phone book.

Four of the suspects at Gallant Dressmakers, Inc., didn't tell much. They spoke highly of Miss Yare as a customer and denied ever having had any correspondence with her. Then Archie made his final call at the office of Miss Thorne.

CONCLUSION

Her room was about half the size of the two others I had seen, and there was no display of either women or clothes. A table had piles of magazines and portfolios, and there was only one chair besides the one at her desk. I stood until she was seated and then pulled the other chair up.

"Flora says you dance well," she said.

"Good for her. I can chin myself twenty times too."

"I've never tried that." Her left eye had more blue in it than the right one, or maybe it was the light. "What is this nonsense about letters from Sarah Yare?"

"You know," I said, "my tie must be crooked or I've got a grease spot. Mr. Drew resented me, and Mr. Gallant was going to throw an ash tray at me. Now you start in. Why is it nonsense to ask a simple question politely and respectfully?"

"Well," she conceded, "maybe 'nonsense' isn't exactly the word. Maybe 'gall' would be better. What right have you to march in here and ask questions at all? Polite or not."

"None. It's not a right, it's a liberty. And you're at liberty to tell me to go climb a tree if you find the question ticklish. Have you any letters from Sarah Yare?"

She laughed. She had good teeth. Then, abruptly, she cut the laugh off. "Good Lord," she said, "I didn't think I would ever laugh again. This awful business, what happened here yesterday, and then Sarah. No, I have no letters from her." Her blue eyes, straight at me, were cool and keen. "Why should I find the question ticklish?"

"No reason that I know of. You said I had gall to ask it."

"If it hurt your feelings I take it back. What else?"

Again I had to resist temptation. With Drew the temptation had been purely professional; with her it was only partly professional and only partly pure. Cramer had said she was in charge of contacts, and one more might be good for her.

Having resisted, I shook my head. "Nothing else, unless you know of something. For instance, if you know of anyone who might have letters."

"I don't." She regarded me. "Of course I'm curious. I'm wondering what it's about—your coming here. You told Mr. Drew that you don't know, that you don't even know who hired Nero Wolfe to inquire about her."

"That's right. I don't."

"Then you can't tell me. I can't turn on the charm and coax it out of you. Can I?"

"I'm afraid not." I stood up. "Too bad. I would enjoy seeing you try. You're probably pretty good at it."

In the hall, on my way to the elevator, I stopped at Gallant's door and cocked an ear. I heard a rumble (that was Purley); and a soprano murmur (that was Anita Prince); and a bellicose baritone (that was Gallant). But the door was too thick for me to get the words.

Emerging from the building, I turned left, found a phone booth on Madison Avenue, dialed the number I knew best, got Fritz and asked for Wolfe.

His voice came, "Yes, Archie?"

"It's full of fish. Swarming. Sarah Yare bought her clothes there for two years and they all loved her. Apparently she never wrote letters. They all want to know who hired you and why, especially Flora Gallant. I've had no lunch and I'm half starved, but I stopped to phone because there may be some urgency. Stebbins walked in on me, and of course he wanted to know what I was doing there."

"You didn't tell him?"

"Certainly not. When he said he would get it out of them, I got them all together and made a speech—you know, a man's brain is his

castle. But one of them might spill it any minute, and I thought you ought to know right away, in case that would mess up your program, if you've really got one."

"It won't. Not if I get on with it. I have further instructions for you. You will go ——"

"No, sir. I can kid my stomach along with a sandwich and a glass of milk, but no more errands until I get some idea of where we're headed for. Do you want to tell me on the phone?"

"No. But very well. It is not exigent, and Fritz is keeping your lunch warm. Come home."

"Right. Fifteen minutes."

I hung up and went out and flagged a taxi.

Ordinarily Wolfe and I lunch in the dining room, but when I'm eating solo I prefer the kitchen, so I headed for it. When I was ready for coffee, I took it to the office with me.

"I feel better," I told Wolfe. "I wish Purley were here now. How do you want it, from start to finish?"

"No." He put his book down. "You've told me all I need to know."

"You don't want any of it? Not even the speech I made?"

"You can type it for the files, for posterity. As I told you, I have instructions."

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

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"What is this, Mr. Wolfe? A game?" said Emily Thorne, coming to her feet.

"Yeah." I sipped coffee. "But first what are we doing and why?"

"Very well." He leaned back. "As I told you this morning, I thought I might have been hoodwinked and I intended to find out. It was quite possible that that performance here yesterday—getting us on the phone just in time to hear a murder committed—was flummery. Indeed, it was more than possible. Must I expound that?"

"No. Even Cramer suspected it."

"So he did. But his theory that Bianca Voss had been killed earlier and that another woman, not the murderer, was there beside the corpse, waiting for a phone call, was patently ridiculous. Must I expound that?"

"No, unless it was a lunatic. Anyone who would do that, even the murderer, with the chance that someone might come in any second, would be batty."

"Of course. But if she wasn't killed at the time we heard those sounds, she must have been killed earlier, since you phoned almost immediately and sent someone to that room. Therefore the sounds didn't come from there. Miss Gallant did not dial that number. She dialed the number of some other person whom she had persuaded to perform that hocus-pocus." (Continued on Page 54)

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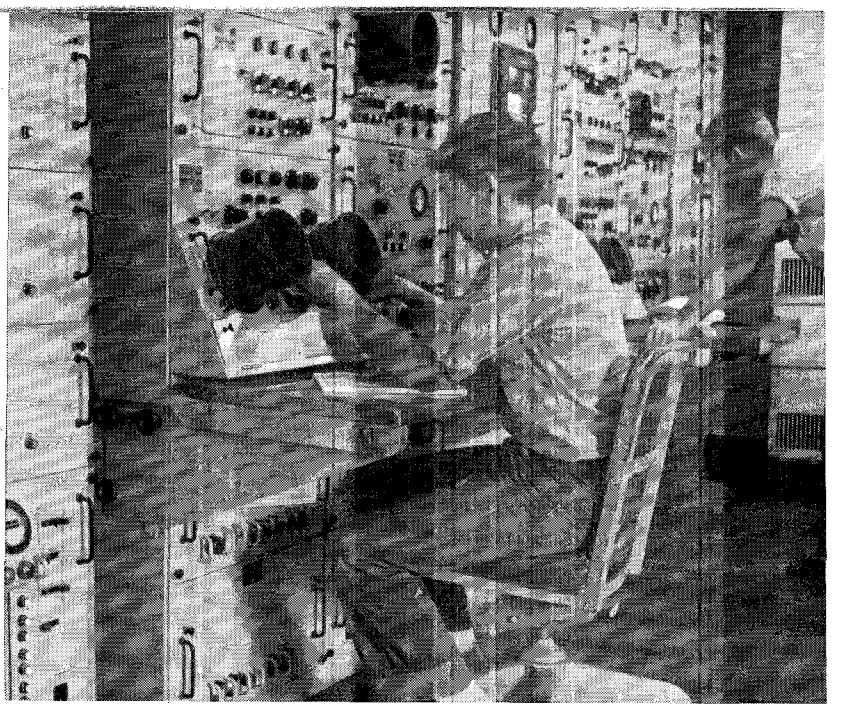
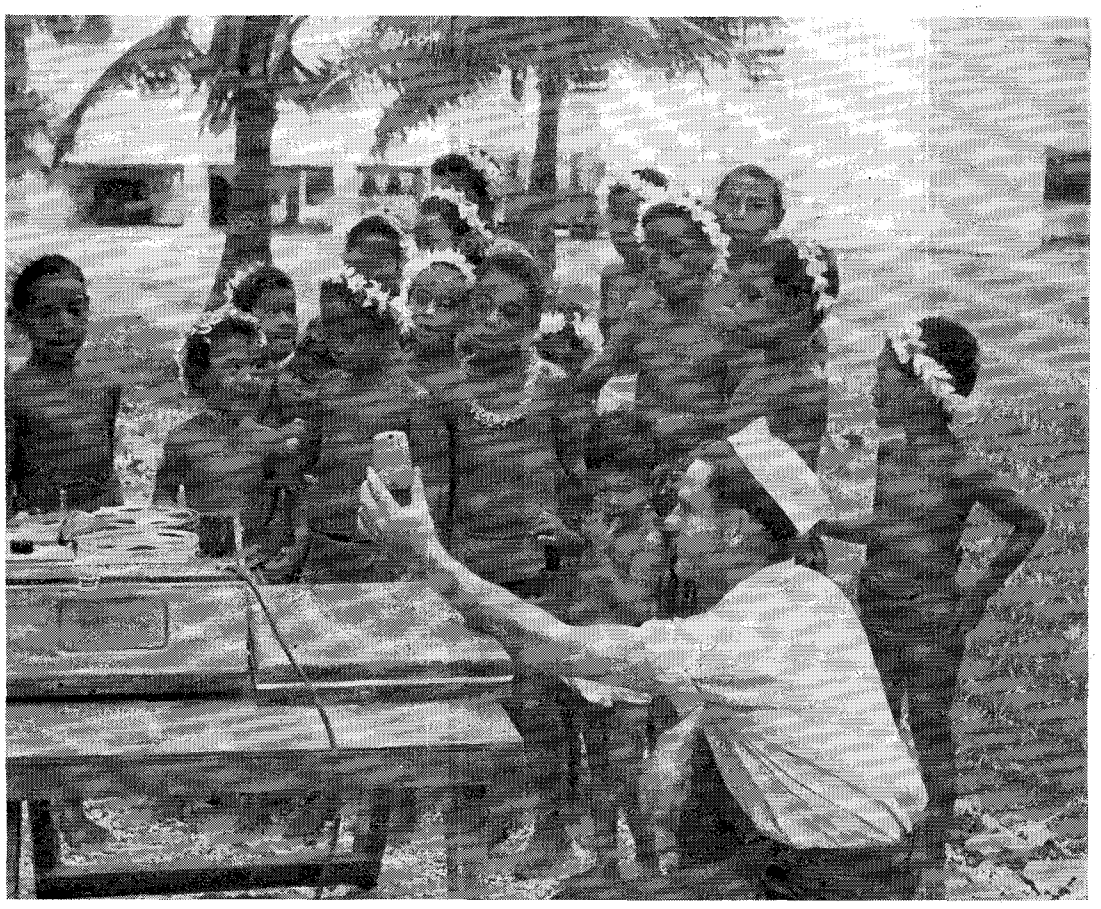
Coast Guardsmen of the Ulithi station break formation after their quarterly inspection. On this small Pacific base, however, informality is the rule, spit-and-polish the exception.



Technicians Elmo Dickens (left) and James Franklin stand watch on the Coast Guard's complex loran equipment. Loran is an electronic aid to navigation.



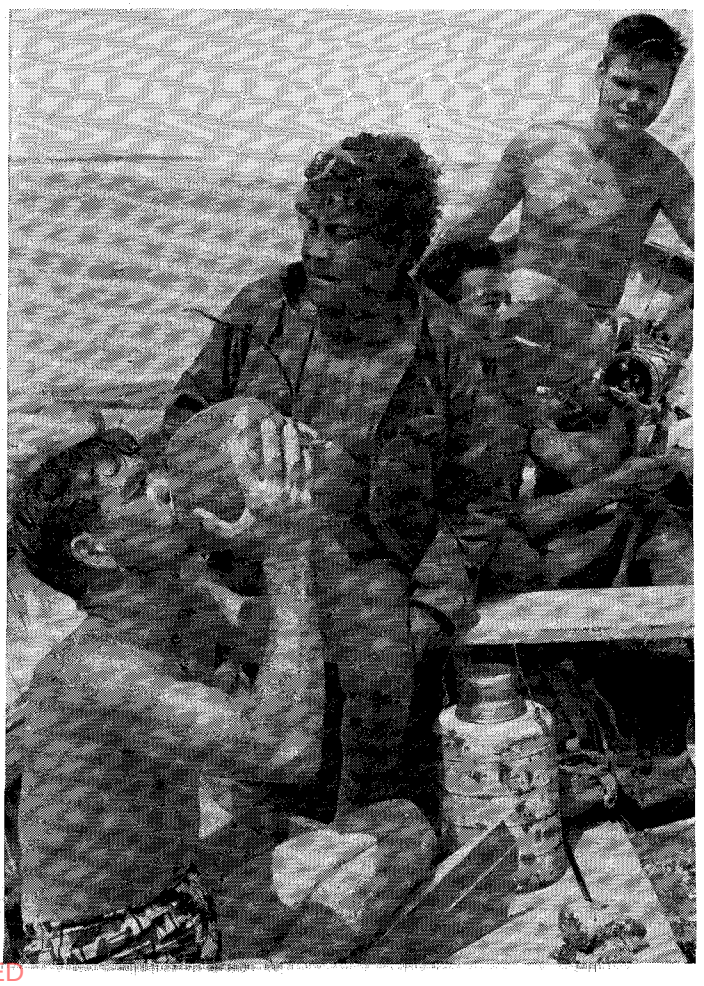
Jack Beatty's hobby is collecting native children's songs on tape. The youngsters, who had never seen a tape recorder, were terrified the first time Jack played back their voices, later delighted.

A POST PICTURE STORY

Passing the Time in Paradise

Photographs by Larry Keighley

A sailor swigs coconut milk South Seas style. Natives often escort the Coast Guardsmen on fishing and swimming expeditions.



Two Americans (left) on a visit to Fassarai Island of the Ulithi atoll make friends with three shy young natives near a thatched house. Alert and industrious, almost all Ulithians are Christians.

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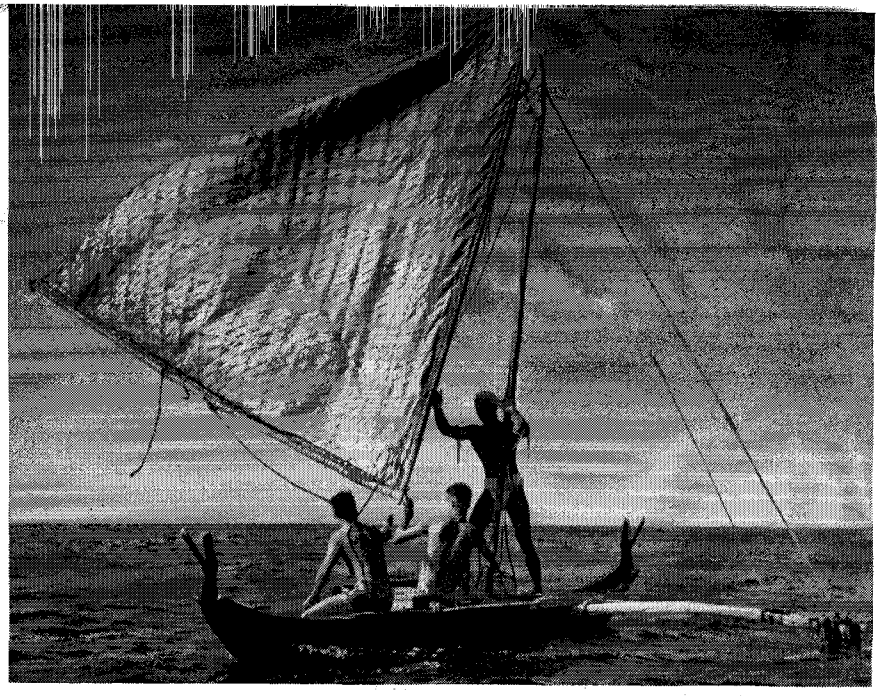
Like most other Ulithians, these Mog Mog Island natives live and dress as they always have, despite their exposure to "more civilized" cultures. At rear is a crumbling World War II installation.



Barney, an island sailor, takes two U. S. sailors for a ride in his outrigger canoe. To change course, he shifts the position of the mast.

Not all the U. S. Coast Guard's isolated stations are icebound, rock-girt and monotonous. Ulithi Atoll, for example, is a ring of low green islands in the Western Pacific where fifteen Coast Guardsmen man a remote outpost that looks like a movie set. Palm-fringed beaches, sleepy blue lagoon, happy natives: Ulithi has all the props of the stereotyped tropical isle.

World War II brought some 2,500,000 American servicemen to little Ulithi, en route to the war against the Japanese in the north and west. Sheltered in its lee, great fleets assembled before strikes against Japan and the Philippines and seaborne invasions of Iwo Jima and Okinawa.

Today the Coast Guard operates a loran station on Falalop, the only one of the atoll's numerous islands which has an airstrip. Loran (long-range navigation) is an electronic device which helps ships and planes determine their locations. The equipment is almost completely automatic, so the crew has plenty of time to enjoy its Government Issue tropical paradise.

The sailors share Ulithi with 400 natives, but the coexistence is congenial. Natives take sailors on outrigger canoe trips to nearby islands where other natives entertain the voyagers and put them up for the night. Americans wander freely through island villages, taking pictures, chatting with acquaintances and watching them at their crafts.

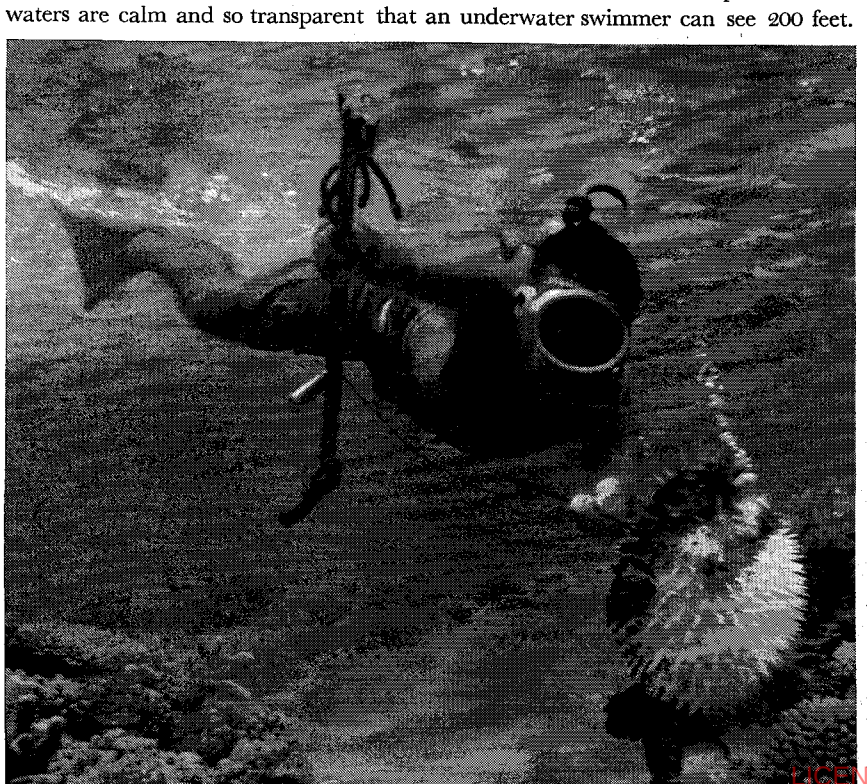
The Coast Guardsmen—as their part of this impromptu cultural swap—invite Ulithians in for movies every evening. The natives understand little of the action on the screen, but they laugh when the sailors laugh, and cheer with them when the villain bites the dust. One native boy has become so expert at the pool table he regularly beats crew members.

Isolated duty is, nevertheless, isolated, and the girl back home is back home. Even in the plushest "paradise," there is loneliness and boredom. But there are compensations. The quarters are comfortable and the food is exceptionally good—the Coast Guard makes it so, as a morale boost.

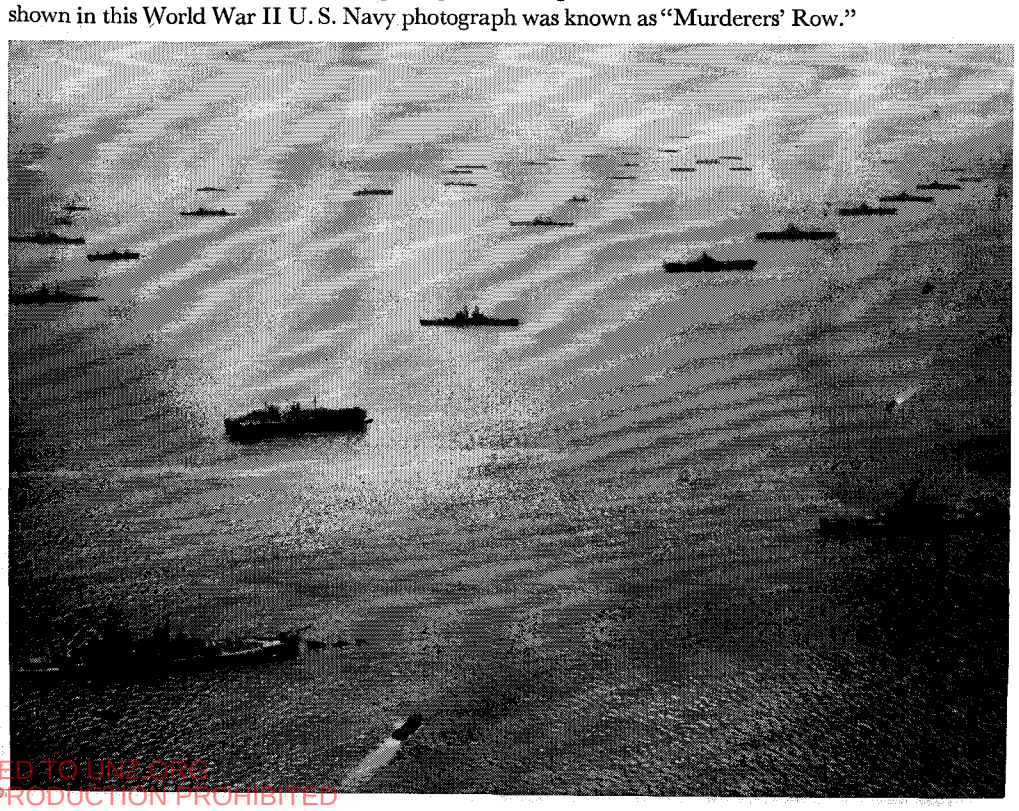
Something over a dozen years ago the ranking officer in Ulithi waters was a five-starred fleet admiral. Today he is Lieut. Roger A. Eastman. Commander of the loran station, he is also the administrator of Ulithi for the United Nations. (The Caroline Islands, in which Ulithi lies, are part of a United Nations trust territory.) THE END

The Ulithi Atoll lies in the Western Pacific, 5600 nautical miles from Los Angeles. Supplies are flown in from Guam.

This sailor has just speared a porcupine fish. Within the necklace-shaped atoll the waters are calm and so transparent that an underwater swimmer can see 200 feet.



In 1944–45, Ulithi became the fleet's principal anchorage. The line of aircraft carriers shown in this World War II U. S. Navy photograph was known as "Murderers' Row."



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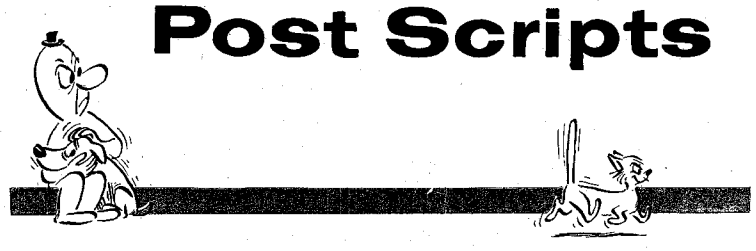
Post Scripts



Here's the Pitch

The long slow curve:

"You know, John, I'm so glad we're spending our vacation camping out in the wilds like this, instead of going to San Francisco and wasting all that money on clothes and restaurants and night clubs and everything. You're right; camping out is much more fun, and besides, it's so good for Junior!"

"I guess it's true what they say, dear, about mothers never wanting their little boys to grow up! I mean, I'd never dream of giving Junior a complicated Scout knife like the one you got for him, but he's really having a wonderful time learning how to use it!"

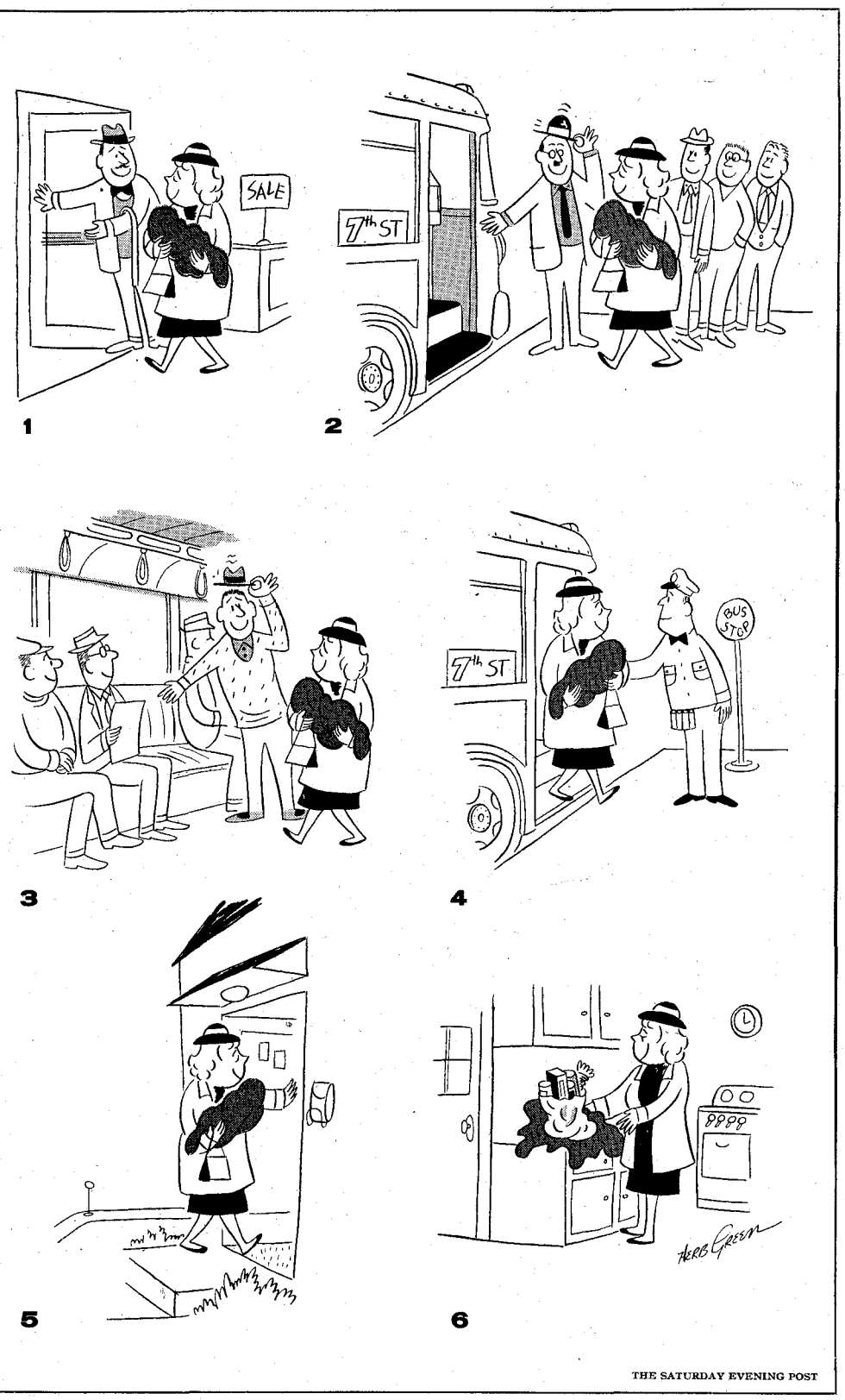
"Honey, you know what that cute girl at the little grocery asked me yesterday? She asked me if you were a Forest Ranger, and she just wouldn't believe it when I said you weren't, because she said you look so rugged!"

"Honestly, darling, I feel sorry for everybody who isn't sleeping out under the stars tonight. You're right, it would really be worth it, even if we had to sleep on the bare ground!"

And the fast break:

". . . and I guess Junior wanted to find out if that leather-punch thing on his knife really works, because he tried it out on your air mattress, and ——"

PEG BRACKEN



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Uncalculated Risk

Consider the saga of Olivant Francis,
A fellow who simply took no chances,
Designing thereby to rule his fate
And live to the age of a hundred and eight.

He stayed out of boats and planes and taxis.
His life was a riot of prophylaxis,
Of disinfectants and potions and pills
Defying the most insidious ills.
Bacilli shuddered to hear his name,
And chefs in restaurants did the same,
For one man's meat was Olivant's poison.
Nor did he ever go out with the boys on
Pleasure bent. Had drink been a cobra,
He couldn't have stayed a darn bit sobra.
He never married, for what is more chancy
Than matrimony, both plain and fancy?

So, skirting all risks, he came to his prime
Expecting to live a long, long time.
In fact, he was smiling about it the night
He was conked on the head by a meteorite.

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

Or, in Other Words. . .

"What do you think about the use of words such as cerulean, ceruleous and cyanic?"

"Well, I think it's all right for a person to use words like ceru—— I mean, I think it boils down to a matter of choice. I mean ——"

"I got the impression that everybody in the club felt—well, sort of *quod erat demonstrandum* about the whole thing."

"You, too, eh?"

"Don't you imagine that the Superior Court has a writ of certiorari or something?"

"Why, it'd almost have to have—or something."

"I'm no doctor, of course, but I certainly think that, particularly in a case of that type, there ought to be some attempt at abirritation."

"I'm no doctor, either, but I do think there ought to be some attempt."

"What in the world makes Henrietta Pettigrew so temeritous?"

"That's just Henrietta Pettigrew for you."

RAYMOND HOWARD

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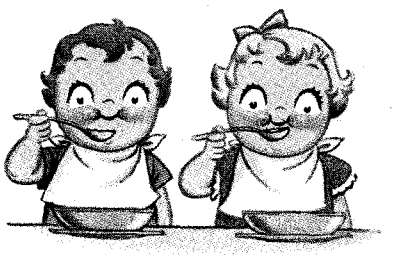
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Best known! Best loved! Campbell's Tomato Soup . . . that tastes like no other because it's made from the red-ripe, sunshined Campbell Tomato.

Have you had your soup today?



M'm! M'm! Good!
Nourishing good!
Gives you vitamins,
proteins—minerals, too!

All Campbell's Soups have a special story behind them . . . specially grown ingredients, cooked with care and skill. That's why Campbell's is the first name in soup . . . first choice for quality, flavor and nourishment! And what a wonderful value in all-over goodness!

Once a day . . . every day . . . Soup— *Campbell's*, of course!

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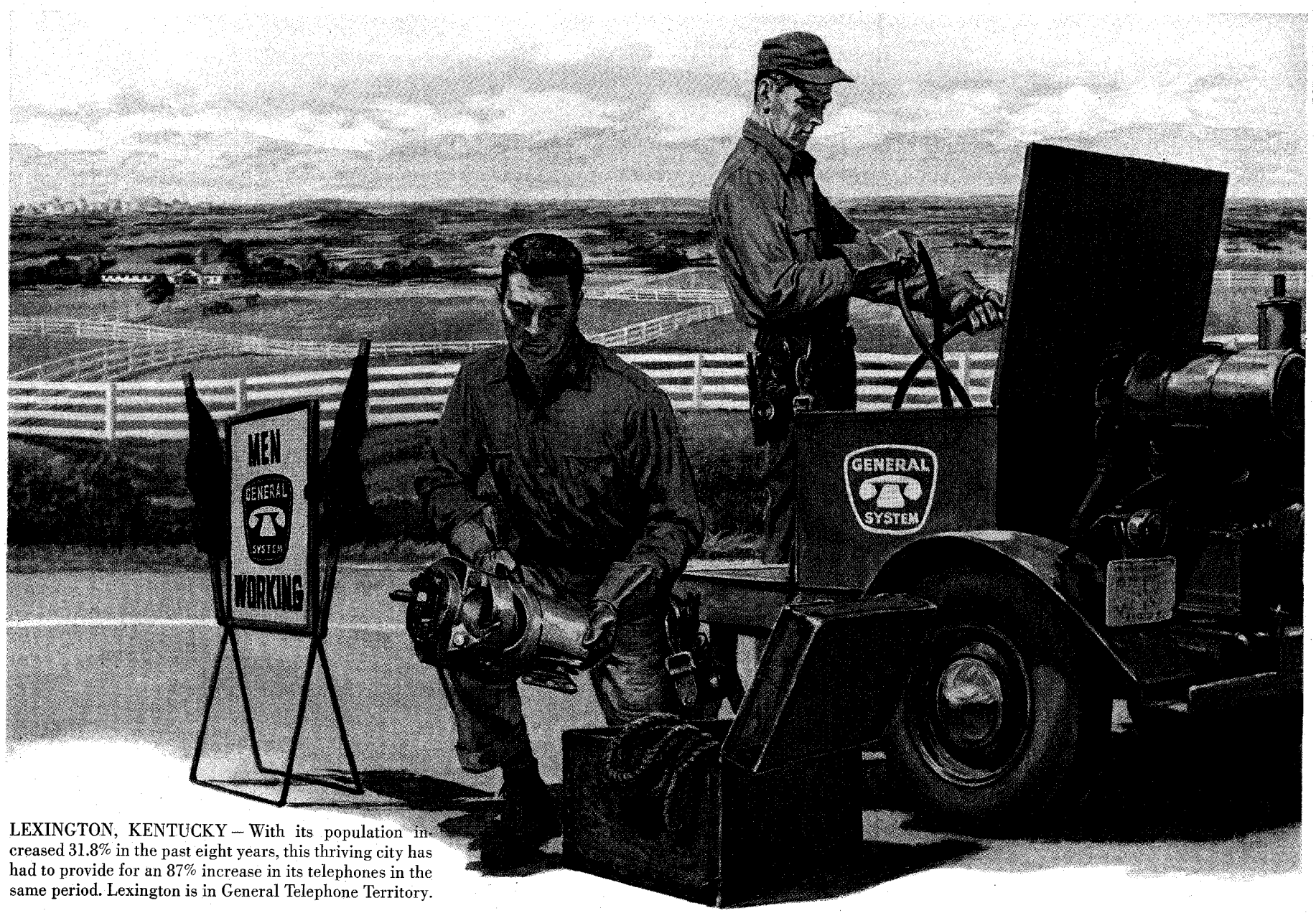


LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY — With its population increased 31.8% in the past eight years, this thriving city has had to provide for an 87% increase in its telephones in the same period. Lexington is in General Telephone Territory.

America's "best bet" growth areas

helped build America's second largest telephone system

Places that are creating 750 new telephone customers every day — as they are for General Telephone — are the places to watch.

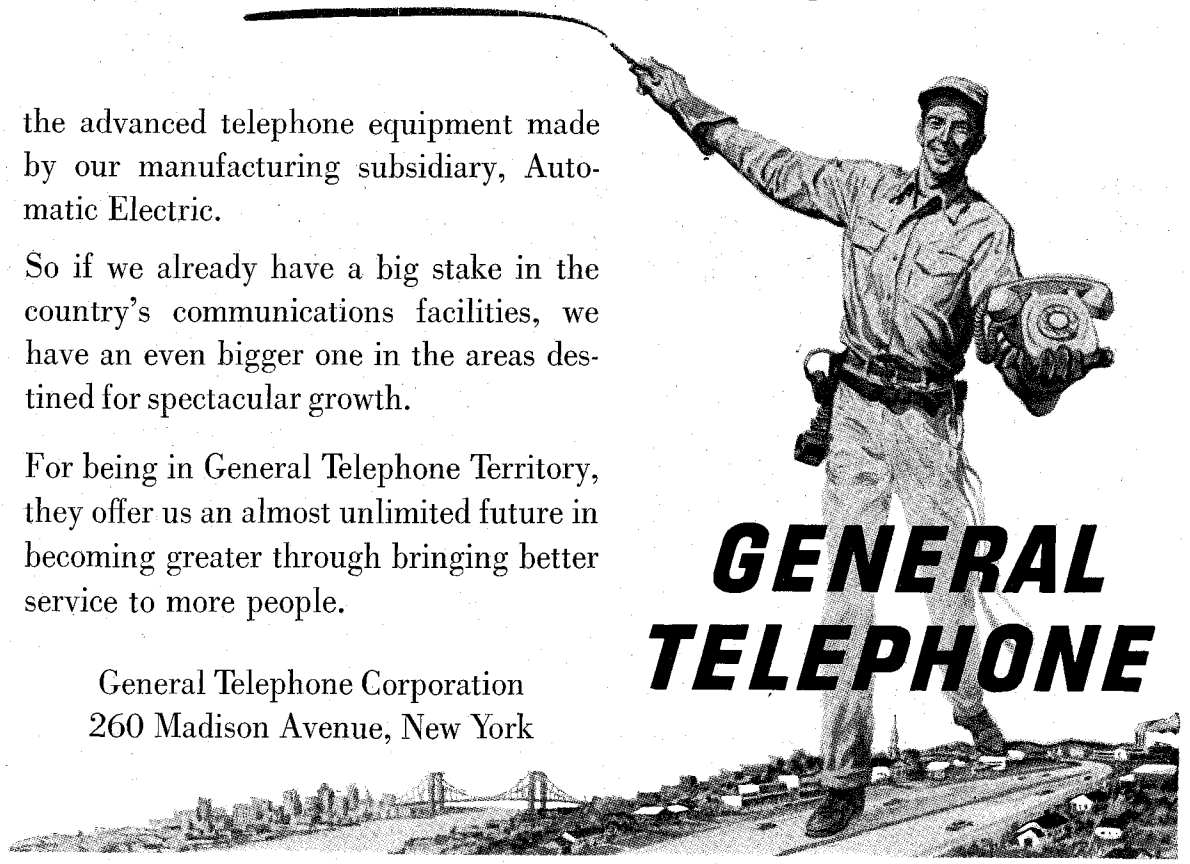
For that's where the nation is finding the room to house its mushroom growth. And that's where, mostly, General Telephone operates its present 3,359,000 telephones through 1,745 central stations.

You'll find General Telephone operating companies in 30 states. And in the central offices of most of the other 4,100 "independent" telephone companies, you'll find the advanced telephone equipment made by our manufacturing subsidiary, Automatic Electric.

So if we already have a big stake in the country's communications facilities, we have an even bigger one in the areas destined for spectacular growth.

For being in General Telephone Territory, they offer us an almost unlimited future in becoming greater through bringing better service to more people.

General Telephone Corporation
260 Madison Avenue, New York



GENERAL TELEPHONE

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THE CHAINS OF FEAR

By NIKOLAI NAROKOV

There was only one way he could still cheat his tormentors.

Lyubkin, the security chief, delighted in his mistress Elena's avowal that she loved him. To Lyubkin, murder was commonplace, but the idea of love was totally foreign. As head of a state-wide purge, Lyubkin had tirelessly pushed his men to bring in confessions. With the help of his assistant and friend, Suprunov, he had successfully annihilated two men who threatened his position.

"I am not going to be shot?" asked Grigory Mikhailovich. The old man, a dapper *bon vivant* only days before, had been caught up in the purge campaign. Sentenced to death and taken to the place of execution, Grigory had heard his own name called; then the miraculous words, "as you were." Reprieved, Grigory was again brought to the official Bukhteev, who asked for information about Grigory's daughter, Evlalia. Grigory refused to discuss his daughter, for she, who up to now had been only someone to give him money for petty luxuries, had suddenly become very dear.

VII

The three days after Grigory Mikhailovich's arrest were for Evlalia Grigorievna an endless, agonizing blur. One of the neighbors advised her to appeal to Lyubkin himself.

"Don't you know? Why, he's Czar and God! There's no use talking with the small fry. They can't help. If you're going to someone, then get to the man at the top. That's Lyubkin."

"I will get to him," she said. "I will get to him!"

On the fifth day, the twenty-third, at nine o'clock in the evening, Semenov finally came. "I know! I know all about it!" He cut short her first incoherent words. "Chubuk told me today. Your father's been arrested." He looked at her closely. When he went on, he spoke slowly and emphatically, "Now, what do you want to come of this? What, exactly, do you want?"

"For you to intercede," she said uncertainly.

"Intercede? Where? How?"

"I—I don't exactly know, but I've been advised to —— There's a man named Lyubkin. They say he can do anything."

"Lyubkin?" Semenov stared at her. "Well, how d'you like that? Lyubkin! Well, he can't do everything, but he can do a great deal. That's true."

"I'm thinking of going to see him. Is it possible? Can you ——"

"You? To Lyubkin?" Semenov burst into a roar of laughter. "That's really magnificent—you going to Lyubkin!"

"Do you know him?" She was bewildered.

"A little."

"Is he a very awesome person?"

"Awesome? No; why awesome? There are no awesome people in this world; only strong and weak ones. Lyubkin is a serious fellow; there's no fooling around with him! His job requires seriousness. But that's not the point. The point is, why must you go see him? To intercede for your father? Well, have you thought why you should intercede for him?"

"What do you mean, why should I?"

"Just that. Why should you? Your father's been arrested. But tell me: what kind of a father is he? You think I don't know? I do know. I don't want to go into it, but he's a false, unnatural father! I'll say that for sure!"

"Pavel Petrovich!"

"I'm Pavel Petrovich all right. What are you so excited about? One isn't supposed to say such things? It's not polite? It's not pleasant? There's no use trying to sugar-coat a man like your father. He's been false as far as you're concerned, and you know I'm speaking the truth."

As Semenov talked on, the spite in his words, directed against Grigory Mikhailovich, began imperceptibly to shift to Evlalia Grigorievna. He even began to hate her, with a strange hate akin to pity, because she was so weak, so helpless.

Yet he felt a mysterious strength beyond his power to understand. She could not save herself, but for her father, who had never been anything but a burden to her, who had never done her anything but harm, she was ready to go to Lyubkin himself. It was because of this strength that he began to hate her, but at the same time he wanted to bow down before her to the ground. There she was, sitting before him, her head hanging, on the verge of tears and—she was silent.

"He wanted to sell you, do you know that?" Anger took possession of him. "To me—sell you to me—just like that! To take you in his fatherly hands and put you in bed with me. 'Here, Comrade Semenov! Use my daughter for your pleasure, but in return, set me up for life!' You didn't know?"

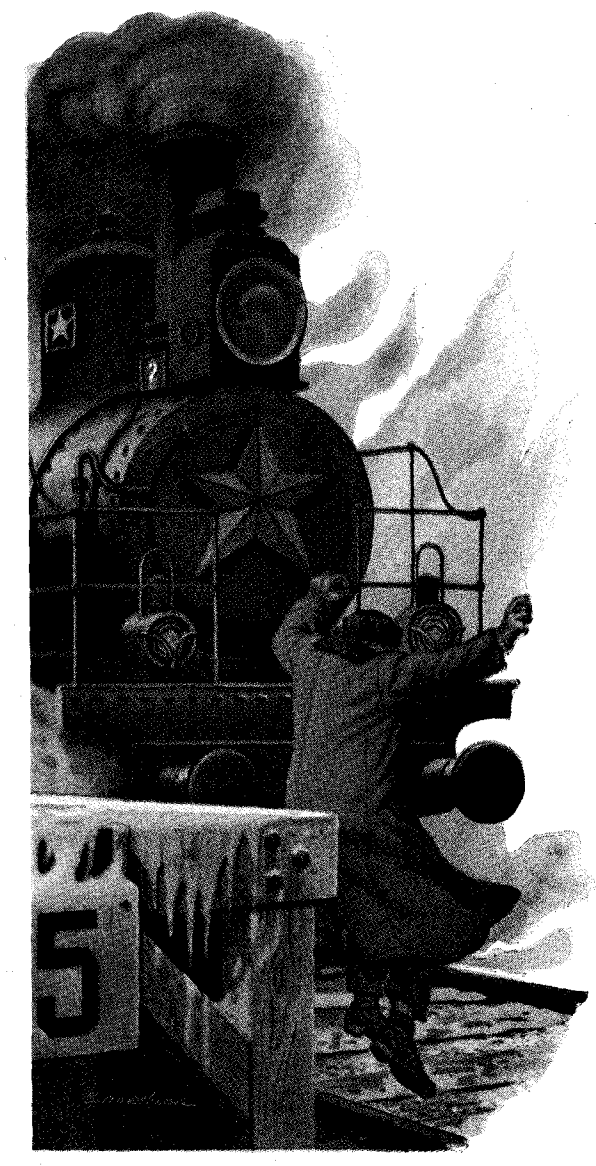
"He ——" Evlalia Grigorievna cried out. "You ——"

"You didn't even know about it. I don't doubt that for a second! But I know! And now he's been arrested and you're free from him. It's the best thing that ever happened to you. What you should say is not, 'He's been arrested,' but 'I've been set free.' After all, be just about it!"

Evlalia Grigorievna raised her head. "Just!" she exclaimed softly. "Just? How can you talk about justice? A man is being led to his death!"

"What kind of a man? An abominable creature, that's what he is!"

"Who are you to judge?" she cried. "Who am I to judge?" (Continued on Page 41)



"Look out!" shouted someone back of him. At that moment Grigory Mikhailovich hurled himself forward.

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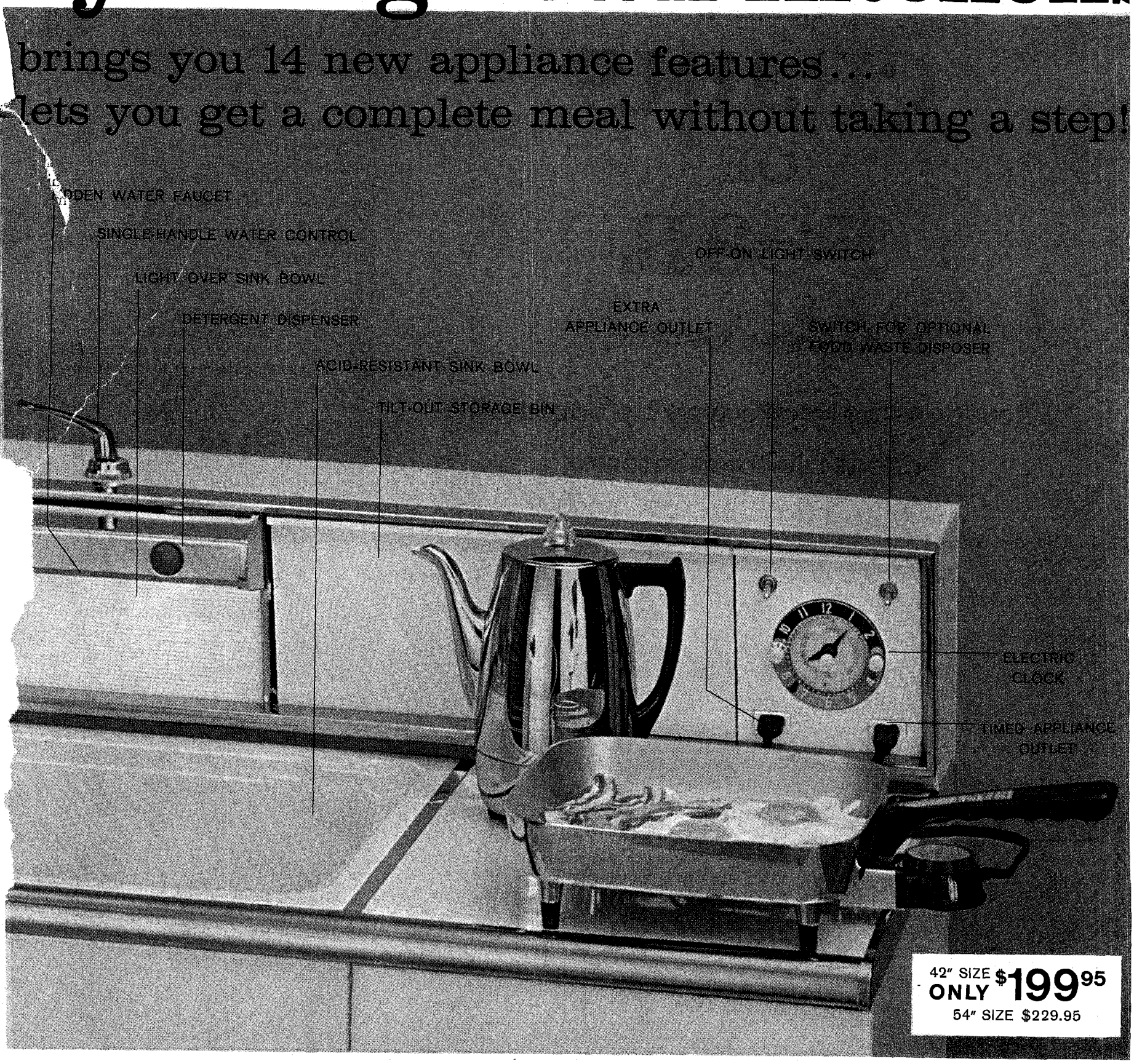
by Youngstown Kitchens

brings you 14 new appliance features...
lets you get a complete meal without taking a step!



Glamorous New Kitchen Appliance combines new illuminated sink bowl, extra storage space, formica counters plus electric clock and outlets in one unit!

New Servi-Center makes all kitchen sinks obsolete...puts everything you need for cooking, washing and clean-up right at your fingertips. It's the newest kitchen development in decades, a completely new appliance geared for today's electric cooking habits. In two convenient sizes, 42″ and 54″...sparkling white or warm beige Sandalwood color.

See the new Servi-Center at your Youngstown Kitchens Dealer. Loo for his name and address under "Kitchens" in the Yellow Pages o your phone book. Be sure to ask him about Youngstown Kitchen easy-payment plan that can include installation and that lets yo PAY NO MONEY DOWN...TAKE 36 MONTHS TO PAY.

*Reg. applied for. Also available in Canad

American-Standard, Youngstown Kitchens Division
Servi-Center Dept. SEP78, Salem, Ohio

Please rush me: ☐ Servi-Center Cook Book, "Finger-Ti Cookery." (10¢ in coin enclosed) ☐ Remodeling Information o Youngstown Kitchens "By-the-Yard" Plan. (10¢ in coin enclosed

Name_____

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AMERICAN-Standard PRODUCTS

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YOUNGSTOWN KITCHENS DIVISION

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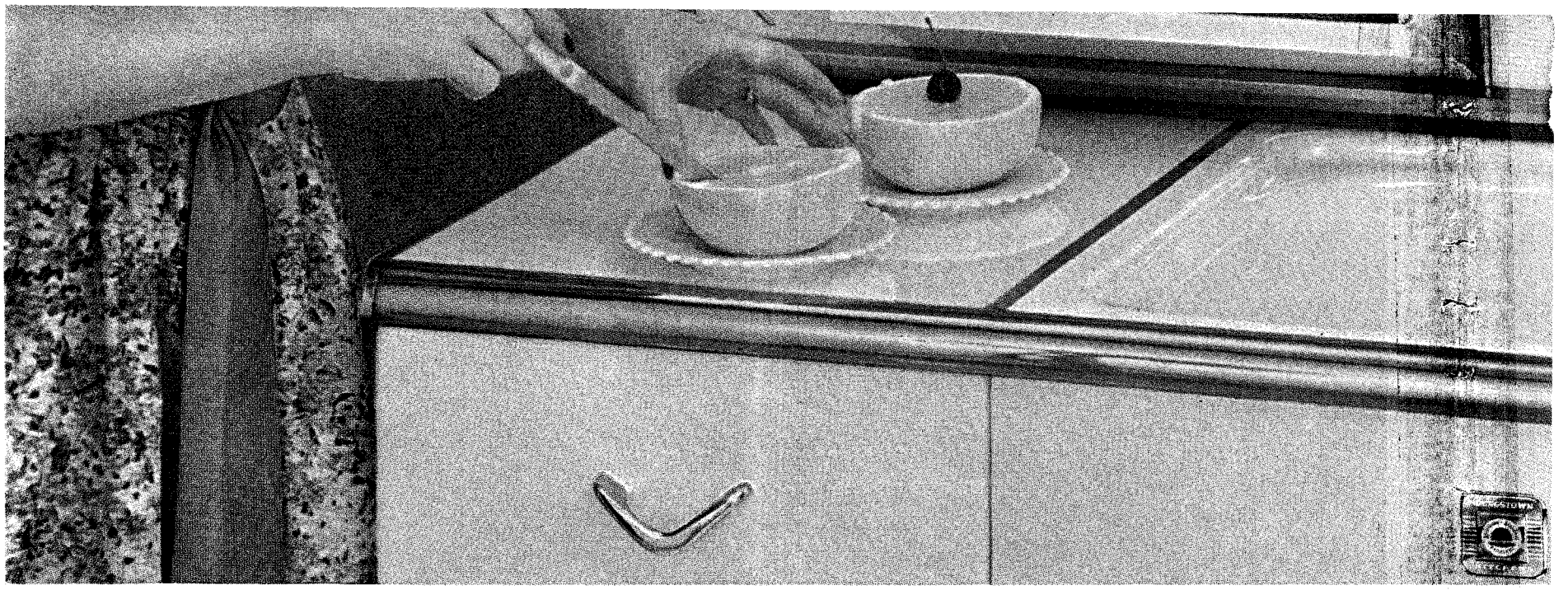
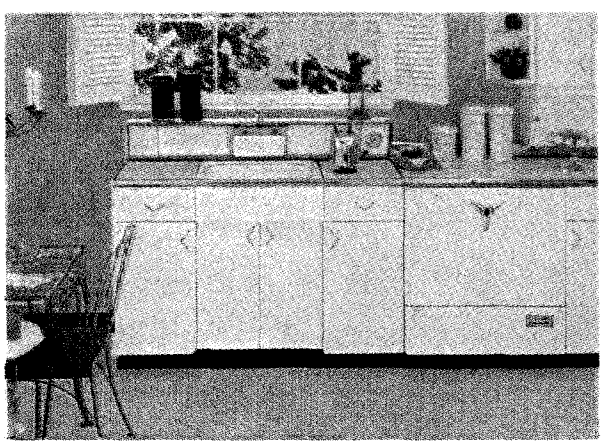
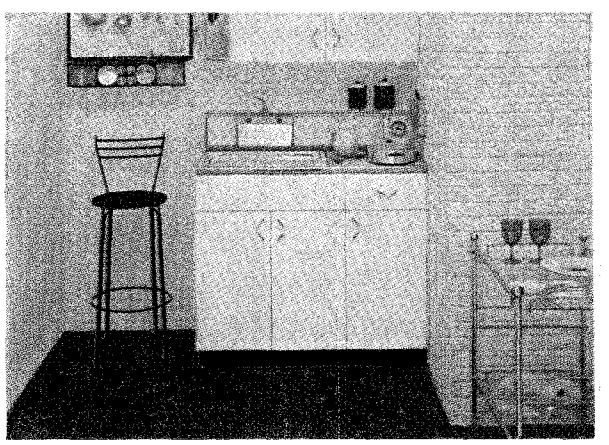
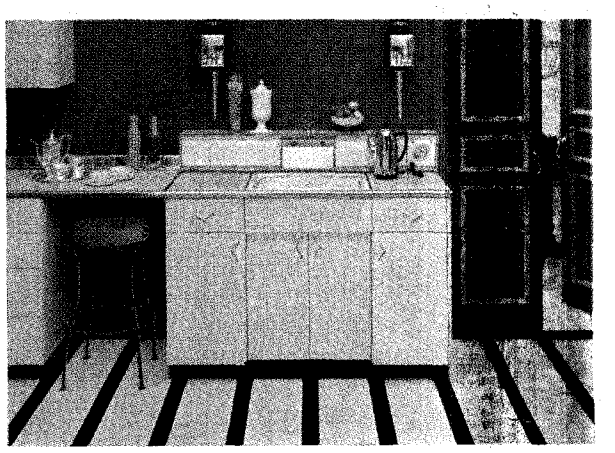




Modernizes Old Kitchens. New Servi-Center takes the place of your old kitchen sink...centers your kitchen work...saves you thousands of steps. It's the first and only major kitchen appliance ever to concentrate your cooking and clean-up tasks in one glamorous unit!



Brings Complete Kitchen to Tiny Apartments and Summer Homes. 42-inch size Servi-Center adds complete kitchen facilities...storage space, cooking space, work-counter and water supply...for rooms in need of a compact kitchen unit. 42″ size only $199.95



Adds Extra Work-Center to Glamor Kitchens. The new Servi-Center answers every woman's dream of kitchen luxury. Added to present large kitchens, it saves steps and time...acts as a butler's pantry for added serving and food-warming space. 54″ size $229.95

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Dealers featuring Youngstown Kitchens SERVI-CENTER

TURN PAGE to see the first new kitchen appliance in a decade

ALABAMA

Athens
W. E. Estes & Son
Bessemer
Loveman's
Birmingham
American Home Impr. Co.
R. B. Broyles Furn. Co.
Inglenook Home Appl. Co.
Loveman's
Cullman
Evers-Humpl Plbg. Co.
Florence
Streeter Electric Co.
Gadsden
Leon Jones Electric Co.
Hanceville
Hugh Ratliff Furn. & Sup.
Montgomery
Loveman's
Prichard
Kerr's
Tuscumbia
Streeter Electric Co.

ARKANSAS

Ashdown
Ashdown Hardware
Fayetteville
Cy Carney Appliance
Jonesboro
Kohn Bray Maytag Sales Co.
Little Rock
Maytag Sales & Serv. Co.
Pine Bluff
Fox Brothers
National Economy Plbrs.
Rogers
Carney's App. & Furn.

CONNECTICUT

Ansonia
Ralph Mann & Sons
Bridgeport
City Lumber Co.
K L & P Designers
Leavitt's Dept. Store
D. M. Read Co.
Danbury
Danbury Plumbing Sup.
East Hartford
Long Hill Company
East Haven
Metzo Brothers
Hartford
Consumer Sales
New England Supply Co.
Shell Supply Co.
Star Hardware
Meriden
M. Seligman & Sons
Middletown
Bacon Brothers
Milford
Kahle's Electric
New Britain
E. Buccini
New Haven
Hallock's
Norwalk
A. D. Nardi Plbg. & Htg.
Norwich
Becker & Goldstein
Stamford
P. Sabini & Sons
Stratford
John F. Hartnett & Sons
Torrington
New England Plbg. Sup.
Waterbury
Colonial Supply Co.
Romaniello Brothers
West Haven
West Haven Lumber Co.
Willimantic
Solomon & Knapp
Woodbury
F. F. Hitchcock

DELAWARE

Dover
Dover Appl. & Refrig.
Frankford
Bank's Hardware
Milford
O. B. Bach
Wilmington
Harvey Hall
Keils

DIST. OF COLUMBIA

Washington, D. C.
Harrison Bros.
K & W Plumbing
S. Kann Sons Co.
Lansburgh & Bro.
Stidham Tire Company
John G. Webster
Woodward and Lothrop

FLORIDA

Pensacola
White Furn. & Appl.

GEORGIA

Athens
Athens Bldg. & Well Supply
Atlanta
American Service Co.
McCoy Furn. & Appl. Co.
Rich's, Inc.
Augusta
Busby's Bargain Block
J. B. White & Co.
Carlton
Carlton Electric Co.
Cedartown
Cedartown Hdwe. Co.
Clarkesville
Reeves Hdwe. Co.
Columbus
Daniel Appliance Co.
Comer
Comer Hdwe. & Sup. Co.
Dalton
Whiteside Furniture Co.
Gainesville
Chambers Lumber Co.
Griffin
Griffin Sales & Service
Jesup
Harper Hdwe. Co.
Lincolnton
Western Auto Store
Macon
Adams-Feagin Hdwe. Co.
Newnan
Barron Tire Co.
Lindsey's
Rossville
Dunagan Appliance Co.
Peerless, Inc.
Royston
R. & W. Gas Co.
Toccoa
DeLuxe Tire Store
Valdosta
Miller Hardware Co.
Waycross
Waycross Plumbing Co.
West Point
Heard-Williams
Valley Electric Co.

ILLINOIS

Alton
Alton Refrig. Co., Inc.
Amboy
Schuette
Arlington Heights
Polk Bros.
Ashton
W. G. Clover
Aurora
Leonardi Co.
Bensenville
R. Laho & Sons
Carlinville
E. L. Calverd & Sons
Carrollton
Lovekamp's Furniture Co.
Chicago
Barrys Kitchens
Community Home Supply
Cooper Plumbing & Htg.
Max Gerber, Inc.
Goldblatt Bros., Inc.
Polk Bros.
Roberts Kitchen Mart
Root Bros. Mfg. & Supply
Universal Plbg. & Htg.
Cicero
Pop's Home Improve., Inc.
Columbia
Weilbacher's
East Moline
American Plumb. & Sup.
Eldorado
Uzzle Furniture Co.
E. St. Louis
Rozycke Service
Granville
Granville Hdwe. Store
Grayville
Bradshaw Appliance
Greenville
Strattman Lumber Co.
Herrin
Brown & Columbo
J. Helleny & Sons, Inc.
Jacksonville
Metz Plbg.
Joliet
Polk Bros.
The Price Co.
Litchfield
Shero Plbg. & Htg. Co.
Loves Park
Park Appliance Co.
Marion
Goss Home Furniture
Marseiller
Gleason & Co.
Mascoutah
Goss Plbg. & Htg.
Metropolis
Hinner Brothers
Moline
Flick Supply
Mound City
Winkler Electric
Mt. Carmel
Underriner Hardware
Murphysboro
B & K Furniture Co.
Omaha
Omaha Appliance
Quincy
Hoskin Plbg.
Sheppard's Appliance
Stroot Hardware
Robinson
Marley-Harrison
Rockford
Hedrick Electric Co.
Teutopolis
Weber Brothers
Vandalia
Vandalia Plbg. & Hdw. Co.
Waukegan
Roberts Kitchen Mart

INDIANA

Aurora
Robert L. Johnston
Butler
Oberlin TV & Appliance
Elkhart
Bernsteins, Inc.
Evansville
Kirby Sales Co.
Farmersburg
Farmersburg Lumber Co.
Fort Wayne
Stucky Brothers
Wolf & Dessauer
Greensburg
Greensburg Lumber Co.
Indianapolis
McLaughlin Bros. Plumbing Co.
Leesburg
Leesburg Lumber Co.
Madison
Kelly Bros. Ace Hdwe. Co.
Marion
Byrd Lumber Co.
Montezuma
Paul Machledt Assn.
Osgood
Reynolds Gas Co.
Peru
Midland Lumber Co.
Pittsboro
Pittsboro Lumber Co.
Remington
Le Beau Home Impr.
Richmond
Maxine's Ygstwn. Store
South Bend
Robertson's Dept. Store
Tipton
Tipton Lumber Co.
Winimac
Von Tobel Lumber Co.

IOWA

Burlington
Oetken Refrigeration & Radio Sales & Service
Cedar Rapids
Checker Elec. Supply, Inc.
Standard Appliance
Charles City
Wamsley Plbg. & Htg.
Clear Lake
Clear Lake Millwork Co.
Davenport
Nordeen's Kitchen Center
Des Moines
Younker's Store for Homes
Dubuque
Roshek Bros.
Fort Dodge
Gadbury Plbg. & Htg.
Greenfield
Poffenberger Furniture
Grinnell
Brighter Homes Store
Hampton
Chaffin Hardware
Marshalltown
Brighter Homes Store
Newton
Pierce Furniture Co., Inc.
Waterloo
Paulsen Kitchen Center

KANSAS

Atchison
Barnes Furniture
Beloit
Ed Fitzgerald Hdwe. Co.
Concordia
Ed Fitzgerald Hdwe. Co.
Hiawatha
Harpster Lumber Co.
Holton
Petree Propane, Inc.
Horton
Allison Hardware
Humboldt
Humboldt Hardware
Kansas City
Strasser Hardware
Manhattan
Powell Bros.
Ottawa
Malott Hardware
Scott City
Bryan's, Inc.
Wichita
Mardis Supply Co.

KENTUCKY

Alexandria
Jack Kees Plbg. & Htg.
Carrollton
O. K. Supply, Inc.
Covington
Witemyre Supply Co.
Earlington
West Kentucky Coal Co.—Store Dept.
Flemingsburg
Havens Wiring
Hopkinsville
Cayce Yost Co.
London
Kenneth C. Keney & Son
Louisville
Anderson Plbg. Co.
J. Bacons & Son
Ludlow
Gavin Plbg. & Htg.
Madisonville
Kingston Appliance
Marion
Tucker Furniture Co.
Middlesboro
Smith Electric Co.
Owensboro
Modern Kitchens
Owensboro Plbg. & Htg.
Tompkinsville
Bradshaw & Hagan

LOUISIANA

Bossier City
Bossier Appliance
Minden
Chris Temple
Shreveport
Beckett Plumbing Co.
Bossier Appliance
Shreveport Refrig. Co.

MAINE

Augusta
Augusta Hdwe. & Plumbing Supply Co.
Bangor
Acme Supply Co.
Boothbay Harbor
Walbridge Bros.
Ellsworth
Ellsworth Builders Supply
Houlton
Paul McGillicuddy
Lewiston
Lewiston Supply Co.
Portland
Maine Hdwe. & Plbg. Supply Co.
Rockland
H. K. Crie & Co.
Waterville
Waterville Hdwe. Co.
Wiscasset
Wiscasset Lumber Co.

MARYLAND

Annapolis
Anderson Home Impr. Co.
Baltimore
Anderson Home Impr. Co.
Ash Sales
The Hecht Co.
Himmelfarb Bros.
Home Utilities
Levenson & Klein
Little Potts
Modern Appliance
Plymouth Home Equip. Co.
Pollack's
Shevitz Furniture
Stern's Ygstwn. Ktchn. Ctr.
Taylor's
Belair
Lutz
Chesapeake City
Cooling Auto & Supply Co.
Clear Spring
Ebersole's Plbg. & Appl.
Cumberland
Cumberland Maytag Appliance Center
Damascus
Damascus Electric
District Heights
Creel Company
Essex
Car-Mor Co.
Fallston
Harlan Bros.
Frederick
Routzahn & Sons, Inc.
Glen Burnie
Stiller Appliance
Hagerstown
Bohman-Warne, Inc.
Hampstead
Nyson Appliance
Hollywood
Adams Appliance Shop
Langley Park
Lansburgh & Bro.
Lexington Park
Taylor Gas
Rising Sun
Mace Bldg. Supply Co.
Salisbury
Shore Distributing Co.
South Cumberland
Planing Mill Company
Sykesville
Home Furniture
Upper Marlboro
Marlboro Electric
Westminster
Wampler Furniture

MASSACHUSETTS

Adams
W. H. Arnold Lumber Co.
Athol
Blotkin's
Boston
Allied Appliance Co.
Gilchrist Co.
Magee's
Jordan Marsh Co.
C C Peter
Raymond's
Brockton
Di Nunno Plumbing
Grossman
Brookline
Boles Bros
Cambridge
Lechmere Sales
Dorchester
Adams Appliance
E. Boston
Secatore's Inc.
Fitchburg
Tarbox Furniture Co.
Florence
E. C. Addis & Co.
Framingham
Al Polomarenko
Franklin
Franklin Furniture
Ranieri Supply
Gardner
Rome Sales
Greenfield
Weeks Electric Store
Haverhill
Finberg Supply
Haverhill Hdwe.
Holyoke
L. Grossman & Son
Holyoke, Plumbing Serv.
Lawrence
Finberg Supply
Lowell
Middlesex Supply
Lynn
Siden Sales
Melrose
Bean & Cole
Norwood
Lydon & Haase
Pittsfield
W. H. Shedd & Son
Quincy
Robinson Home Utilities
Salem
Silver's Supply Co.
So. Barre
Crowley Electric & Furn.
Somerville
National Supply Co.
Sillari & Co.
Springfield
Bailey-Wagner Co.
Edison Appliance
Harold J. O'Brien Furn. & Kitchen Center
Taunton
Taunton Hardware
Turner Falls
Joseph Riel Plbg. Co.
Webster
Kindler Hdwe.
Westfield
Speiser Hdwe. & Plbg. Co.
West Roxbury
Sullivans Youngstown Kitchen Store
Worcester
Barnards Summer Putnam

MICHIGAN

Agonac
Gunniss Hardware
Alma
Zinn's Plumbing & Heating
Alpena
Herron Farm Impl. Co.
Ann Arbor
Suburban Sales Co.
Battle Creek
Max Huber Appliance
Jury Rowe Co.
Kerr Hardware
Bay City
Goddeyne Plmbg. & Hetg.
Miller's
John W. Putz Hardware
Belleville
Huron Appliance
Big Rapids
Good Housekeeping Shop
Detroit
Boulton Hardware
Crowley, Milner & Co.
Farris Bros.
Fox Furniture
S. S. Hough Co.
J. L. Hudson Co.
International Radio
Kaplan & Stern
Lifetime Tile
Mills Kitchens
Mohawk Lumber
Curtis Mower
Peoples Outfitting Co.
Sprenkle Plumbing
Springwells Hardware
Union Building Supply
U. S. Pipe & Supply Co.
Waco Tile
Flint
Burroughs Building Center
Lawrence Electric
O.K. Plumbing & Heating
Grand Haven
Rycenga Lumber
Grand Rapids
Marcusse Kitchens
Smith Lumber Co.
Holland
Beckman's Kitchens
Jackson
The Kitchen Korner
Wayne's
Kalamazoo
Hoekstra Sales Co.
Lansing
Kitchens, Inc. by Hebblewhite
Manchester
L. V. Kirk Appliance
Marine City
Bachler's Electric
Midland
Nehil Lumber Co.
Milan
Young & Ost Plumbing
Mt. Clemens
Modern Electric
Mt. Clemens Lumber
Mt. Pleasant
Household Appliance
Muskegon
General Plumbing Co.
Northville
Northville Electric
Petoskey
Bremmeyr Bain Co.
Pontiac
Michigan Fluorescent Co.
Port Huron
Baker Plumbing
Stan Marengo Appliance
Saginaw
Reichle Supply Co.
St. Charles
Hartley Lumber Co.
St. Ignace
Hollingsworth Buildware
Sault Ste. Marie
Hollingsworth Co.
Standish
Micissin Bros.
Waltz
Krzyszke Bros.
Warren
H. L. Claeys
West Branch
McGowan Hardware
Ypsilanti
Building Specialties

MINNESOTA

Caledonia
Danaher Hardware
Chisholm
Service Plumbing
Crookston
Sanders Plbg. & Htg. Co.
Duluth
Sher Plumbing & Heating
Edgerton
Vander Stoep Hardware
Fosston
Halverson Electric
Lakeville
Gephart Furniture
Little Falls
Hauer Brothers
Luverne
McClure Electric
Minneapolis
Chicago Plumbing Supply
Donaldson's
Frank Sales Co.
Powers
New Ulm
Wilfahrt Bros.
Pipestone
Pipestone Skelgas
Rochester
Barry Plumbing
St. Cloud
Weidner Plbg. & Htg.
St. Paul
Butwinick Bros.
Capitol Supply
Gopher Appliance
Hawkins Appliance
Meredith Appliance
North End Machine Co.
Schuneman's, Inc.
Thief River Falls
Sjoberg Appliance Co.

MISSISSIPPI

Ellisville
Jack Gunn Hdwe. Co.

MISSOURI

Bethany
S. M. Haas and Son Furn.
Bolivar
Hutcheson Furniture
Brunswick
Johnson Maytag
Cape Girardeau
A.E.Birk&Son Plbg.&Htg.
Carthage
Western Auto Store
Chillicothe
Mills Bros. Lumber Co.
Columbia
French & Co.
Festus
Festus Hardware
Hermann
Eberlin Hardware
Huntsville
Green's Plbg.
Illmo
Boner-Harmon Furn. Co.
Kansas City
Burlington Trading Post
King City
Red Barn Furniture
Macon
Skelly Oil Co.
Malden
Farm Home and Elec. Co.
Marshfield
Burchfield & Day
Monett
Bradley's Gas Co.
Poplar Bluff
Roberts Plbg. & Htg.
Raytown
Burlington Trading Post
Rolla
F. B. Powell Lumber Co.
St. Joseph
Cook Gas Plbg. & Htg. Co.
Mod. Ygstwn. Ktchn. Store
St. Louis
Famous Barr Co.
Gibson Furn. Co.
Hertlein Co.
O. A. Knell Co.
Nagel's Kitchen Mart
Rosner's Kitchen Mart
Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney
Stix, Baer & Fuller
Town & Country Kitchens & Baths
Westown Kitchen Mart
Youngstown Alum. Prod.
Salem
Victor Plumbing
Sedalia
Potts Ygstwn. Ktchn. Store
Springfield
Hayter Plumbing
Janss Lumber Co.
Trenton
Home Gas & Appliance
Windsor
Windsor Furniture Co.

NEBRASKA

Chadron
Reed Hdwe. Co.
Las Vegas
Better Living, Inc.
Scottsbluff
Standard Hardware Co.
Sparks
Appliance Super Market
Valentine
Davis Furniture & Appl.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Dover
S. D. Sundeen & Co.
Jaffery
F. Mei & Co.
Keene
Derby's of Keene
Manchester
J. J. Moreau & Son
Nashua
Nashua Hardware
Wirthmore Stores
Peterboro
Derby's Dept. Store
Portsmouth
Washburn Plbg. & Htg.
St. Laconia
A. W. Sewall
Troy
Bower's Remodeling

NEW JERSEY

All New Jersey Stores
Two Guys From Harrison
Asbury
Wm. R. Hogg Co.
Atlantic City
Taylor Supply
Atlantic Highlands
George C. Koeppel & Sons
Avon
Sanitary Supply Co.
Bayonne
Charles Goldberg
Belmar
Fielder & Warner
Boonton
Boonton TV
Branchville
Grays Dept. Store
Bridgeton
J. M. Elwell Co.
Camden
H. Arensburg
Hurley-Leibman
Clifton
Parker House
Clinton
Wagner's Plbg. & Htg.
Dover
Parker House
Elizabeth
Jersey Stove
Fairview
Palermo Supply
Flemington
John M. Saums
Franklinville
Community Oil Co.
Freehold
C. H. Roberson, Inc.
Gibbstown
Malkin's
Glen Rock
Leone Lumber & Supply
Haddon Heights
W. C. Davis
Hoboken
L. Pini & Sons
Jersey City
Central Plumbing & Htg.
Lawrence Harbor
Garber Supply
Lebanon
James Schultz
Linden
Linden Stove Co.
Mahwah
Charles Vueolo
Maple Shade
Welsh's Firestone Store
Millville
Mervay Furniture
Newark
S. Bernstein
Newark Hardware
Newton
Grays Dept. Store
North Bergen
New Durham Plbg. Supply
North Plainfield
Somerset Plumbing
Nutley
Windheim Plumbing
Paramus
Hampton Sales
Modern Plumbing Service
Saveon Office Equipment
Passaic
Ral Supply
Paulsboro
Getz Home Supply
Pennsgrove
Pennsgrove Plbg. Supply
Plainfield
Hummel
Red Bank
Monmouth Lumber Co.
Roselle
Roselle Plumbing
Somerville
Kavanaugh Bros.
South Amboy
National Plumbing
Stanhope
Lozier and Mooney
Sussex
Grays Dept. Store
Trenton
Lincoln Supply Co.
Loth Linoleum
New Jersey Plumbing
Schoeller Plumbing
Watkins Stove Co.
Weehawken
Alex Thane
West New York
Stoever & Glass

NEW YORK

Alexandria Bay
Garlock Lumber Co.
Astoria
P. Isabella
Auburn
T. J. Cotter Plumbing
Rondina Furniture Co.
Babylon
Abraham & Straus
Baldwinsville
Farrell Plbg. & Htg. Co.
Barnaveldt
Alger & Barker
Bath
Bath Plbg. Supply Co.
Bayshore
Morris Freedman
Belleport
Atlas Kitchen
Binghamton
Olum's Furniture
Pearis Bros.
Sisson's Dept. Store
Bronx
County P. & H.
J. & H. Gas Range
Rose & Goldstein
Ruckels
Silva, Inc.
Virginia Westchester
Wendon Co.
Brooklyn
ABC Home Products
Abraham & Straus
Elm Supply
M. Gangi
Irving Kaplan
William Kinsella
Mapleton Plbg. & Htg.
McEnaney Co.
J. V. Pieper & Son
Radiotone Sales
Jacob Rifkin
S. & H. Plumbing
Tornquist Plumbing
Wagner Home Appliance
Buffalo
Batt Co., Inc.
Cambridge
Charles A. Ackley
Cherry Valley
Cherry Valley Service
Corning
Adamy Supply Co.
Corona
Peter Alfano & Son
Kucich Appliance
Delhi
Dubben Bros.
Deposit
Ed Hartz & Son
Dover Plains
Everett M. Brady
East Hampton
North Main Street Hdwe.
East Rockaway
Chas. Krull & Sons
Elbridge
Platt & Tweedie
Ellenville
Rose & Douglas
Flushing
Gertz Dept. Store
Fort Plain
Geesler's, Inc.
Glendale
Glorite Contracting Co.
Gloversville
Treher & Jung, Inc.
Gouverneur
G. & C. Hardware
Great Neck
Youngstown Plumbing
Greenburgh
Craftsman Associates
Greene
H. M. Comfort Appliances
Greenport
Clinton A. Hommel
Hamburg
Forbush Lumber Co.
Hampton Bays
Suffolk Refrigeration
Haverstraw
P. Dickman & Sons
Hempstead
Abraham & Straus
Herkimer
Garito Appliance Center
Hicksville
Gertz Dept. Store
Highland
Dirks Plbg. & Htg. Serv.
Holcomb
Bennett Hardware
Homer
A. B. Brown & Sons
Hornell
Tracy & Jones Lumber Co
Ilion
Best Appliance Co.
Edick's Garage
Ithaca
McIndde Appliances
Jackson Heights
Long Island Janitor Sup.
Jamaica
Gertz Dept. Store
Jamaica Refrigeration
Johnson City
Olum's Furniture
Kingston
J. Ellis Briggs, Inc.
Wieber & Walter
Lake Placid
Lake Placid Hardware
Levittown
A. C. English
Long Island
Long Island Stove
Madison
C. J. Hughes & Son
Massena
Baker Service Co.
Mattydale
J. & J. Hardware Co.
Middle Village
Max Laster
Mooers
Monette Furniture
Mt. Vernon
County Hardware
Newport
Soron Appliance Co.
New York City
Best Housekeeping
Best Supply Co.
L. M. Blumstein
Empire Utilities
B. Galpern Co., Inc.
Gimbels Dept. Store
Hampton Sales
Harry Klenoff
Niagara Falls
A. Detlor & Son Ltd.
Norwich
Olum's Furniture
Norwood
The Kinsman Co.
Ogdensburg&Potsdam
Sperlings Furniture Co.
Olean
Olean Household
Oneida
Brooks Electric Co.
Oneonta
Oneonta Dept. Store
Ossining
National Plbg. & Heating
Oswego
Circle Supply Co.
Ovid
S. J. Getman Appliances
Owego
Owego-Murray Co.
Patchogue
Patchogue Electric
Peekskill
Modern Home Center
Port Washington
Marsh Appliance
Poughkeepsie
Shaker Travis & Quinn, Inc.
Queens Village
Muller & Wilbur, Inc.
Richfield Springs
Beadle & Co.
Ridgewood
John Gartner, Inc.
Graf & Yoegel
Rochester
Albert Electric Co.
James Crowley
E. W. Edwards & Son
Epstein Plumbing
Ferroro Plumbing
Kiefer Corp.
Metzger & Brayer, Inc.
L. H. Weider & Sons
Rockville Center
Sunrise Merrick
Rome
Serway's, Inc.
Saranac Lake
Casier Utilities, Inc.
Schenectady
Martini Homes Appliance
Schuylerville
Flynn Bros., Inc.
Seneca Falls
Masten Supply Co.
Sidney
Sidney Appliance Co.
Skaneateles
M. & M. Farm Supply
Spring Valley
Warriner Smith
Staten Island
Megna Plumbing
Sterner & Leblanc
Stephentown
Walter C. Sykes
Syracuse
Carmen Supply Co.
E. W. Edwards & Son Dept. Store
Tarrytown
Greenbaum Bros.
Towanda
Harden Electric Co.
Utica
Burton Stove Store
Casper Home Furniture
Klein's Jewelers
Modern Furniture
H. D. Morehouse & Son
Upstate Furniture Co.
J. B. Wittie Plumbing
Valatie
Austin's
Walton
J. E. Wood & Son
Warsaw
Zeches
Watertown
Hardiman Furniture Co.
Waterville
Frank Morgan Hdwe. Co.
Webster
Netzman Electric Co.
West Haverstraw
Flash Radio
West Hempstead
Jamaica Refrigeration
Whitehall
Scott Furniture
Woodhaven
Miner-Smith
Woodside
Henri Billharz
Yonkers
Rosners
Mr. Vassello

NORTH CAROLINA

Asheville
Rogers Plumbing & Heating Company
Charlotte
Ward's Furn. & Appl. Co.
Durham
Brunson's, Incorporated
Elkin
B. E. Faw & Sons
Fayetteville
Holmes Electric Company
Gastonia
Rawlings-Todd Elec. Co.
Goldsboro
Town & Country Gas Co.
Greensboro
Fleet-Plummer Hdwe. Co.
Lenoir
Teague Furniture Co.
Rutherfordton
Home Appliance Co.
Salisbury
C. A. Mayfield Furn. Co.
Statesville
Watts Plbg. & Htg. Co.
Waynesville
Martin Electric Company
Wilmington
Thrif-T-Stores, Inc.
Wilson
Robert E. Deans
Winston-Salem
Clinard Electric Company
Hugh G. Strickland, Inc.

NORTH DAKOTA

Beach
Raisler Electric
Bismarck
Corwin Churchill Appl. Co.
Cando
Sitz Hardware
Crosby
Gambles Store
Devils Lake
Marshall Wells Store
Enderlin
Al's Hardware
Fargo
O'Day Youngstown Center
Halliday
Wasem Hardware
Hankinson
Wipperman Co.
Hatton
Aasen Hardware
Jamestown
Eddy Furniture
Lisbon
Moll Appliances
Mayville
Bjelde Hardware
Minot
Sebbys, Inc.
New Rockford
Jay Bee Co.
Wahpeton
Hopperts Plbg. & Htg.

OHIO

Akron
Carlton Supply Co.
M. O. Neil Co.
Alliance
Akins Appliance Co.
Archbold
Stotzer Hardware Co.
Ashland
Ashland Paint Co.
Bethel
Shields Co.
Blanchester
P. E. Snyder & Son
Cambridge
Hoyle Lumber Co.
Canton
R. & N. Youngstown Kitchens Mart
Cincinnati
J. P. Dorney
Longstreet Appliance
Martin & Son
Nickoson Sink Top Co.
Permatile Co.
H. & S. Pogue Co.
Save Supply
John Shillito Co.
Swallen's
Valley Floor Covering
Cleveland
The Bing Co. (5 stores)
Boulevard Const. Co.
Howard Improvement Co.
May Company
Schwede Furn. Co.
Sherwin Hdwe. Co.
Columbiana
Columbiana Appliance
Columbus
E. Broad Appl. Co., Inc.
F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Al Solove
Cygnet
Hartigan Electric
Dayton
Bilby's Youngstown Kitchen Center
The Rike-Kumler Co.
Defiance
F. C. Schultz Plbg. & Htg.
Elida
Powell Cabinet Co.
Fostoria
Gillig Electric Co.
Fremont
Alvin L. Smith Plbg. & Htg.
Germantown
Harvey J. Brombaugh
Hamilton
Beaty Stores
Charles Co.
Hillsboro
Highland Enterprise
Kent
Miller Electric Co.
Kenton
Rexins Furn. & Appl.
Leipsic
Meyers Electric
Lima
Bindel Appliance
Lorain
Falencki Hdwe. Co.
Lyons
Hall & Son
Mansfield
The Bing-Mansfield Co.
Middlefield
Middlefield Hdwe. Co.
Middletown
Streifthau's Inc.
Vic & Paul
Napoleon
Merle Franz, Inc.
Newark
Airesman's
New Philadelphia
Brown's Western Auto Store
North Lima
Sheely Electric
Norwood
Keidel Supply
Oak Harbor
Mulligan Gas & Electric
Orrville
Bennett Refrigeration

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OHIO (cont.)
Painesville
Carlisle Allen Co.
Port Clinton
Karl Krepel Plbg. & Htg.
Rawson
Hoch Hardware
Salem
Strouss-Hirshberg's
Sandusky
The Bing-Sandusky Co.
Shelby
The Bing-Shelby Co.
Springfield
Crist-Kissell Co.
Toledo
R. G. Engler Plbg. & Htg.
Kobacker Furniture Co.
Tiedtke's
Uhrichsville
Wade Electric Co.
Warren
Strouss-Hirshberg's
West Unity
Appliance Service Center
Williamsburg
Chas. Jordan Hdwe.
Xenia
Eichman's Dept. Store
Youngstown
Mahoning Plumbing Sup.
Perry's Kitchens
Stambaugh Thompson

OKLAHOMA
Henryetta
Burnett Hardware Co.
Oklahoma City
Townley Metal&Hdwe.Co.
Sulphur
Sulphur Hardware Co.
Valley
Ray Perkins Lumber Co.
Wewoka
Whitehead Hardware Co.

PENNSYLVANIA
Altoona
J. E. Heaps Electric Co.
Barnesboro
Bacha Hardware
Wolf Furniture
Biglerville
M. L. Ditzler
Bowmansville
Allen Musser
Boyertown
D. B. Boyer
Braddock
Miele Plumbing & Heating
Bristol
Richman's
Chester
Highland Gardens Appl.
Conneaut Lake
Moss Bros. Lumber Co.
Conshohocken
Town & Country
Dallastown
Kenneth R. Sechrist
Downingtown
W. P. Canby
East Berlin
Home Service & Supply
Easton
Easton Plbg. & Htg.
Weaver Plbg. & Htg.
Elizabethtown
Shearers Furniture Store
Emporium
Grimone's
Ephrata
Edwin L. Snyder
Erie
Lowe Supply Co., Inc.
Eynon
Sugerman's
Galeton
Lush Bros., Inc.
Hanover
W. R. Burns
O. J. Myers
Harrisburg
Gables, Inc.
Hoovers Radio & Supply
Horner's Corner
James Lutz
Hazleton
Cohen's
Hellertown
Hellertown Appliance Co.
Honesdale
Murray Co.
Hooversville
Daniel Shaffer's Sons
Hummelstown
E. B. Smith Hardware
Imperial
Leopold's
Jacobus
Bruce Smith
Johnstown
B. R. Eplett Plumbing, Heating, Air Cond.
Knoxville
Leathers Hardware Co.
Lancaster
M. T. Garvin & Company
Young's
Lansdale
Swartley Brothers
Lewistown
Central TV & Appliance
Lock Haven
Shadles, Inc.
Luzerne
Luzerne Plumbing Supply
Lykens
Luther Klinger
Marcus Hook
Cherry Home Appliance
Meadville
L. G. Wineland
Mechanicsburg
J. H. Stock Associates
Mercersburg
Cordell Sons
Mt. Carmel
Jepkos Kulpmont Gas Co.
Myerstown
H. W. Reppert
New Castle
G. S. Richards
New Holland
M. S. Sensenig
Norristown
Block's Inc.
Girvan Kitchens
Norristown Plumbing Sup.
Oakland Mills
J. E. Peoples
Oil City
Oliver Bros.
Oxford
Eagle Department Store
Palmyra
Carlos Adams
Philadelphia
Associated Refrigeration
B. Bobroff
Broudy Supply Co., Inc.
Henry Ford
Gimbels
Girard Rubber Co.
J. J. Hono
Hurley-Leibman
George Kahn
Kitchen Equip. Exchange
S. Kruger & Co.
Levin's
Lewis Stores
Lit Bros.
Massy's
Martin Miller
E. Herman Moser
Real Estate Remodeling
Roxy Electrical Center
P. Sadewnik
George E. Spence
Standard Linoleum
Strawbridge & Clothier
Treegoobs
John Wanamaker
West Phila. Decorating
Woodland Gas Range Co.
Pittsburgh
Gimbels
Gutbro Const.
Kaufmann's
Keystone Plumb. Sales Co.
Pittston
Radio City
Pottsville
Reilley's Stores
Quakertown
Dimmig Electric
Reading
Penn Bridge Appliance
Roslyn
William McCullough
Sanatoga
Sanatoga Radio
Sayre
Cash & Credit Appl. Co.
Scranton
Gal Mae
Selinsgrove
Plaza Farmers Market
Shamokin
Jones Hardware Co.
George B. Keiser Co.
Zurick & Zurick
Sharon
Williams Hardware
Shippensburg
Carl Shuman
Sunbury
Baums Sport. Goods, Inc.
Susquehanna
Perrine Furniture Co.
Tower City
J. H. Deiter & Son
Transfer
Reimold McKnight
Unity
Delmonaco Appliance
Wilkes-Barre
Eastern Penna. Supply
Williamsport
Lockcuff's Radio & Appl.
Willow Grove
Grove Home Impr.
York
C. R. Heidlebaugh & Son
York Springs
Ditzler's
Youngville
Walter Whlsale & Sup. Co.

RHODE ISLAND
Cranston
Anthony Emma
Newport
J. T. O'Connell Co.
Pawtucket
Eastern Supply Co.
Low's Thrifty Stores
Providence
City Hall Hardware
Izzi & Sons Oil & Htg. Co.
F.D. McKendall Lbr. Co.
The Outlet Co.
Providence Tile Co.
Tiverton
P. D. Humphrey Co., Inc.
Warwick
Jerry D'Amico
Westerly
United Builders Supply
West Kingston
Berger Lumber Co.
West Warwick
J. B. Peltier & Sons
Woonsocket
L. Grossman

SOUTH CAROLINA
Anderson
Gentry & Company
Columbia
Cate-McLaurin Company
The Kitchen Center
Dillon
Womack-Brown
Gaffney
C. J. Franks Plumbing & Heating Company
Greenwood
Planters Hardware Co.
Johnston
V. E. Edwards & Bros.
Lancaster
Blackmon Electric Co.
Laurens
T. E. Jones & Sons, Inc.
Manning
The Peoples Store
Moncks Corner
Orvin Electric Company
Summerville
Jessen Supply Company
Sumter
Suburban Propane Gas Co.
Walterboro
Lyon's Furniture Co.

SOUTH DAKOTA
Aberdeen
Nelson Elec. & Appliance
Belle Fourche
Jacob & Goode
Hayti
Seppala Implement
Huron
Costains
Mitchell
Johnson Furniture
Pierre
Calvin L. Moulton
Sioux Falls
Swenson's Plbg. & Htg.
Sisseton
Hannasch Appliance
Spearfish
Brodersons Gas & Electric
Watertown
Dugan Sales & Service
Webster
Marshall Wells Store
Yankton
Modern Plumbing & Htg.

TENNESSEE
Ardmore
Boggs Furniture Co.
Bristol
E. Tennessee Appliance
Free Service Tire Co.
Chattanooga
Acme Blind & Floor Co.
Callahan Furniture Co.
Crisman Hdwe. Co.
Holland TV & Appliance
Pitner-Brewster Hdwe. Co.
Rhodes Hdwe. & Appl.
Clarksville
McNeal & Edwards
Cleveland
Abel Hardware Co.
Covington
R. A. Baxter & Son
Dickson
Regan & Hamilton
Fayetteville
Thomas Tire & Supply
Goodlettsville
Ford Furniture & Appl.
B. F. Myers & Son
Greeneville
C. W. Justis Co.
Jackson
Paul Coffman Appl. Co.
Kingsport
Dobyns-Taylor
Free Service Tire Co.
Glass Electric Co.
Knoxville
Amstan Supply Co.
Hunley-Turner Co.
Woodruff's
LaFollette
Pierce & Sharpe Home Sup.
Lewisburg
Butler Bros.
Maryville
Gateway Furniture Co.
Maryville Furniture Co.
Maynardville
Shoffner Appliance Co.
Memphis
Sam Fortas Hse, Furn. Co.
Roy Good Furn. Co.
Hill Plumbing Co.
Lowenstein's Hm. Svc. Co.
Memphis Plbg. & Remod.
Schienburg Appliance Co.
Whitten Bros. Hdwe. Co.
Murfreesboro
Charles L. Briley
Nashville
Greene Appliance Co.
Harvey's Dept. Store
McDonald Kitchenry
Newport
Newport Hdwe. Co.
Oak Ridge
Jackson Hdwe. & Appl. Co.
Selmer
Bolton Appliance Co.
Sevierville
Robertson Broos & Miner
Sweetwater
Wright's Hardware Co.

TEXAS
Abilene
Bible Hardware Co.
Alice
Builders Firestone
Amarillo
Jack's Plumbing Co.
Athens
Jap Lucas Hdwe. & Appl.
Austin
Calcasieu Lumber Co.
Beeville
Guarantee Plumbing Co.
Berger
New Keith Appliance Co.
Brady
Home Lumber Co.
Caddo Mills
Payne Bros. Appl. & Furn.
Cleburne
Lavland Plumbing Co.
Comanche
Higginbotham Bros. & Co.
Coolidge
Coolidge Variety Store
Cooper
Hardy's
Corpus Christi
Braslau's Furniture Co.
Corsicana
Withrow Furniture Co.
Dallas
Ross Avenue Plbg. Co.
Denison
Lovell Plbg. & Air Cond.
Ft. Worth
O. J. Butts Co.
Georgetown
Davis Furniture Co.
Henderson
Slover's Tire & Appl.
Itasca
McPherson Hwde & Appl.
Jefferson
Haggard's Furniture Co.
Kebens
Carroll's Appl. & Furn.
Kilgore
Kilgore TV Sales & Appl.
Laredo
Herring Price Lumber Co.
L. F. D.
Longview
Oney's Service
McKinney
Howell's Furn. & Appl.
Mexis
Alton Kerzee Appliance
Midlothian
Midlothian Lumber Co.
Mt. Pleasant
Anderson Furniture Co.
Naples
M. B. Hampton Bldrs. Sup.
New Braunfels
Richards & Krueger
Palestine
Belcher's Appliance
Paris
Ben Shaver Co.
Pittsburg
Patterson's Electric
San Antonio
Guadalupe Lumber Co.
Joske's of Texas
Wolff & Marx
Sherman
Lloyd's Home Appliances
Teague
Ward Plumbing Co.
Texarkana
Chance's Appliance
Couch's
Tyler
Glenn Flinn, Inc.
Waco
Hill Plumbing Co.

VERMONT
Brattleboro
Alexander Plbg. & Htg. Co.
Holden & Martin Lbr. Co.
Enosburg Falls
A. J. Budd & Son
Middlebury
John E. Gerow & Sons
Rutland
R. E. DeZero
St. Albans
E. D. Leahy & Son
St. Albans Elec. Appl. Co.

VIRGINIA
Abingdon
Vance Supply Co.
Alexandria
Holiday Kitchens
Arlington
G. B. Herring
S. Kann Sons Co.
Ashland
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Elkton
Dean Lumber Company
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Glade Spring Vance Co.
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Jones Woodworking Co.
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Kenbridge
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Campbell's Plbg. Co.
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Harry Haga
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Mayhugh and Watts
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Marion Vance Co.
Owens
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Pearisburg
Pearisburg Lum. & Sup. Co.
Petersburg
Harlow-Hardy Co.
Kitchen & McClay, Inc.
Petersburg Furniture Co.
Southside Appliance Co.
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Pound Hdwe. & Furn. Co.
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Nichols Hardware
Radford
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J. A. Black Sons, Inc.
S. B. Goodman & Son
Miller & Rhoads—Dept. 39
Oliver's Electrical Appl.
Bernard Siegel Furn. Co.
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Woodward and Lothrop
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Triangle
Triangle Plbg. and Htg.
Warrenton
Ridson Hardware
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Jensen's Store
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Church's Plumbing Shop
Superior
Arrowhead Furniture
East End Hardware
Watertown
Rex Dreheim, Inc.

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J. Clark & Son, Ltd.
Halifax, N. S.
W. H. Walsh, Ltd.
Moncton, N. B.
Lounsbury Co. Ltd.
Montreal, P. Q.
A. O. Olsen & Co.
Brentford, Ontario
Oliver Plumbing Co., Ltd.
Hamilton, Ontario
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St. Johns, Nfld.
Chester Dawe, Ltd.
C. A. Hubley, Ltd.
Sydney, N. S.
J. W. Stephens, Ltd.

See page 38 for more Youngstown Kitchens dealers

(*Continued from Page 37*) "Why can't we judge?" Semenov said. "Simply take a yardstick and measure it out, that's all. There's either half a yard in the bolt or there's fifteen yards! I'm happy for you that your father has been locked up. It serves him right, and it's a relief for you."

"I don't understand," she said quietly. "My father's been arrested. I want to go to Lyubkin himself."

"To 'Lyubkin himself'!" Semenov laughed again and glanced at her. "How funny. He likes these little jokes."

"I'm going!" Evlalia Grigorievna replied simply, looking Semenov in the eyes. "With or without your help, I'm going."

Semenov shrugged. "Then we'll have to talk seriously. I've done my best for you, and if it's turned out badly, then you have your father to blame, not me. This morning I went to the NKVD. I know the people over there." He paused, and then said abruptly, "Your father is a secret worker."

Evlalia Grigorievna gazed at Semenov in silence, her eyes widening.

"No one dragged your father into it," said Semenov. "No one made him do it. He just came in one day and offered his services. That was three years ago, a little more. Here—would you like to know?"

He withdrew from his wallet a small sl et of paper. "I made a few notes; they're quite complete. Do you know the Yavtukhovs? You had acquaintances by that name? Was their son arrested? It was your father who drew up the case. The same with Korolkov. Did you know such a person? And then"—he looked at the paper—"there was Lavarev, Hypolit Nikolaevich. They paid your father one hundred rubles for Lavarev."

"That's not true!"

"Don't doubt a word of it! 'You'll have access to our storeroom,' they promised him. Well, of course, he wasn't given full run of the storeroom, he wasn't good enough for that, but he was allotted an occasional bottle of wine or a box of sardines, besides his pay. Once he finished off three men in a month. Didn't he ever offer you any of those sardines?"

Suddenly to Evlalia Grigorievna everything was clear—most horribly, hideously clear—even those things which Semenov had left unsaid. His words called to the surface of her memory the sums Grigory Mikhailovich had earned mysteriously from time to time. She recalled, too, the can of lobster which he once brought home, and of which he had been so proud—and she remembered that she had tasted a bit of this lobster. She was struck with a violent nausea.

"What do you say now?" asked Semenov. "Will you be going to Lyubkin now? You won't be going, after all, eh?" he said, as if reassuring both her and himself, as if it meant a great deal to him that she should not go to Lyubkin.

Evlalia Grigorievna was silent. She realized she did not have the strength to think. Nevertheless she heard herself reply, not to him, but to herself, "I—to Lyubkin? Of course. I must go to him."

Semenov leaped from his chair. "Is it possible!"

He stood before her in all his massiveness. Broad shoulders, powerful arms, feet rooted firmly to the floor—everything about him seemed strong and firm: his ideas, his words, his comprehension.

"You're going?" he repeated slowly, fixing his gaze on her with an almost ecstatic look. "You're going!"

Evlalia Grigorievna did not reply.

"All right," he articulated slowly, ponderously. "You're determined to go. Well, you won't! You're not going! I'm going to tell you what you have got to know. Even your husband ——"

"Hold your tongue!" She sprang up. She clutched his arm.

"You want to hide from it?" Semenov grinned pitilessly, looking down into her face. "All right, go ahead and hide; I'll keep still."

"Vadya? Vadya? Did he —— Vadya?"

"That's how it is," said Semenov sternly. "So now go ahead to Lyubkin. I've told you. And everything I've said is true."

He made a triumphant step backward and looked at her, but he had a feeling almost of sorrow that he had won.

Evlalia Grigorievna stood trembling and staring fixedly. "He—even—even if it is he, I can't do that—I—I!" Her words came streaming out. "I'm going now. Will you go with me? No, I'll go alone. You don't have to come."

She took her hat off the table and was about to put it on and go out the door when Semenov came to his senses. He was astonished to find that it was not regret or bitterness that he felt, but happiness. Very gently he took her hat and led her back to her place.

"Don't be foolish!" It was a request, not an order. "If that's the kind you are—if that's how you're going to act ——" Suddenly his voice rose to a shout, his fist tightened. "How can it be!"

... ...

Field at Work

By Thomas John Carlisle

The field is busy growing
hay;
But since all labor and no
play
Makes even a meadow dull,
At odd and unencumbered
hours
It tends wild oats and
wilder flowers.
The crop is beautiful.

... ...

Evlalia Grigorievna sat uncomprehending, ready any minute to jump and run.

"I'll do everything myself." He regained his composure and spoke quietly, almost officially. "Wait until tomorrow evening. As far as possible, don't leave the house. I don't know right now—maybe in the morning, maybe in the afternoon—but I'll either let you know or come myself or —— The thing is to see Lyubkin." He looked at her strangely. "I know just what to say to him."

"You'll tell him yourself?"

"That's right, that's it! And now, don't you cry, Little Bluebird," he added in a tender, joking manner, awkwardly stretching the tips of his fingers toward her shoulder. "It'll all work out—it will work out. It has to. You have such incredible strength!"

All were asleep in Cell No. 15 when Grigory Mikhailovich was brought back. He stopped on the threshold, as he had the first time he had entered, blocked by the human carpet before him. He stood there waiting apathetically, peering with wide eyes. It did not occur to him that he should somehow push forward and sit down—there was no room to lie down.

Rusakov woke and saw him.

"You're back?" he whispered. "How come?"

Grigory Mikhailovich looked toward him, raised his hands as if to protect himself, and mumbled inexplicably, "I won't say a thing. I won't say a thing."

"Give him a little water," someone murmured (*Continued on Page 44*)

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MERCURY · LINCOLN · CONTINENTAL MARK III

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more new ideas, more YOU idea

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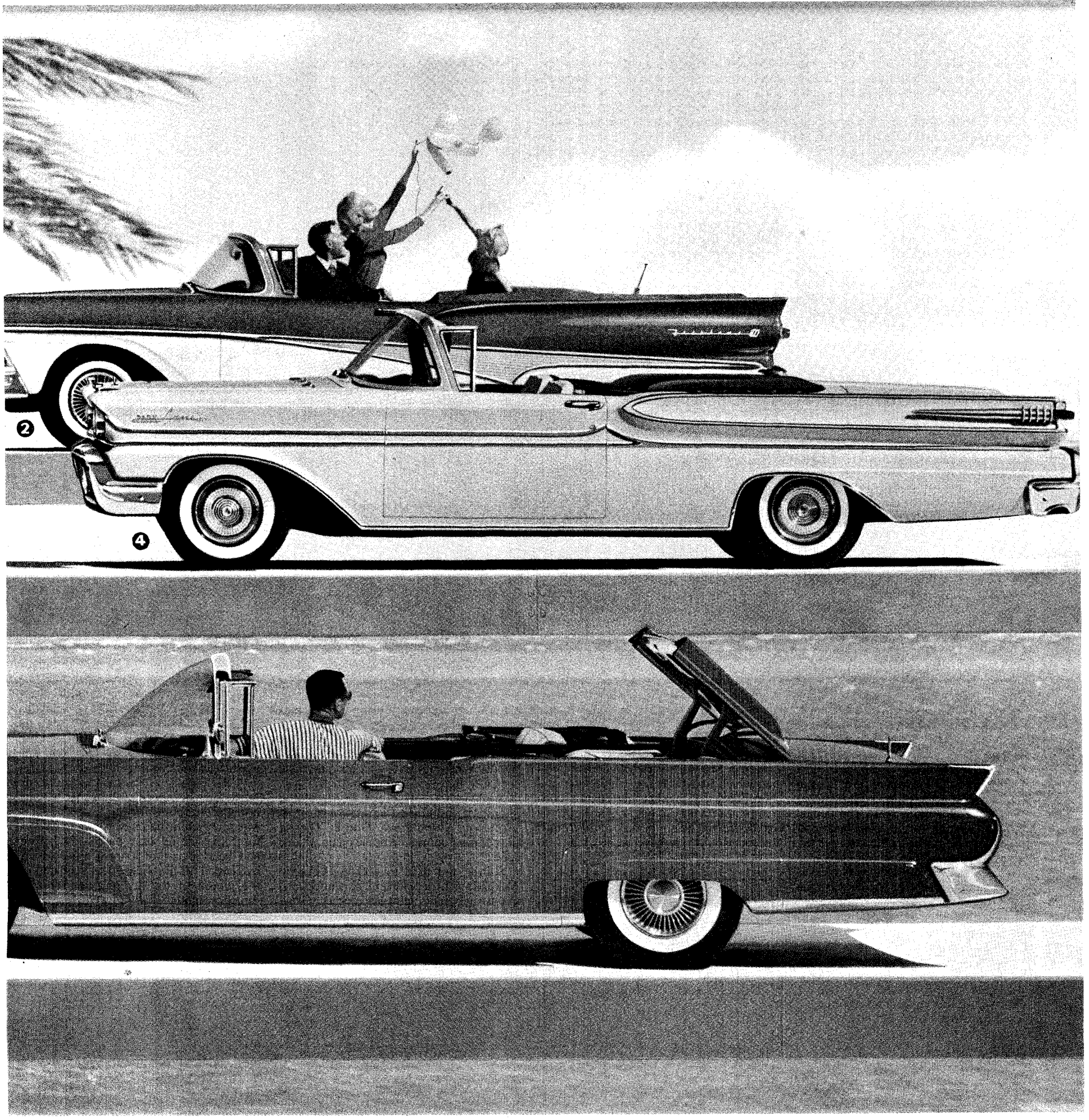

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Ford Motor Company, American Road, Dearborn, Mich.

in The Ford Family of Fine Cars

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(*Continued from Page 41*) sympathetically, and a mug of water was raised up to him. Grigory Mikhailovich did not reach for it.

Mirolyubov stood up, made his way across the cell and lifted the water to Grigory Mikhailovich's mouth. Grigory Mikhailovich clenched his teeth and shook his head, jerking it backward.

"Now, now! What's this!" insisted Mirolyubov calmly. "A swallow of water, isn't it? Drink it down."

"I won't say a thing. I won't say a thing," Grigory Mikhailovich muttered.

"You don't have to. No one is going to start questioning you here; you know that. Come lie down. It's still two or three hours till morning."

He shook some of the sleepers. Grumbling, they squeezed together and a tiny space appeared on the floor.

"There."

Grigory Mikhailovich propped himself against the wall, but soon sank down. He had no strength to sit, and his body yearned to lie flat. He stretched his legs over one of the sleepers, laid his head back heavily and closed his eyes. Images danced in his mind: the stone-gray Nikitin in his ankle-length cavalry greatcoat; Vedenyapin's proud bearing; the greenhouse retreating into the distance. And behind these floated the terrible fixed gaze of the official. Grigory Mikhailovich's body trembled and his eyes flashed open. Above him on the low ceiling a strand of spider's web, thick with dust, stretched from the lamp to one corner of the cell. The man next to him was whistling in his sleep. Grigory Mikhailovich closed his eyes again.

But instantly he saw Bukhteev's grinning leer; he heard the flat, harsh voice—"Now about your daughter"—and he groaned audibly, his mouth half opened, his face twisting with pain. He thought of Evlalia Grigorievna getting up early to go to work; he recalled her dark eyes, her smile; and he suddenly remembered how he had sat compiling material for Vadim Nikolaievich's arrest; how he had stolen money from her purse; how she denied herself at the table for him. His body collapsed into a flaccid heap. He sank deeper, deeper, and finally lost consciousness.

When he came to himself, everyone was up and getting ready for the exercise period. Grigory Mikhailovich joined them and circled about the small courtyard with his head hung down. As he walked, he glanced from time to time at the cheerless autumn sky. His eyes blinked rapidly, fighting back tears which never came. "Lalochka," he kept murmuring, the name he had never used; and he despised himself for using it now, but he kept murmuring it over and over.

When they were in the cell again, Grigory Mikhailovich did not drink any tea, but sat lost in reverie. He saw her face as it had always been—composed, sad, without a trace of reproach or accusation. "Lalochka! Little daughter!" He sobbed, unaware that he was sobbing out loud and that his whole body was shaking.

Then, suddenly, it came. The voice crashed against his eardrums, "Volodeev!"

Grigory Mikhailovich jerked up his head and gave a stare of disbelief. *Can it be evening already?* he thought dazedly. *It's not evening yet; it can't be. He said he would call me in the evening.*

The sentry shouted at him angrily, "Get moving!"

As he walked along the now-familiar corridor, it seemed to him that Evlalia went with him.

"No!" The refusal tore loose from his heart. "I won't do it!" And he grew cold, sure that this answer would bring his ruin.

When he reached the office, Bukhteev, without looking up, pointed to a chair. He took a paper from a file, wrote something on it, and said dryly, still not looking at Grigory Mikhailovich, "Here. It seems we have a change. Sign this paper and you can go home." He shoved a sheet of paper at the old man, looking at him for the first time. "Well, read it," he said irritably.

Before Grigory Mikhailovich lay a printed text, an obligation never to tell anyone what he had seen and heard during his imprisonment. Hardly knowing what he was doing, and unable to guess what might be the significance of the act, he signed and put down the pen.

"You must remember each minute"—this time Bukhteev affected his derisive look—"that as our secret worker you have to be doubly careful, and for one misstep you'll pay a double price. Where are your things? You're not to go back to the cell. Your belongings will be brought to you. That's all," he said with the same irritability, and a look of frustration.

Grigory Mikhailovich went out into the street and walked aimlessly to the left. He moved slowly along, hardly able to drag one leg after the other. Automatically, he moved on homeward, years older, stooping dejectedly.

When Evlalia Grigorievna heard the ring, she immediately thought Semenov had come or had sent a messenger. But when she opened the door, she saw Grigory Mikhailovich. At the first instant she started back, but as Grigory Mikhailovich, lacking the strength to say even one word, kept staring at her, she was overcome with pity.

"Yes, yes"—she stammered. "So then you—you're back. Come in. Never mind; never mind." She spoke incoherently.

Grigory Mikhailovich went to the apartment door and stopped, unsure whether to open it himself or to wait for Evlalia Grigorievna. She pressed the latch, let him go first, and followed, her eyes lowered. She was overwhelmed by a feeling which had risen the minute she saw him. This was neither hatred nor contempt nor revulsion, but an almost physical desire that he not be here in this room, so she would not have to see him. He moved toward her, extended a trembling hand, and said in great embarrassment and uncertainty, "Well, here we are. Here I am."

As he took her by the shoulders and pulled her slightly toward him, she was just able to keep herself from breaking away. She tried to look into his eyes, but could not. "Yes, yes! That's fine!" she murmured. "Then it's over? You're all right? It was a misunderstanding?"

She forced herself to take him by the arms below the shoulders with the tips of her fingers, as if to answer his embrace by her touch. But hardly had her hands felt the contact when she snatched them back and made a step to one side, pretending to recall something which she must do. She tried not to look at him.

"Well, why are you standing?" she asked softly. "Sit down. Take off your coat."

All about them in the apartment house people were running. They ran from room to room, spreading the news to one another, but all were afraid to go directly to Evlalia Grigorievna. It was dangerous to associate with the relative of an arrested man. But Sophia Dmitrievna heeded none of this. She came in with a preoccupied look and a pleasant smile. Shurik was with her.

"Well, how wonderful!" she exclaimed affectionately. "How good to see you! Welcome back!"

"Yes, yes!" Grigory Mikhailovich nodded his head. "Welcome back! That's—that's—that's very nice of you to say that, because ——" His lips trembled. "My nerves," he explained, as if begging to be forgiven.

Evlalia Grigorievna instantly sensed the warmth with which Sophia Dmitrievna, who so detested Grigory Mikhailovich, had greeted him. It pained her. Why had she not been able to greet her father just as warmly? She realized that to Sophia Dmitrievna he was a victim, a man in agony. Why could not she, his daughter, see only that and forget the rest?

Sophia Dmitrievna took Shurik by the shoulders and pushed him forward. "Go greet your grandfather, Shurik. There's grandfather come safe home again, thank God!"

Shurik, not used to greeting Grigory Mikhailovich or showing him affection, stood shyly looking at his mother. Grigory Mikhailovich laid a hand on his head.

"Yes, yes, Shurik, here I am." He tried to smile, not knowing what to do with the hand he had laid on his grandson's head. He pretended to have remembered something and slipped his hand into his pocket. Suddenly he felt the box of cigarettes that Bukhteev had given him the evening before. With an abrupt jerk he flung the box on the table as if his hand could not bear to hold it. A shadow of fear and pain ran over his face. "That's—that's ——" he began, muttering. "Throw that out!" He turned nervously to Evlalia Grigorievna. "Get rid of it. Right away!"

Evlalia Grigorievna was confused. She took up the box and opened it. "There are cigarettes in it."

"Yes, cigarettes! Throw them out! Throw them out!"

Sophia Dmitrievna, sensing something, took the cigarettes from Evlalia Grigorievna's hand and hid them in her own.

"Right away, right away," she answered soothingly. "I'll throw them away this minute."

She started to leave the room, but after two or three steps she turned and said resolutely, "But what are we thinking of!" Her tone reproached both Evlalia Grigorievna and herself. "Grigory Mikhailovich has to shave and get cleaned up. And then eat and rest. I'll run him a hot bath. Lay out some clean linen and cook breakfast, Little Bluebird. And surely it would be no sin to have a drink of vodka in honor of such an event. And I'll drink with you. I'll drink with you with pleasure."

Evlalia Grigorievna was immediately relieved. With something to do, she did not have to try to talk with her father. She assembled fresh linen and made up the bed.

No feeling of joy, however, came over Grigory Mikhailovich. He went behind the screen to his bed, sat down and began unlacing his shoes.

"I'll lay out clean clothes," said Evlalia Grigorievna, trying to be matter-of-fact. "Get washed, and meanwhile I'll go to market. Shall I bring you some vodka then?" She sounded almost gay.

She heard a sob from behind the screen.

"If you only knew! If you only knew!" Suddenly he was weeping uncontrollably. A torrent of emotion flooded him—bitterness, forgiveness, a thirst for repentance.

Evlalia Grigorievna went to the screen and pushed it slightly to one side. "Was it hard?" she asked softly, almost in a whisper, looking at him with real compassion.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" It was not her question that he answered. He was trying to say something else. "It's—it's —— I'll tell you later."

"Yes, later, of course." Evlalia Grigorievna agreed consolingly. "Later, of course! It's all over now, thank God."

She remained indecisively at the screen. Her pity waned, and again she no longer wished to look at him. "Then I'll buy some vodka!"

"No, no!" He shook his head, as if afraid. "You don't need to. You don't need to get anything."

He shaved, washed and put on clean clothes. But today they took on an unusual meaning. In his bath he had the distinct sensation that he was washing from his body not simply dirt but anguish, fear and inexpressible evil. As Grigory Mikhailovich used his razor and his washcloth, it seemed to him that he was doing these things for the first time, in a way in which he had never done them before. Everything that had gone before had been a part of a former life which had ended for him in the death cell and in the gloom of the greenhouse. He had somehow bidden it all farewell.

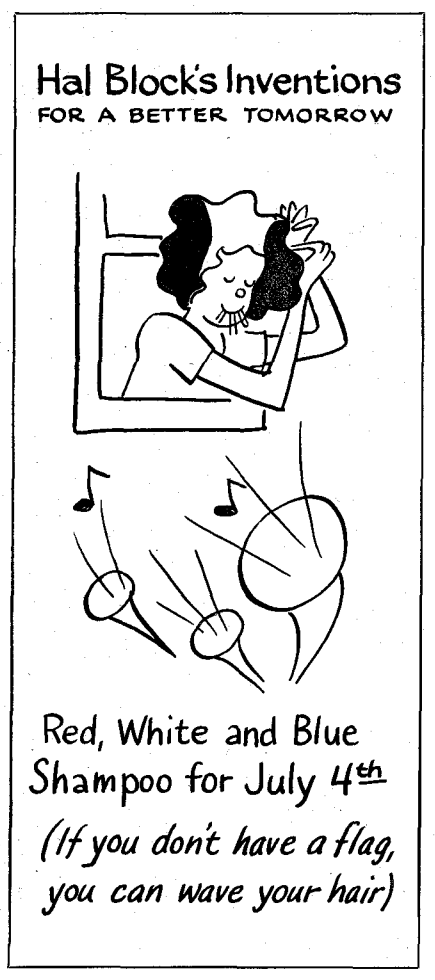
After breakfast Evlalia Grigorievna prepared to take Shurik to Sophia Dmitrievna. "We won't bother you, rest quietly as much as you want," she said to her father, trying her best to be pleasant and affectionate.

Grigory Mikhailovich lay on his bed, the very bed which only yesterday had seemed so unattainable. He pulled his legs up under him and straightened them out again. It felt good to bend and straighten them whenever he felt like it.

Suprunov had told Lyubkin, "There's already a crack in you." Lyubkin had retorted, "It only seems that way to you!" But after that conversation Lyubkin remembered these words and realized that they contained a certain truth. Not a crack, perhaps, but a sort of splinter had lodged in him and was hurting him.

Lyubkin was a party man, a Communist, but, as he had avowed to Suprunov, Communism no longer interested him and had even become quite unnecessary. *Yes, it is all just theory*, he thought scornfully. During the initial postrevolutionary years his voice had swelled with pride whenever he spoke of the Communist Party: "That's us!" But once Suprunov had asked him, "What are we in actual fact?" And without thinking, he had answered firmly, "We're Bolsheviks."

For Lyubkin the words "Communism" and (*Continued on Page 48*)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Red, White and Blue
Shampoo for July 4th
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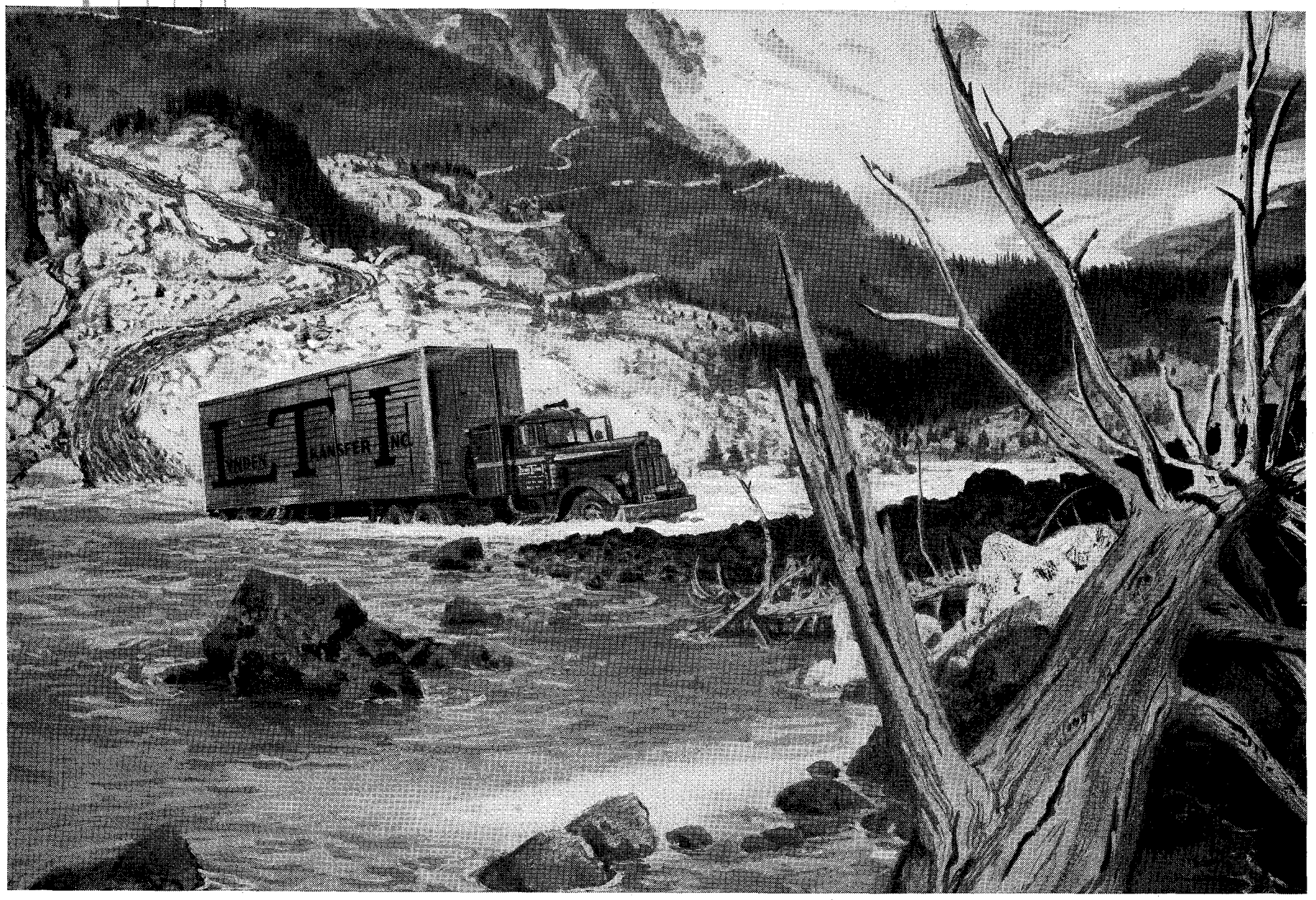

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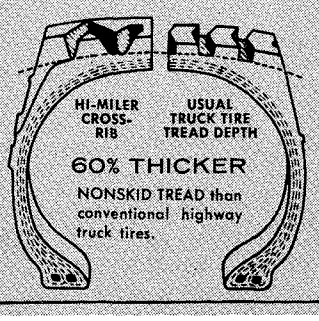

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"When your trucks need 285-gallon fuel tanks, when shut-off engines freeze in seconds – when your drivers carry shovels, picks, axes and camping equipment – then, mister, you're on the Alaskan run!

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"So with not a breakdown or traction delay throughout a nightmare run like that—it's a sure bet we're sold on Cross-Rib!"

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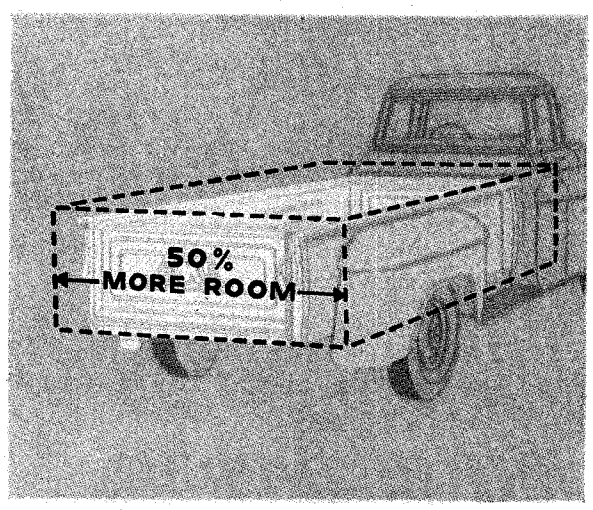

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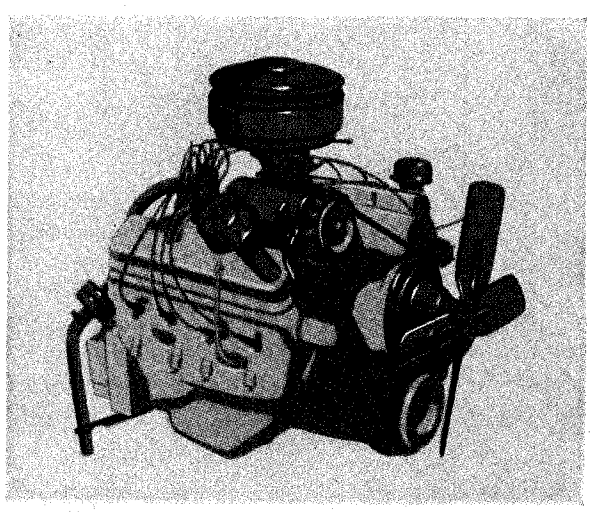

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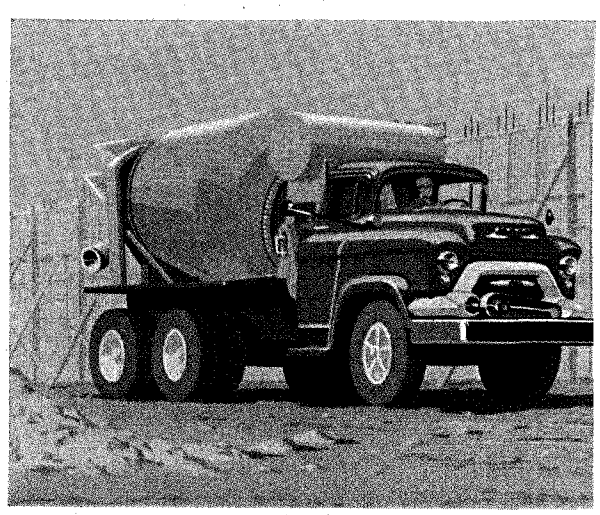

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(*Continued from Page 44*) "Bolshevism" were related as theory is related to practice. Communism was the word of the weak, a myth for the masses to believe in, but not a symbol for men to guide their everyday actions. Bolshevism was power, construction.

Just recently, while reviewing the work of the secretary of a local district party committee, he had declared, "He may not be such a bad fellow, but just the same he's one of them."

"What?"

"Well, how will I put it? A Communist, but not a Bolshevik."

And only days ago, a prisoner had shouted at him, "You are Bolsheviks, damn you! Bolsheviks!" He had felt then that everyone must see and understand this—everyone.

And now, whenever he considered things this way, he could say to himself, "There is no crack in me, just a splinter."

But the splinter bothered him. He was destroying, in the name of the purge, "the enemies of the people," but he now was coming to have not the slightest doubt that these enemies were the people themselves. But at the same time he sensed this position to be incomplete, almost somehow illegitimate—as if it were lacking something vital. *We have food, but the salt's missing; they have forgotten to flavor it*, he concluded irritably. But what salt this was he did not know, but he keenly felt its lack, and his ardent response to Elena Dmitrievna was an attempt to fill the void which afflicted him.

He visited her more and more regularly. His nerves taut and his body weary from long hours of work, he would collapse onto the couch, grasp her hands, look into her eyes, and repeat, "Say that you love me. Say 'I love you.'"

"Give me a piece of candy and I will," Elena Dmitrievna would joke childishly, and coquettishly she would hide her face in his chest.

Then he would laugh a happy little laugh and wait for her to say the words. And, without lifting her head from where it rested over his heart, she would say softly in a deep, low voice, "I love you."

And as she said it, she would feel her lips quiver with uncontrollable hatred; and she would smell, almost taste, the revolting good fabric of his suit and the odor of his body.

Once, unexpectedly, he amazed her with a strange question, "Do you remember the Gospel?"

"The Gospel?" she murmured, trying to understand his intention. "No, I've never read it."

"You haven't? Well, there's something about salt in it."

"About salt?"

"I don't remember exactly. In school sometime, I remember we read if a thing lacked salt, then it wasn't worth while. But I don't think that was it at all. I've forgotten. But couldn't you," Lyubkin asked uncertainly, "couldn't you find me the Gospel?"

"I? Where from? Where could one possibly find a Gospel? In the whole U.S.S.R. you won't find the Gospel. Order your Chekists," she added suddenly; "they'll find it for you."

"Yes, they would find it," Lyubkin replied soberly, not catching the taunt.

That evening Suprunov brought him a sheaf of recommendations prepared for the approval of the "special troika," ran his forefinger with its hard, pointed nail over the columns, and said in a calm, official tone, "Direct the attention of the troika to the fact that the number of executions has risen eighteen per cent in the past month and the average length of terms of forced labor has gone up twenty-six per cent. Let's keep it that way."

And Lyubkin answered in the same tone, "Yes, let's keep it that way."

In the DISTINDORG, the District Industrial Organization, no one had the slightest doubt about it: Sheptareva was Chubuk's mistress. Chubuk himself, of course, knew that this was not true, but he was, in turn, convinced of another untruth—that Sheptareva was Semenov's mistress.

But in all their minds something else existed. They all knew that Evlalia Grigorievna had been transferred to the Special Section. No one understood the reason for this transfer, but they all explained it in their own way, and the unanimous conclusion was that she had been given a special assignment.

Nearly every arrest from among the DISTINDORG personnel was thereafter ascribed to Evlalia Grigorievna, and each new disappearance brought new hatred and despair. When the husband of one of the typists was arrested, she cursed Evlalia Grigorievna in a surge of hysteria, alleging that Sheptareva had informed even on her own husband and father.

Nearly everyone agreed with her. "A secret worker—they'll do anything!"

Naturally, Evlalia Grigorievna did not have the slightest idea what they were saying and thinking. She realized that she should go to the DISTINDORG and make inquiries as to what work she might now do. But each time she thought of this, she lost her strength. The obvious fact that she would have to go eventually in order to collect her monthly salary caused her even greater distress. To go and collect her money without having worked for it depressed and humiliated her. But after Grigory Mikhailovich's return she took herself in hand, made up her mind, and set out one morning for the Special Section.

With a feeling of dullness and melancholy she climbed the stairs to the soundproofed door. Voloshinets was not in and "would probably not be back today." Evlalia Grigorievna, weakly happy at this news, turned quickly to leave, but at that instant an older woman came into the room. She wore her hair cut short, and a pair of stern eyes looked out coldly through huge, round spectacles. Her gaze was piercing; she seemed to Evlalia Grigorievna accusing and angry. "Comrade Sheptareva?"

"Yes," replied Evlalia Grigorievna, in a soft, embarrassed voice.

"You must go to the cashier's office and collect your salary." The woman spoke commandingly, without looking again at her face. "The office has sent for you twice. They have their records to send in."

With an even greater weight in her heart, Evlalia went up one flight to the cashier's office. The cashier, too, seemed displeased and hostile.

"You've been holding us up. We got everyone paid off yesterday and finished our accounting, except for you. You must have a lot of money to be coming so late."

A distant, unfriendly expression registered on his face as he began to count out the money, studiously avoiding her eyes. She signed the record, took her money without counting it, and ablaze with shame, made a hasty exit.

At home, two things troubled Evlalia Grigorievna—Semenov and her father. Since the time of Grigory Mikhailovich's return, she had waited in vain for Semenov to visit them. Once or twice he sent messengers who took her finished work, left new material and gave her a packet of money and a short note.

At last he had appeared, on a day toward the end of October, but he had stayed barely ten minutes. Evlalia Grigorievna had not known whether she should thank him for her father's release or not. She had hesitated, waiting for him to inquire about Grigory Mikhailovich, who was out, but he had asked no questions. Actually he spoke very little at all, but sat quietly looking about the room. Before leaving, he had held Evlalia's hand in his own and had admitted clumsily, "To tell you the truth, I missed you, so I came to have a look." And indeed he had looked—looked into her face, a long time and very searchingly.

After that he had not returned. Even Sophia Dmitrievna no longer spoke of Semenov's being in love, so little was there to suggest it. Evlalia Grigorievna was not troubled on this score. What troubled her was that although Semenov had become the foundation for her entire existence, she still did not know who he was, nor what he wanted, nor why he was helping her, nor even why she herself was so mysteriously drawn to him.

Her principal burden was her father. Grigory Mikhailovich was now an aged and decrepit old man. He dragged his feet as he walked, his fingers trembled and his eyes were dull. His body was hunched and stooped. He spoke in stammers, groping for words, and always in a piteous, beseeching tone. He asked nothing for himself and seldom went out, and then only to wander aimlessly.

When Evlalia Grigorievna called him to a meal, he would emerge uncertainly, a little timidly, not daring to go directly to the table, but would stop and look at his daughter as if to inquire, "May I?"

Quite often she had to invite him. "Everything's ready. Do come and eat."

He would sit down, ill at ease and embarrassed. They would eat, trying awkwardly not to look at each other, and exchanging forced words.

"Why aren't you eating?" Evlalia Grigorievna would ask, trying to smile. "Don't you like it?"

"Yes, yes, I'm eating. . . . No, it's good, it tastes fine."

He had told her nothing of what had happened to him during those five horrible days, and she had not asked. She was afraid that if she learned what they had done to him, she would then learn what he had done. She felt sure that he had been liberated thanks to Semenov's intervention, but sometimes she was plagued with uncertainty. Maybe Semenov had had nothing at all to do with it, and Grigory Mikhailovich had bought his freedom at some frightful unknown price.

Sophia Dmitrievna repeated over and over that she couldn't get over what a peaceful, quiet life Evlalia Grigorievna was leading now. It seemed to her that Grigory Mikhailovich had begun to "resemble a human being." But Evlalia Grigorievna felt that this peace depended on a thin thread which might snap at any time. Two people, father and daughter, were constantly in one room, eating the same meals, living together, but at the same time hiding from each other. Evlalia Grigorievna hid her loathing, and her shame for her loathing; and Grigory Mikhailovich hid and suppressed his longing for repentance and love. "I don't have the right, I don't have the right," he would murmur to himself.

And in this way, days, weeks, went by.

On the twenty-third of November, Grigory Mikhailovich received a message: He was to appear immediately at 5 Rosa Luxembourg Street, Room No. 27, to see Comrade Voronchenko. At first Grigory Mikhailovich was simply perplexed, but he suddenly remembered: No. 5 Rosa Luxembourg was the address of the NKVD. The announcement was an NKVD summons.

Both he and Evlalia Grigorievna were terrified, and each tried to hide fear from the other. Evlalia Grigorievna even found strength to say carelessly, "It's probably just something to fill out or something to sign."

"Maybe," Grigory Mikhailovich made a ridiculous guess, "maybe they want to return my things to me—the things I left behind: My mug, my towel."

He began to dress, fussily arranging his tie, shining his shoes, checking to see whether he had a handkerchief. Finally he put on his overcoat, looked around and went to the door. "Well, I'm going."

"Good-by then!" Evlalia Grigorievna called after him gaily, in spite of the throbbing of her heart.

He closed the door and was about to proceed along the corridor when he stopped, hesitating. He put his hand uncertainly on the latch and went back into the room. "I—I ——"

"What is it?"

He stood in mute confusion, trying to express what had brought him back, but he was overcome by uncertainty or embarrassment. Looking at his daughter, he blinked his eyes and broke out sobbing, "I'm —— Good-by, Lala!" He made a step toward her.

"Now, what nonsense—what nonsense!" She ran toward him. "This is not good-by at all! It's only a trivial matter of some sort!"

"Yes, a trivial matter," agreed Grigory Mikhailovich, looking at her piteously.

"All right, let's keep the line moving!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"Let me kiss you," he added in an uncertain burst.

Evlalia Grigorievna put her face up to his. But as his lips touched her cheek, she gave a shudder and recoiled. Had he delayed for even half a second she might have controlled herself, but he kissed her so quickly and the feeling came over her so suddenly that she had no time to conceal it.

Grigory Mikhailovich saw all this through the magnifying glass of his feelings. He stiffened, gazing at his daughter. Then, quickly he turned and went out. He walked slowly down the stairs, but it seemed to him that he was running. *No, no, no. It can't be. She knows? It can't be. It can't be.* But, as he emerged into the street, he could no longer escape the realization. "She knows," he said.

He went along the street in a daze, grasping after the fragments of his tangled ideas.

"Everything is ruined. Now there is nothing left," he murmured. "She knows. She knows." He groaned as he realized the impossibility of ever in his life escaping this. "She knows."

And then he recalled his obligation to go to Rosa Luxembourg Street. The idea no longer frightened him. Now that she knew, nothing could trouble or terrify him.

In Room No. 27 he found Comrade Voronchenko, a beefy, sullen individual with a square face and an excessively large jaw. Turning half toward an open door, Voronchenko shouted into the next room, "Comrade Zolotukhin! Someone to see you!"

Zolotukhin came out. He was a pleasant-looking young man in civilian clothes, but with a wary look in his shifting eye.

He glanced at the summons. "Oh, yes. Comrade Volodeev. Very good. I have a little job for you. It's not much, but it's important. Let's sit over here."

He went to a bare table on the other side of the room, brought up a chair for Grigory Mikhailovich, and sat next to him. "You've been working for us long enough to know the system. Do you know Tripolev?"

"Tripolev?" Grigory Mikhailovich was more and more confused.

"Yes, Tripolev!" repeated Zolotukhin. "He's a planner in the Leather Trust. He lives right in your apartment house."

"Oh, yes!"

"You remember? We ——" He bent suddenly over to Grigory Mikhailovich's ear and spoke very softly, but with emphasis, "We need material on him. You will submit it. His job and his working hours won't be your business. That'll be handled by someone else. You'll take care of his personal life, his conversations, moods, anti-Soviet anecdotes. You know. He's involved in 'organized wrecking'"—he emphasized the words—"understand? Compile your material from everyday incidents. How much time will you need? Is two or three days enough? Never mind, I'll give you a week. Come back on the thirtieth to this room. Ask for me. My name is Zolotukhin. And please try to think up some relevant facts, something recent. So there you go now! Until the thirtieth." He stood. "Comrade Voronchenko," he shouted, "fill out a pass slip! . . . Good-by. See you soon." And without giving Grigory Mikhailovich his hand, he left the room.

Grigory Mikhailovich took the pass from Voronchenko, went along the long corridors and emerged onto the street. Slowly he took a pair of gloves from the pocket of his overcoat, put them on carefully, stretching them over each finger, arranged his fur cap and started off with a quiet, firm stride.

A few snowflakes were falling, slowly, noiselessly, onto the white, silent street, fluttering down through the thin clear air. A winter thaw was starting. The cloud-drifted sky, light and bright, promised good weather to come.

An auto honked. He jumped, and immediately he saw that it was Zolotukhin, who had just given him the order to prepare material on Tripolev. He realized suddenly that he had no time to stroll about, but must go home and think up this material. But at home sat Evlalia Grigorievna, who knew everything. Grigory Mikhailovich stopped for a minute and looked up the street. A thought came to him: He would not go home, and he would not prepare any material.

A streetcar drew up. As usual, it was jammed with people and ten or twelve more were waiting at the stop. He shoved his way forward in desperation, clutched the hand rail, and somehow wedged himself onto the platform. The streetcar moved off. *This is Pushkin Street*, he thought. *Then the streetcar is going to the railroad station. That's good, that's very good; it's going to the railroad station. I'll be able to sit there awhile.*

At the station Grigory Mikhailovich went into the main waiting room, and, overcome with weariness, slumped onto a bench in the corner. A double thought filled his whole being, each nerve cell, each drop of blood, each convolution of his brain, *She knows everything* and *I must prepare material on Tripolev*. Along with this two-sided idea came yet another, which Grigory Mikhailovich did not wish to think about. It was there before him, but he turned away from it.

He lit a cigarette and assumed a more comfortable position. Evlalia Grigorievna was probably waiting for him and worrying. And immediately he felt ashamed. Ideas of impatience and worry seemed meaningless to him and inadmissible. His shame depressed him, and suffering began to haunt him again. *She knows—she knows about Vadim Nikolaievich.*

He took a breath and rose. Fixing his eyes on a spittoon, he walked over to it and very circumspectly threw his cigarette butt into it. He straightened his hat, went to the ticket window and began to study a train schedule pasted on the wall. For a long time his eyes roved over the columns of figures, and finally he found it: the train for Moscow arrived at 15:25 and departed at 15:45. He bought a platform ticket and walked out onto the platform.

The train is going to Moscow, reasoned Grigory Mikhailovich, *so it will come from that direction on this side.* He went to the end of the platform and stopped at the edge.

Grigory Mikhailovich looked at the platform clock—15:22. *There, it's coming now.* He fidgeted, loosening his coat for some reason. *Yes, it's coming. Here it is.* He looked up the tracks and hastily fastened his coat again. He stared at the approaching cloud of steam which shrouded something dark and huge. Suddenly he remembered how he had stood in the greenhouse, trembling in unutterable horror, waiting for the summons to death. He smiled a condescending smile. *What is so horrible? There is nothing horrible about it.*

Grigory Mikhailovich went to the very edge of the platform and, stretching his head to the left, leaned forward as far as he could in order to get a clear view. "Look out!" shouted someone back of him. At that moment the engine was nearly upon him, and Grigory Mikhailovich hurled himself forward. He heard a woman's piercing scream.

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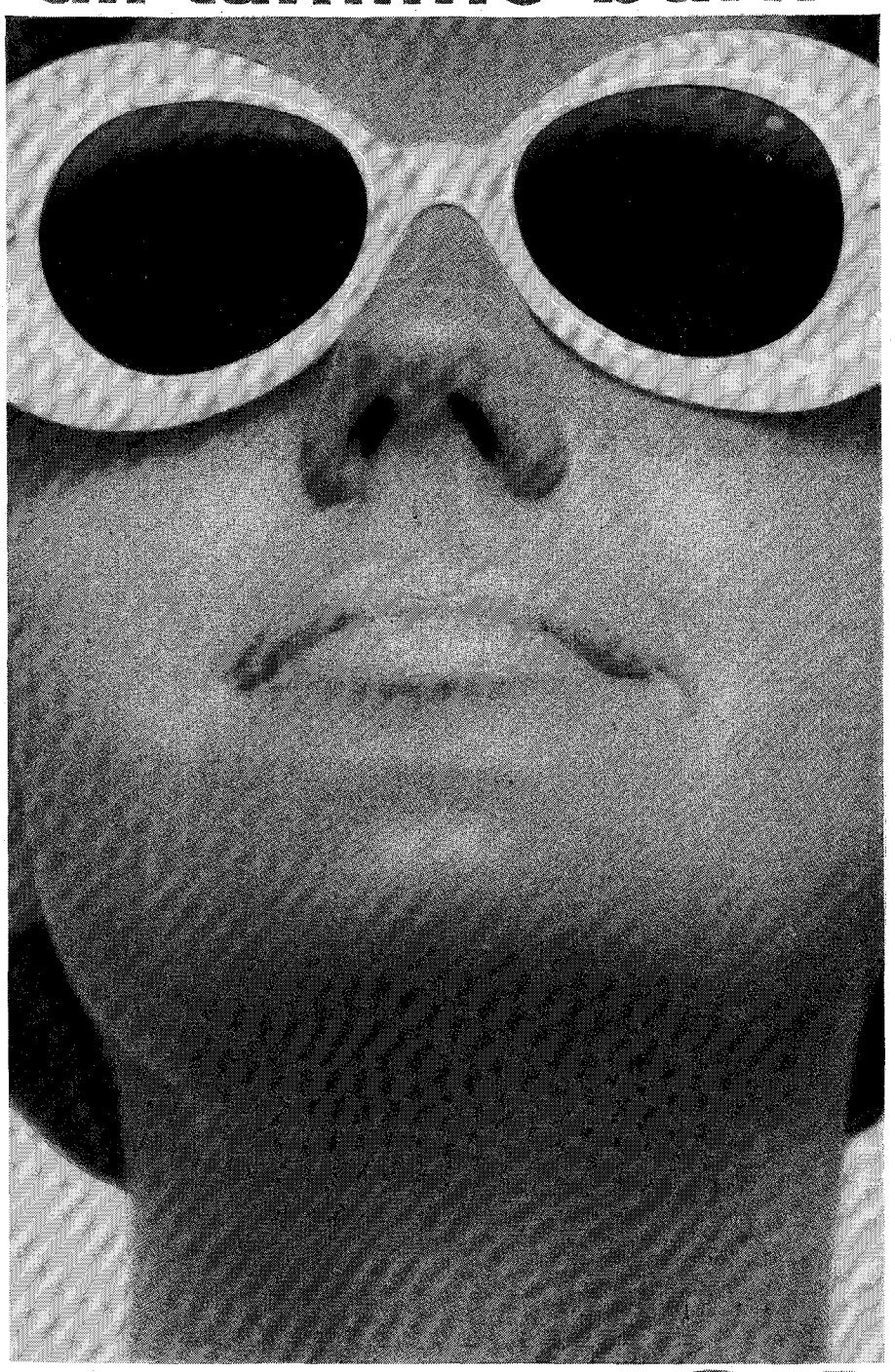

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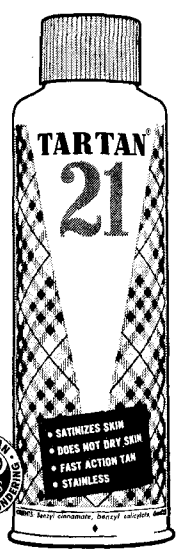

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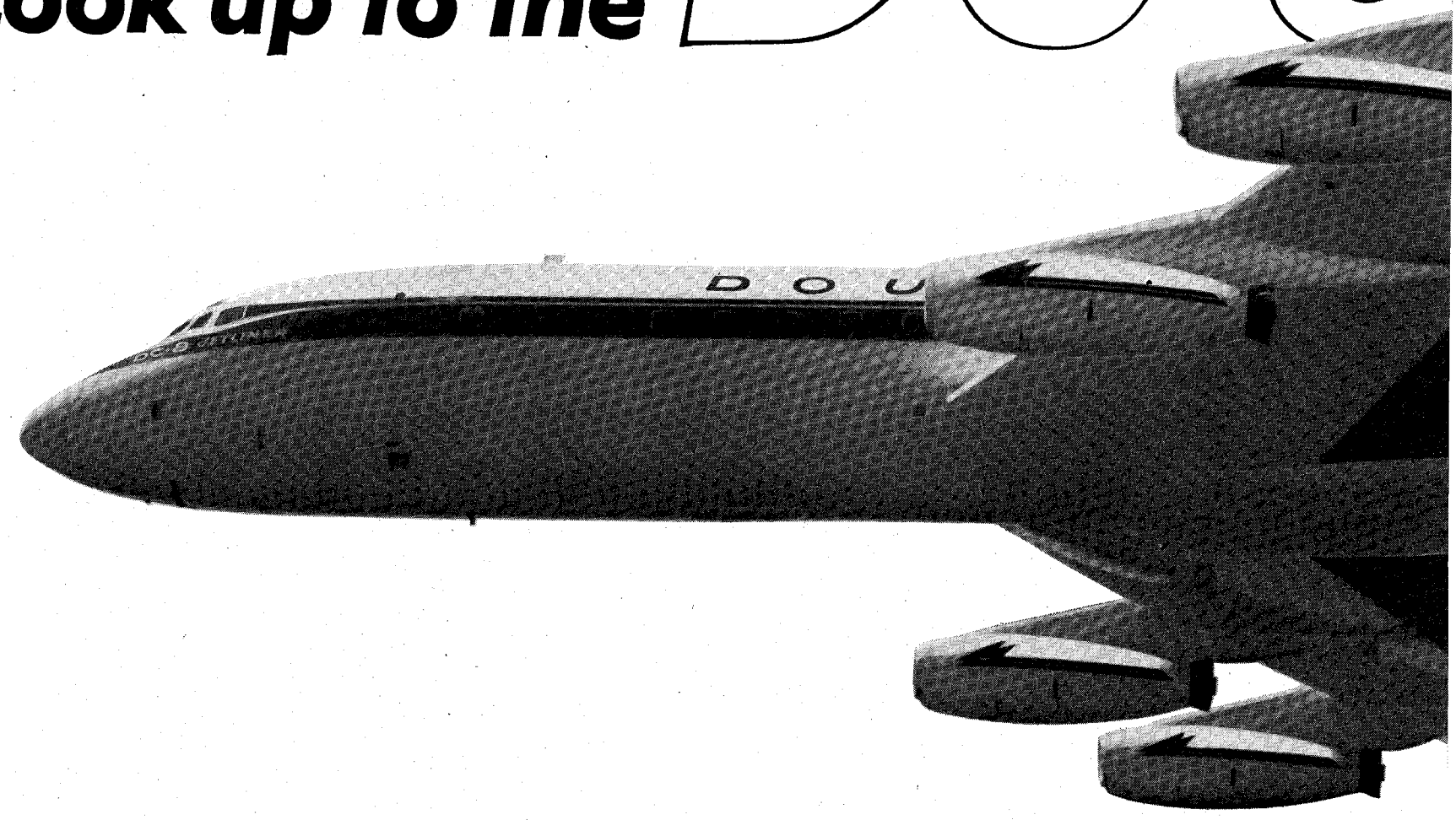

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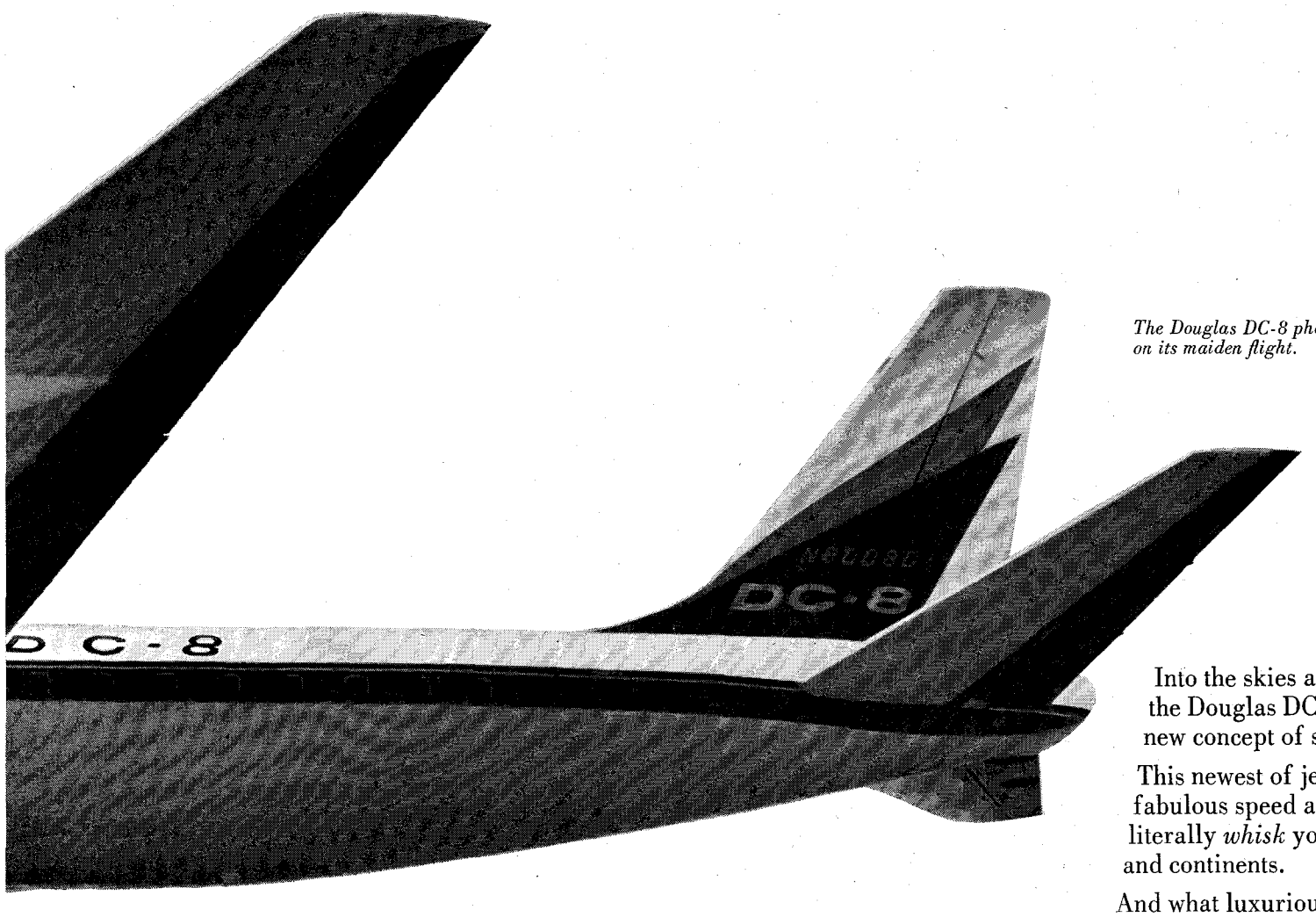

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Rebels Under the Sea (Continued from Page 25)

quakes like a volcano with nightly galas." But this, he realized, was a difficult if not painful subject for the girl across the room from him. For Nassau, during her stay there last year with her brother, had been the happiest time of her life. Charles had been an engineering student at Heidelberg University, and she had studied piano at Leipzig. The war had called them home, and Nassau had been the last stop before the holocaust. Illingsley stared into his sherry.

It took Miss Catherine to break the stillness. "Tell me of the dark-haired English beauty," she said. "The one whose picture I saw in your cabin aboard Dawn Star. You were so smitten with her that once, at Government House, when you pleaded for a dance, you spoke her name instead of mine."

"Oh, I say," Illingsley said. "You must mean Penelope, though. She's in Nassau now and has become my wife. Those mittens are her choice."

"I think that's grand," Miss Catherine said, her eyes ashine. But then she rose from her chair and went to stand at the door into the hallway.

The front-door pull had jangled with a hard note. There was the quiet shuffle of the servant and the rough, swift rap of boot heels. Illingsley saw with some surprise that Miss Catherine's hands were held tightly, flat-palmed against her skirt. Then the young man entered the room.

He was some ten years his junior, Illingsley thought, and in a flaming hurry. But Miss Catherine had begun to introduce them:

"Captain Harold Illingsley, of the Dawn Star; Lieutenant Moreau Gaillard, of the Third Louisiana Infantry."

They both said, "Sir" in the same breath and then stared at each other.

Lieutenant Gaillard was short, powerfully built and extraordinarily handsome. He had the classic Roman profile, wore his wavy brown hair long and carried himself very well in his patched uniform; a silk sword sash was around his waist, and a Colt Navy model .36-caliber revolver was thrust into it. Dashing, Illingsley thought. And you could only hope that he would dash off again quite fast.

The lieutenant, though, had ignored him for Miss Catherine. "You are alone?" he asked her.

"Except for Captain Illingsley." She blushed slightly. "Mother is at a meeting of the Ladies Aid, and father has gone upcountry to call on a patient who is very ill."

"But you must be expecting other guests." Gaillard had gone to the table that bore the bottles, jars and tins and the pair of mittens, the scarf. He picked up and examined and then dropped the mittens. "How nice."

Miss Catherine was seated in her chair. But her color had deepened and her voice was taut with strain. "Would you like a glass of sherry, Moreau?"

"No, I would not," Gaillard said. "I feel no thirst—not now."

Illingsley moved to stand by the fireplace. He was still at his ease, but he looked in surprise at the lieutenant. The fellow was being extremely rude. It was puzzling, too, because his own presence could be explained simply.

Then Miss Catherine took up his thought. "Captain Illingsley's duties brought him here. His ship is in Wilmington, and last year Charles and I were passengers aboard it. He ventured to make a call."

Gaillard let his somber eyes search Illingsley's face. "I hope you enjoyed your train ride," he said.

"About the usual," Illingsley said; "nothing more. Thirty-six hours to run the one hundred and seventy miles. We finally derailed and fetched up in a meadow a bit outside town."

"Then," Gaillard said, his voice deliberate, "you find fault with our trains. But what kind of a ship is that you command, captain?"

"She is a blockade-runner," Illingsley said. He was abruptly conscious of his neat Davis tweed suit and silk cravat. It was in moments such as these, he thought, that he regretted he did not still wear Her Britannic Majesty's gold-trimmed blue.

"You are paid for your work," Gaillard said. He had stepped nearer to Illingsley, his limp noticeable.

"I am," Illingsley said. "One thousand dollars gold a month."

"One thousand dollars gold a month," Gaillard said harshly, "would help repair some few trains. Better, it would buy guns and ammunition, blankets. In the Army of Northern Virginia our troops sleep three men to a blanket, captain."

The same gambit had been played before by others, and Illingsley had the answer. "My country," he said in a calm voice, "is neutral. I am employed by a British firm and sail under the British flag."

"But the profits," Gaillard said. He was suddenly very dramatic. He gestured toward the laden table. "Why not spend your gold in Nassau? Why come here to act the generous benefactor?"

"Moreau, stop!" Miss Catherine said and pushed in between them. She was on the point of tears. "Please," she told Gaillard, "please. The captain risks his life for us. And he holds the rank of post-captain in the Royal Navy. You just can't treat him so. You let him be."

"Oh, really?" Gaillard said. He stared at the captain and his accent was a broad imitation of the captain's. "Charming."

"I shall be going in a moment," Illingsley said carefully. "But before I do, lieutenant, let me tell you that I served twenty-two years to make my rank. And this is a war between states, not nations. I meet enough danger in the ship I command."

Gaillard laughed at him. "There are Germans who fight on our side, and Scotch and Irish, even English. Across the lines, the Bluebellies have brigades made up of them. Would you fight, captain, if the pay was higher?"

"Gentlemen"—Miss Catherine's voice was hysterical—"you must leave or I will call the servants. I consider both of you to be disgraceful."

They bowed to her almost in unison and made their apologies. But in the hallway, while Illingsley, clumsy with anger, put on his boat cape Gaillard jostled him. Then, when they were outside on the steps, Gaillard said, "Captain, you are a swine." He brought his right hand back and slapped Illingsley resoundingly across the jaw.

A smaller man, Illingsley thought, and one who had been wounded, but as strong as a bull. He slapped with a crack that bounced Gaillard's kepi from his head to the street bricks. "*Bon soir*," he said.

Gaillard went to the street first to regain his kepi. Then he drew the revolver from the waist sash. "In the alley," he said. "Come along. Don't delay."

"Very well," Illingsley said softly. He carried under his left armpit a derringer pistol in a canvas holster that the sailmaker of the Dawn Star had sewn at his request. It had been good to have handy while he was in possession of General Beauregard's letters, but, he thought, it could also be of value here. Dusk was in the street, and the alley alongside the house was filled with shadow. If the Louisianan asked for a distance greater than ten paces, he would refuse him, take whatever came afterward.

"Back to back, captain," Gaillard said. "Ten paces, then turn and fire. Right? No seconds for us; no ceremony."

"I'm ready," Illingsley said.

But Gaillard was putting the long-barreled Colt back inside the sash. His face in the dusk was the color of the rubble brick piled behind him. He spoke in a low, choked voice. "No, I can't do this now," he said. "It is impossible."

Illingsley stood silent. He turned the derringer around in his hand, though, and made sure of the balance and the weight.

"You see," Gaillard said, "I have been given a very important duty. I came here only to say good-by to Catherine. Meeting you was a great surprise."

"But how about ten paces and one shot apiece?" Illingsley said.

Gaillard leaned in and took Illingsley by the lapels of the boat cape. "Captain, listen," he said. "I must make you understand. I am a man possessed by demons. My problem is very severe."

"Not just a lack of courage?" Illingsley said and pushed him away a stride.

"You joke," Gaillard said hoarsely. "But I am serious. You were with the staff of General Beauregard this afternoon. I saw you with them along the river batteries. So you should have knowledge of what goes on here and can be trusted. Did you see the fish boat, the submarine at the Railroad Wharf?"

"I did," Illingsley said.

"Command of it has been given to me," Gaillard said. "Tonight I will take it down the river against the Bluebelly blockade fleet. I will make a torpedo attack, go after their fast new cruiser."

"The Willimantic, you mean," Illingsley said quietly. "I know her. She fired all of fifty rounds at me on my last run into Wilmington."

"But the port here is not the same," Gaillard said. "A single ship like her can keep off the blockade-runners. Men of your sort will be out of a job, get no pay. So I ask you to be patient, captain. Let's hold over what is between us until tomorrow."

"From what I saw of your so-called submarine," Illingsley said, "you don't stand a particularly good chance of being alive tomorrow."

Gaillard sighed deeply and looked aside at the house they had left. "I think you can realize what my feelings are. Hold off until tomorrrow. *Au revoir*, captain."

"No," Illingsley said. "I want to go with you. I shouldn't mind in the least having a shot at the Willimantic. All you have to do is find me a berth aboard your submersible contraption. Even things up a bit again. Then we would start squared away if we both happen to be here tomorrow."

"For such as you," Gaillard said, "we have a title in Louisiana. You, captain, are a real *sportif*."

Walking onward through the ruined city with the lieutenant, Illingsley pondered what had brought about his abrupt change of feeling. Pride, he decided finally, had been the main factor. He was determined to show this Louisiana pepperbox that he could take danger right alongside him. Somehow, he believed further, he had created a wrong impression and caused distress for Miss Catherine and her beau. And if there was another reason for his desire to enlist on such a hazardous mission, it lay in the fact that he had been shot at enough. His service in the Crimean War had taught him that any man under fire for a length of time reached the point of logic where he sought to shoot back on his own.

But he had only one question for Gaillard. "What led you, a footslogger, to go into submarine duty?"

"Not much marching to be done after I got this." Gaillard tapped his lame leg. "The inventor of the boat is a friend of mine from home. His idea is sound. We can't chase those people off the sea with the surface craft we've got in commission."

Gaillard was silent then. Little time was left. They were almost at the Railroad Wharf, the river dull in mist beyond.

Sentries challenged them at the wharf, and Gaillard answered and they were passed and moved forward through semi-darkness to a gangway that gave onto a wooden float. A number of men stood on the float, most of them in uniform. There the submarine was secured.

"You stay here," Gaillard said and went to talk with them.

Illingsley muttered, "Very well," and then stared intently at the craft. He would be aboard it in a few minutes, he knew, and the knowledge had begun to lose a good deal of its appeal.

The submarine was thirty-five feet overall, he recalled from his conversation with the members of General Beauregard's staff, and her diameter was five feet. Up until the present moment, more than twenty men had been drowned or asphyxiated in her. He was not quite certain of the figure. He was increasingly aware, though, that for him to be here as a volunteer bordered upon the insane.

Then Gaillard returned and said in a low voice, "Your luck is good. The surgeon has just turned down a man because of a real severe cold. You fall in with the rest, and when your name is called, sing out. Each man has a number and that's how he sits in the boat. I picked Two for you so you will be close to me aboard."

"Quite considerate," Illingsley said. "Thank you." He felt chill despite the warmth of his suit and the boat cape. He had left the portmanteau behind, he remembered, and it still contained a bottle of brandy. But that no longer particularly mattered, and some officer with a strong voice had started to call orders.

The line formed fast and broke quickly when the names and numbers were given. Illingsley said, "Here, sir," in answer to his name and got back, "Two!" The men beside him were moving on the double to the submarine, and Gaillard was already aboard. Illingsley pitched off the boat cape as he ran. It would be no good to him, he thought, in the bucket of bolts he was boarding.

Frost rimed the submarine hull. His hands slid over bolts that held the iron plates in place and were rusty to the touch. Then he was at the forward conning-tower hatch, down it and stooped inside the boat. She was pretty much as he had imagined. Benches and crank handles for four men were on each side of her propeller shaft. Ballast tanks were in the bow and stern spaces. Gaillard stood on a box to steer, his head out the hatch, a horizontal brass wheel, a hand compass

... ...

Key to Accomplishment

There's this to say
Of committees of one:
A lot less talk
And a lot more done.

Hal Chadwick

... ...

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and a battle lantern to light it below him at waist height.

"Take your places, lads!" Gaillard shouted. He wore his kepi slanted, and his eyes in the dim light held a wild excitement. "I'll trim the tanks myself." He straightened and peered from the hatch. "You, there, let go!"

Illingsley heard the mooring lines slap the water as he squatted in place. He grasped the iron crank handle and started to pump in time with the bearded man opposite him. For just a moment he wondered who had last sat there and in his place. Then the bearded man grunted, "Faster, mate."

Illingsley braced and pulled and found leather loops for his feet that helped. But he had begun to sweat, and it was not from nerves. The soft and merry life of a blockade-runner, he thought. Heave. Heave.

He closed his eyes, guided only by the rhythm. It was better so; claustrophobia had him. His dislike of Gaillard surged and became keen, savage envy. He should be in command, not the foot-slogger. Let him stand in the hatch and steer the course, be able to look at the night, the stars, feel the wind.

But Gaillard talked to them below. He spoke in a gay, almost exultant voice through the "rick-rack" of the crank handles. "We're making a good six knots. And we're clear of the Middle Ground. That means we'll have Sumter abeam in another fifteen-twenty minutes. Then we head straight for the main channel. We'll catch us our target there and come back up on the flood tide."

Illingsley took a draft of the fetid air into his lungs and cursed. The sea had picked up, he sensed. Gaillard had filled the ballast tanks to capacity and the boat ran with no more than a few inches of freeboard. Sprays slatted down through both hatches, and waves banged the hull.

"Steady to it, lads!" Gaillard called from above. "Sumter is well astern! I tell you, I can see the target!"

"Better be," the man across from Illingsley grunted. "Us fellas are just about cranked out."

But Gaillard did not answer. He stretched to haul at tackle up on deck.

"Riggin' the torpedo boom," Illingsley's partner said. "Maybe he don't lie. But that thing is only eighteen foot long and she carries sixty-five pounds of pure hell at the end of it. You know how to get out of here?"

"I have a fair idea," Illingsley said.

"Then stick to it," the bearded man said, "so long you don't stomp me in the face."

Gaillard had bent down inside the hatch. He stared at the sweaty double line before he put out the lantern. "Easy as you go," he said softly. "We're about alongside her and for certain she is the Willimantic. Turn another dozen strokes when I tell you. Then stern all. Good luck, each man."

The boat was drifting now, swung by the seas. Illingsley craned forward, and past Gaillard's shoulder through the ellipse of the hatch he could see the sky. A star shone, white and high. The night had come clear, he thought, and if he was able to spot a star, the watch aboard the ship ahead would pick up this craft without doubt.

"Ahoy, the boat!" It was a loud cry. "Name yourself! Identify!"

The movements that Gaillard made in the hatch blocked Illingsley from sight of the sky. But he heard Gaillard curse and he heard his order for the final dozen strokes. Then he pulled, and musket lead whipped rattling along the hull plates overhead. A bugle sounded with a frantic note; a drum rapped the call to General Quarters.

"And here we go," the bearded man said in the darkness. "Hook her, lootenant, whilst you still got time."

Illingsley felt rather than heard the vibration of the torpedo along the planks of the ship's hull. There were two explosions, both vast. The first knocked him sprawled from his seat to the floorboards. The torpedo, he thought, dazed and starting to crawl. Then the second roared, and it was the ship's magazine.

The submarine was flung upward as though upon a waterspout. She dropped back, back, down, and rolled. Waves crested her. The hatches sent cascades below. Men screamed and in his daze Illingsley hardly heard them. But she was going by the stern and he was kicked, shoved and pummeled. He lay still, his hands out to clasp the wheel spokes. There would be a final upward rush of air, he realized dimly, and then would be his moment.

The men who fought to get out through the hatch trampled him, though, and he was semiconscious when Gaillard reached in from deck and yanked him by the hair. Pain sharpened his thought; he could move fast to scramble up and then spring and swim. Gaillard was beside him, and above them the Willimantic reared.

She was in massive silhouette against the star-pale night. Her tall masts described eccentric widening curves. Yards heaved and crashed. Flame was up her black-painted sides from the explosion and ran in vermilion ripples along the shrouds. Men aboard her seemed to dance and gesticulate in weird pantomime. Her guns had cast loose; they lunged grinding into the welter of the sea.

Illingsley swam in stroke with Gaillard. He no longer wished to look back. That had been a splendid ship, and now from the other squadron vessels there were boats pushing off for survivors and the enemy.

He drew breath and asked Gaillard, "Are you all right?"

"Very much so," Gaillard said. He shook his long hair from his face with a seallike motion and stared around them. "Keep as we head and the tide will put us ashore on Cumming's Point. The Bluebellies won't catch us tonight."

But a Confederate Navy picket boat took them aboard before they were near the beach. It put them ashore at Railroad Wharf shortly after dawn, wrapped in blankets and warmed by a drink of popskull whisky. No other members of the crew had returned, they were told.

Gaillard swayed a bit and his face was haggard. "Maybe all of them won't make it," he said. "Some will, though." Then he gazed at Illingsley.

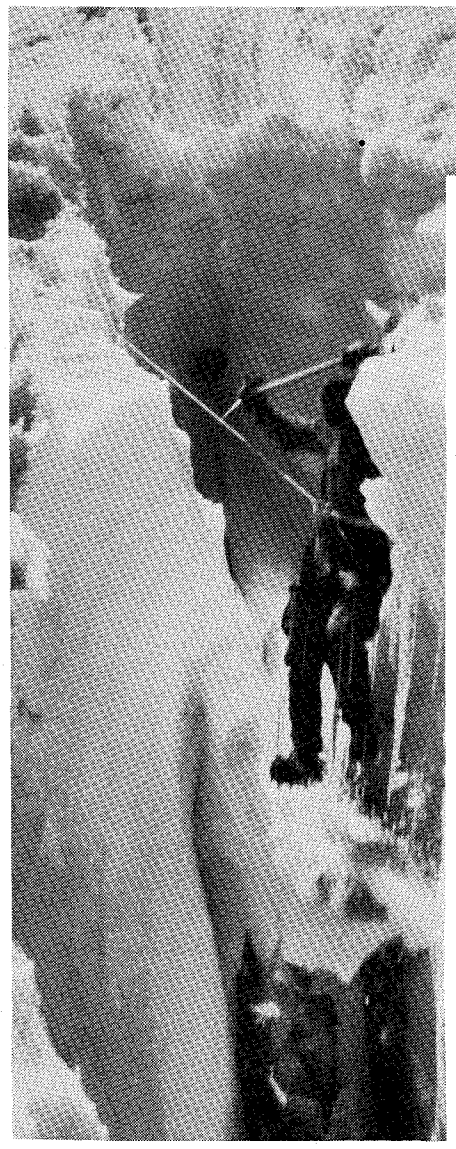
"Be so kind as to wait for me," he said to Illingsley. "I have to go over to headquarters and make a report. But I'll be back with some gentlemen and a pair of real dueling weapons. We can make the thing proper, seconds, and a doctor standing by."

"No, I thank you," Illingsley said firmly. He was moving toward the street, the Charleston Hotel, and what he hoped promised to be a bed and sleep. "I left my bride in Nassau a week ago, lieutenant. After last night I'm not eager to make her a widow. Good-by to you, and good sailing."

Gaillard scratched his damp head. Muscles knotted in his jaws, his throat cords throbbed. But his eyes shone. "You'd tell me you don't care for Catherine?" he said. "You're not in love with her?"

"Completely correct," Illingsley said. Then he paused long enough to allow Gaillard to advance, and they shook hands. This, he considered, was an expression of mutual if reluctant admiration.

THE END



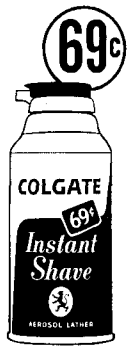
MY CLOSEST SHAVE

by Bruce Hunter Famous Mountain Climber

"While attempting to cross a deep crevasse on Mt. Rainier," says Bruce Hunter, Army mountaineer instructor, "I was right in the middle of a narrow ice bridge—when suddenly it crumbled beneath me! For one awful moment I fell toward death. Then a jerk—and I hung suspended; luckily, my safety rope was holding. With the aid of my ice pick, I was able to get back to solid footing. I took the chance of my life on my next try, jumped, and made it—by inches—my closest shave!"

YOUR CLOSE SHAVE!

New Colgate Instant Shave takes all the fight out of the toughest, most stubborn beard . . . gives you a really smooth, clean shave in a hurry! It's a great shave buy for the tough-beard guy! Try new Colgate Instant for a close shave *with any razor!*



COLGATE INSTANT SHAVE

Get after Athlete's Foot *FAST!*

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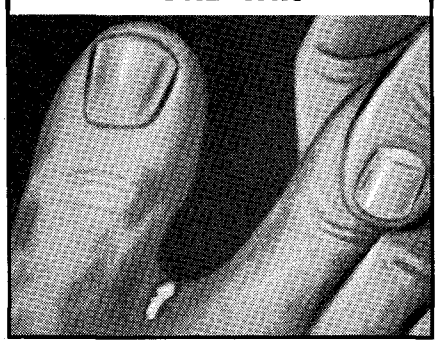
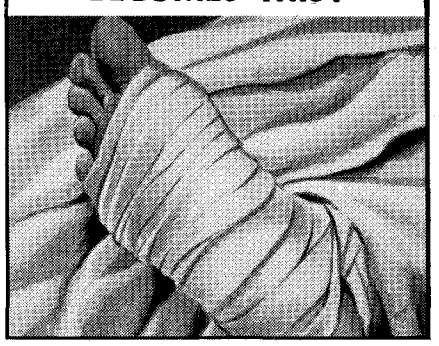


Raw, red cracks between the toes, itching or peeling are the first signs of Athlete's Foot. At this early stage, Athlete's Foot is easy to treat—if you act *fast!*

BECOMES THIS!



Left untreated, Athlete's Foot fungi burrow, spread—may even get into your blood stream. In advanced stage, like ringworm of the foot above, see your doctor

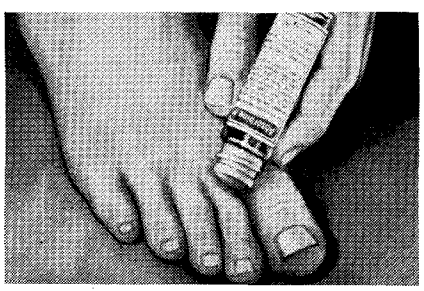
Absorbine Jr. kills 100% of Athlete's Foot fungi in laboratory test tubes in less than 5 minutes!

That tingling sensation you feel tells you *liquid* Absorbine Jr. is busy killing *all* the fungi it reaches—even in tiny cracks.

For a famous laboratory grew millions of Athlete's Foot fungi in test tubes and reported *every single one killed by Absorbine Jr.!*

And in carefully controlled clinical tests on patients, doctors reported Absorbine Jr. brought successful relief to the great majority of sufferers. Absorbine Jr. also comes in familiar family and hospital size bottles. At all drug counters.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



New bottle ends risk of spreading Athlete's Foot. Simply dab Absorbine Jr. on infected area with sponge tip. No drip . . . no mess . . . you treat Athlete's Foot without touching it with your hands

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Frame-Up for Murder (Continued from Page 31)

He turned a hand over. "I had come to that conclusion, or call it conjecture, before I went to bed last night, and I had found it intolerable. I will not be mistaken for a jackass. Reading the paper at breakfast this morning, I came upon the item about the death of Sarah Yare, and my attention was caught by the fact that she had been an actress. An actress can act a part. Also she had been in distress. Also she had died. If she had been persuaded to act that part, it would have been extremely convenient—for the one who persuaded her—for her to die before she learned that a murder had been committed and that she had been an accessory after the fact. Certainly that was mere speculation, but it was not idle, and when I came down to the office I looked in the phone book to see if Sarah Yare was listed, found that she was, and dialed her number. Algonquin nine, one-eight-four-seven."

"What for? She was dead."

"I didn't lift the receiver. I merely dialed it, to hear it. Before doing so I strained my memory. I had to recall a phenomenon that was filed somewhere in my brain, having reached it through my ears. As you know, I am trained to attend, to observe and to register. So are you. That same phenomenon is filed in your brain. Close your eyes and find it. Stand up. Take your ears back to yesterday, when you were standing there, having surrendered your chair to Miss Gallant, and she was at the phone, dialing. Not the first number she dialed; you dialed that one yourself later. Concentrate on the second one, when, according to her, she was dialing the number of the direct line to Bianca Voss' office."

I did so. I got up and stood where I had stood while she was dialing, shut my eyes and brought it back. In ten seconds I said, "O.K. Shoot."

The sound came of his dialing. I held my breath till the end, then opened my eyes and said positively, "No. Wrong. The first and third and fourth were wrong. I'm not sure about the second, but those three ——"

"Close your eyes and try it again. This will be another number."

The dialing sound came, the seven units. I opened my eyes. "That's more like it. I would say that was it; anyway the first four. Beyond that, I'm a little lost. But in that case ——"

"Satisfactory." He pushed the phone away and sat back. "The first four were enough. The first number, which you rejected, as I did this morning, was Plaza two, nine-oh-two-two, the number of Bianca Voss' direct line according to the phone book—the number which Miss Gallant pretended to be dialing. The second, which you accepted, was Sarah Yare's number, Algonquin nine, one-eight-four-seven."

"I see." I sat down and took a gulp of coffee, which had cooled enough for gulping. "Quite a performance."

He didn't acknowledge the applause. "So it was still a plausible conjecture, somewhat strengthened, but no more than that. If those people, especially Miss Gallant, could not be shown to have had some association with Sarah Yare, it would be untenable. So I sent you to inquire, and what you found promoted the conjecture to an assumption, and surely a weighty one. What time is it?"

He would have had to twist his neck a whole quarter turn to look at the wall clock. I obliged. "Five to four."

"Then instructions for your errand must be brief, and they can be." He mustn't be late for his afternoon session in the plant rooms. "You will go to Sarah Yare's address on Thirteenth Street and look at her apartment. Her phone might have been discontinued since that book was issued. I need to know that the instrument is still there and operable before I proceed. If I intend to see that whoever tried to make a fool of me regrets it, I must take care not to make a fool of myself." He pushed his chair back, gripped the arms and hoisted his bulk. "Have I satisfied you?"

I drank the last of the coffee, now cold, then went to the hall for my coat and hat, and departed.

It was not my day. At the address of the late Sarah Yare on East 13th Street I stubbed my toe again. I was dead wrong about the janitor of that old walk-up. He looked as if anything would go, so I merely told him to let me into Sarah Yare's apartment to check the telephone, and the bum insisted on seeing my credentials. So I misjudged him again. I offered him a sawbuck and told him I only wanted two minutes for a look at the phone with him at my elbow, and he turned me down. The upshot was that I went back home for an assortment of keys, returned, posted myself across the street, waited a full hour to be sure the enemy was not peeking, and broke and entered, technically.

I won't describe it; it was too painful. It was an awful dump for a Sarah Yare—even for a down-and-outer who had once been Sarah Yare. But the telephone was there, and it was working. I dialed to make sure, and got Fritz, and told him I just wanted to say hello and would be home in fifteen minutes, and he said that would please Mr. Wolfe because Inspector Cramer was there.

"Is Stebbins with him?"

"No, he's alone."

"When did he come?"

"Ten minutes ago. At six o'clock. Mr. Wolfe said to admit him and is with him in the office. Their voices are very loud. Hurry home, Archie."

I did so. Ascending the stoop and letting myself in, not banging the door, I tiptoed down the hall and stopped short of the office door, thinking to get a sniff of the atmosphere before entering.

Wolfe's voice came: ". . . and I didn't say I have never known you to be right, Mr. Cramer. I said I have never known you to be more wrong. That is putting it charitably, under provocation. You have accused me of duplicity. Pfui!"

"Nuts." Cramer had worked up to his grittiest rasp. "I have accused you of nothing. I have merely stated facts. The time of the murder was supposed to be established by you and Goodwin hearing it on the phone. Is that a fact? Those five people all have alibis for that time. One of them was here with you. Is that a fact? When I put it to you yesterday that that phone business might have been faked, that she might have been killed earlier, all I got was a run-around. You could challenge it circumstantially, but not intrinsically—whatever that means. Is that a fact? So that if you and Goodwin got to the witness stand you might both swear that you were absolutely satisfied that you had heard her get it at exactly half past eleven. Is that a fact? Giving me to understand that you weren't interested, you weren't concerned, you had no ——"

"No," Wolfe objected. "That was not broached."

"You said you had never had any association with any of those people beside what was in your statement, so how could you be concerned, with Bianca Voss dead? Tell me this: did any of them approach you, directly or indirectly, between seven o'clock yesterday and noon today?"

"No."

"But ——" He bore down on the "but." "But you sent Goodwin there today. And when Stebbins ran into him and asked him what he was there for, he said he was on a fishing trip. And they all refuse to tell what Goodwin said to them or what they said to him. That is a fact. They say it was a private matter and had no connection with the murder of Bianca Voss. And when I come and ask you what you sent Goodwin there for, you say you will probably be ready to tell me within twenty-four hours. And what I said was absolutely justified. I did not accuse you of duplicity. You know what I said."

"I do indeed, Mr. Cramer." I couldn't see Wolfe, but I knew he had upturned a palm. "This is childish and futile. If a connection is established between your murder investigation and the topic of Mr. Goodwin's talks with those people today it will be only because I formed a conjecture and acted on it. I hope to establish it within twenty-four hours, and meanwhile it will do no harm to give you a hint. Have you any information on the death of a woman named Sarah Yare?"

A pause. Cramer was certainly interrupting his glare to blink. "Why?" he demanded.

"I merely put the question."

"All right, I'll answer it. I have some yes. Presumed a suicide, but it's being checked. I have two men on it. What about it?"

"I suggest that you assign more men to it, good ones, and explore it thoroughly. I think we shall both find it helpful. I may soon have a more concrete suggestion, but for the present that should serve. You know quite well ——"

The doorbell rang. I wheeled and looked through the one-way glass pane of the front door. It wasn't a visitor on the stoop, it was a mob. All of them were there: Gallant, Flora, Anita Prince, Emmy Thorne and Carl Drew. Fritz appeared from the kitchen, saw me and stopped. I got my notebook and pen from pockets and wrote:

That phone works.
The five subjects are at the door.

I told Fritz to stand by, tore out the sheet, entered the office and crossed to Wolfe's desk, and handed it to him.

Wolfe read it, frowned at it for three seconds, turned his head and called "Fritz!"

He appeared at the door. "Yes, sir?"

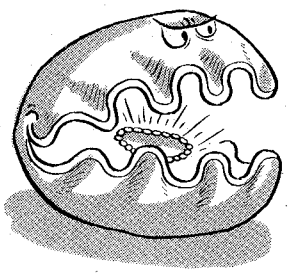
"Put the chain bolt on and tell those people they will be admitted shortly. Stay there."

"Yes, sir." He went.

Wolfe looked at Cramer. "Mr. Gallant, his sister, Miss Prince, Miss Thorne and Mr. Drew have arrived, uninvited and unexpected. You'll have to leave without being seen. In the front room until they have entered. I'll communicate with you later."

"Like hell I'll leave." Cramer was on his feet. "Like hell they're unexpected." He was moving toward the hall, his intention plain—taking over as reception ist.

"Mr. Cramer!" It snapped at his back turning him. "Would I lie so clumsily? I they had been expected, would I have le you in? Would I have sat here bickering with you? (Continued on Page 56



The Perfect Squelch

Mrs. Bringham, inheriting money late in life, promptly developed a form of snobbishness: She bought only from the smartest and most expensive shops. If a friend purchased something from an ordinary or economical store, she would carefully inquire where it came from and then sound unimpressed.

When Mrs. Smith, an old schoolmate whose family had been wealthy for generations, returned to the community to live, Mrs. Bringham had a field day. She scrutinized Mrs. Smith's clothes, her hairdo, her manicure, and finally the pearls which she wore with complete unostentation.

"Those pearls are superb," she observed. "They are so perfectly matched that they seem almost too good to be true. Would you mind if I asked where they came from?"

"Not at all," Mrs. Smith replied pleasantly. "They came from oysters."

Blantz Brown

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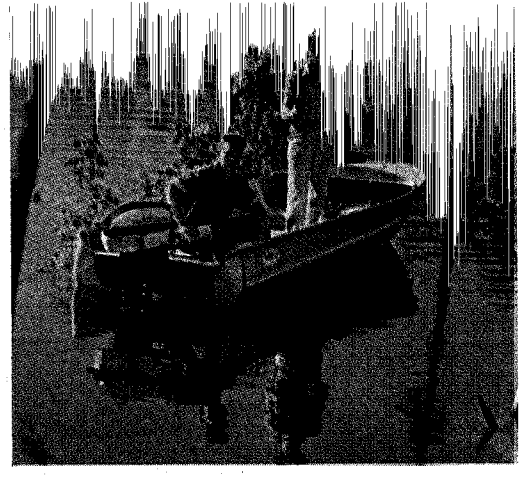
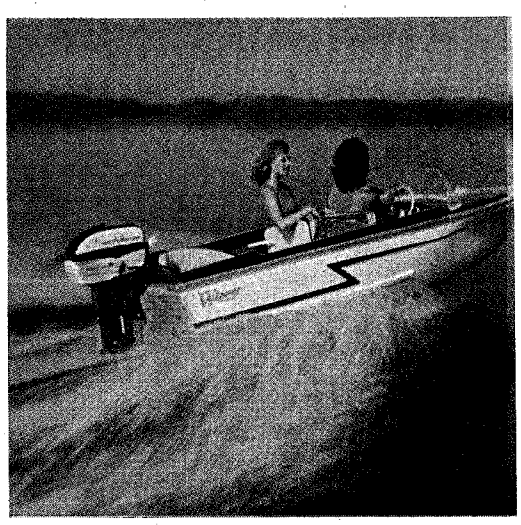
New Sea-Horse 10—seven pounds lighter—$310



QUIET! The new Sea-Horse 10 throttles down smoothly to glide you up to a fishing spot with scarcely a ripple. Full-range silencing. Forward neutral-reverse gearshift.



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(*Continued from Page 54*) Either you leave or I do. If you admit them, you'll have them to yourself, and I wish you luck."

Cramer's jaw was clamped. "You think I'm going to sneak out and sit on your stoop until you whistle?"

"That would be unseemly," Wolfe conceded. "Very well." He pointed at a picture on the wall to his left behind him—a pretty waterfall. "You know about that. You may take that station, but only if you engage not to disclose yourself unless you are invited. Unequivocally."

The waterfall covered a hole in the wall. On the other side, in a wing of the hall across from the kitchen, the hole was covered by nothing, and you could not only see through but also hear through. Cramer had used it once before, a couple of years ago.

He stood, considering, his jaw clamped again. Wolfe demanded, "Well? They're waiting. For you or for me?"

Cramer said, "O.K., I'll try it your way," turned and marched to the hall, and turned left.

"All right, Archie. Bring them in."

While I was in the hall, admitting the guests and helping with coats, Fritz was in the office moving chairs, and when we entered, there was a row of them lined up facing Wolfe's desk. And then, when I had pronounced their names and Wolfe had acknowledged each one by inclining his head an eighth of an inch, Flora wouldn't accept my idea of the proper seating arrangement. I thought it would be desirable to have her handy, in the chair nearest me—for professional reasons, not personal ones—but she didn't agree. She took the one at the other end of the row, farthest from me, presumably because it was near her brother in the red leather chair beyond the end of Wolfe's desk. Next to her was Carl Drew, then Anita Prince, then Emmy Thorne at my end.

When they were all seated, including me, Wolfe turned to Gallant. "I presume, sir, you are the spokesman?"

"I speak for us, yes, but it is enough that I speak for myself. I want to know why you sent a man to ask me questions about Sarah Yare."

Wolfe nodded. "Of course. Naturally your curiosity was aroused. But evidently you have been provoked to more than curiosity; you have been impelled to call on me in a body; so I want to know something too. Why were Mr. Goodwin's questions so provocative?"

"Pah!" Gallant hit a chair arm with a fist. "I answered his question; you can answer mine! I have asked it!"

Anita Prince put in, "We came because we think it is important, but we don't know why. The police insist on knowing why Mr. Goodwin was there, what he wanted."

"And you refused to say. Only because Mr. Goodwin advised you to?"

"No," Emmy Thorne declared. "Because it was none of their business. And we have a right to know why you sent him, whether his questions were provocative or not." That girl was strong on rights.

Wolfe's eyes went from right to left and back again. "There's no point in dragging this out. I sent Mr. Goodwin to see you because I suspected I had been gulled and wanted to find out; and further, because I had guessed that there was a connection between Sarah Yare and her death, and the murder of Bianca Voss. By coming here *en masse*, you have made that guess a conviction, if any doubt had remained."

"I knew it," Flora mumbled. She looked at her brother. "I knew it! That was why ——"

"*Tais toi*," Gallant commanded her. He jerked back to Wolfe: "I'll tell you why we came here. We came for an explanation. We came ——"

Carl Drew put in. "For an understanding," he declared. "We're in trouble, all of us, you know that, and we need your help, and we're ready to pay for it. First we have to know what the connection is between Sarah Yare and what happened to Bianca Voss."

Wolfe shook his head. "You don't mean that. You mean you have to know whether I have established the connection, and if so, how. I'm prepared to tell you, but before I do so I must clarify matters. There must be no misunderstanding. For instance, I understand that all of you thought yourselves gravely endangered by Miss Voss' presence. You, Miss Prince; you, Miss Thorne; and you, Mr. Drew—your dearest ambitions were threatened. Your future was committed to the success and glory of that enterprise, and you were convinced that Miss Voss was going to cheapen it, and perhaps destroy it. Do you challenge that?"

"Of course not." Emmy Thorne was scornful. "Everybody knew it."

"Then that's understood. . . . That applied equally to you, Miss Gallant, but with special emphasis. You also had a more intimate concern, for your brother. You told me so. . . . As for you, Mr. Gallant, you are manifestly not a man to truckle, yet you let that woman meddle in your affairs. Presumably you were under severe constraint. Were you?"

Gallant opened his mouth and closed it. He looked at his sister, returned to Wolfe, and again opened his mouth and closed it. He was under constraint now, no doubt about that.

He forced it out, "Yes. I was under her heel." He set his jaw. He unset it. "The police know. They found out enough, and I have told them the rest. She was a bad woman, though I didn't know it until too late. I met her in France during the war. We were in the *Résistance* together when I married her. Only afterwards I learned that she was *perfide*. She had been a traitor to France; I couldn't prove it, but I knew it. I left her and changed my name and came to America—and then last year she found me and made demands. I was under her heel."

Wolfe grunted. "That won't do, Mr. Gallant. I doubt if it has satisfied the police, and it certainly doesn't satisfy me. In that situation you might have killed her, but surely you wouldn't have let her take charge of your business and your life. What else was there?"

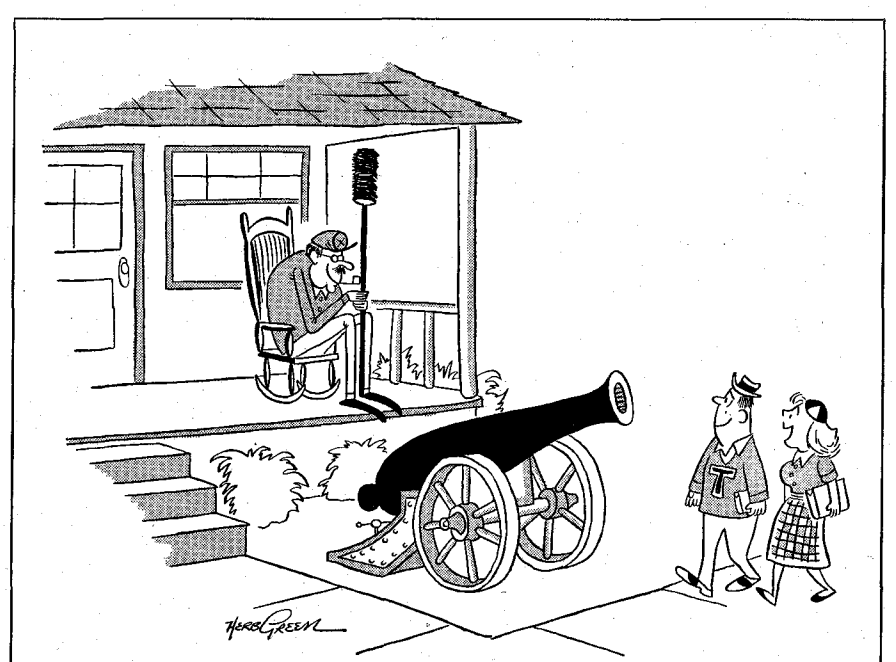
"Nothing. Nothing!"

"Pfui. Of course there was. And if the investigation is prolonged, the police will discover it. I advise you to disclose it and let me get on and settle this affair. Didn't her death remove her heel?"

"Yes. Thank God, it did. And I am not blind; I can see that that points at me." Gallant hit the arms of the chair with his palms. "But she is gone and I can tell you. With her gone, there is no evidence to fear. She had two brothers, and they, like her, were traitors, and I killed them. I would have killed her, too, but she escaped me. During the war it would have been merely an episode, but it was later, much later, when I found out about them, and by then it was a crime. With her evidence I was an assassin, and I was doomed. Now she is gone, thank God, but I did not kill her. You know I did not. At half past eleven yesterday morning I was in my workshop with Miss Prince and many others, and you can swear that she was killed at that moment. That is why we came to see you, to arrange to pay ——"

"You are in error, Mr. Gallant. I cannot swear that Bianca Voss was killed 'at that moment.' On the contrary, I'm sure she wasn't, for a variety of reasons. There are such minor ones as the extraordinary billingsgate she spat at me on the phone, quite gratuitous; and her calling me a gob of fat. A woman who still spoke the language with so marked an accent would not have the word 'gob' so ready, and probably wouldn't have it at all."

He waved "gob" away. "But the major reasons are more cogent. In the first place, it was too pat. Since the complexities of nature permit a myriad of coincidences, we cannot reject one offhand, but we can discriminate. That one—that the attack had come just at the moment when Miss Gallant had got Mr. Goodwin and me on the phone with Miss Voss—that was highly suspect. Besides, it was indiscreet of the murderer to strike exactly then. Indeed, foolhardy. Why not wait until she had hung up? Whoever was talking with her would certainly hear the sounds and take alarm. As I told Mr. Cramer, it was open to challenge circumstantially, though not intrinsically. However, there was another challenge, on surer ground. In fact, conclusive. Miss Gallant did not dial Plaza two, nine-oh-two-two, Miss Voss' number, as she pretended. She dialed Algonquin nine, one-eight-four-seven, Sarah Yare's number."



"Gramps just lives from one Fourth of July to the next."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A noise, a sort of low growl, came from the waterfall. I was farthest away, and I heard it distinctly, so it must have reached their ears, too, but Wolfe's last words had so riveted their attention that it didn't register.

It did with Wolfe, and he added hastily, "I didn't know that yesterday. I became certain of it only after you rang my doorbell, when Mr. Goodwin handed me this note." He tapped it there on his desk. "Its first words are, 'That phone works.' I had sent him to learn if Sarah Yare's phone was in operation. Obviously, Miss Gallant had arranged with Miss Yare to impersonate Bianca Voss, and it is a reasonable ——"

"Wait a minute." Gallant had come forward in the red leather chair. "You can't prove that."

"Directly, no. Inferentially, yes."

"And how do you know she dialed Sarah Yare's number? You weren't where you could see the dial, and neither was Goodwin."

Wolfe nodded. "Evidently you have discussed it with her. You're quite right, Mr. Gallant; we couldn't see the dial. Nevertheless, we can supply evidence, and we think it will be persuasive. I am not ——"

"What kind of evidence?"

"That's no good, Alec." It was Emmy Thorne, the contact girl. "You can't push Nero Wolfe. He has his teeth in it, you can see that. You know what we decided."

"I'm not sure," Anita Prince objected, "that we decided right."

"I am. . . . Carl?"

"Yes." Drew was chewing his lip. "I think so. Yes."

"Flora? It's up to you."

"I guess so." Flora's voice didn't want to work, and she tried again. "I guess so." A little better.

Emmy nodded. "Go ahead, Alec. You can't push him."

Gallant looked at his sister and back at Wolfe. "All right. We will pay you to help us. I will pay you. My sister is innocent and she must not suffer. It would be an offense against nature, against God Himself. She has told me all about it, and she was stupid, but she is innocent. She did arrange with Sarah Yare, as you said, but only to move you. She had read much about you and had a great opinion of your abilities. She was desperate about Bianca Voss. She knew you demanded high fees, much beyond her resources, so she conceived a plan. She would persuade you to talk with Bianca Voss on the phone, and she would get Sarah instead, and Sarah would abuse you with such violence that you would be offended and resent it, and you would be moved to move against Bianca Voss. It was stupid—yes, very stupid—but it was not criminal."

Wolfe's eyes, on him, were half closed. "And you want to pay me to help her."

"Yes. When she learned that your man was there asking about Sarah Yare, and after she had talked with him, I saw that she was frightened and asked her why, and she told me what she had done. I consulted the others, and it was apparent that you suspected what had happened, and that was dangerous. We decided to come and ask you to help. My sister must not suffer."

Wolfe's eyes moved. "Miss Gallant, you heard your brother. Do you corroborate it?"

"Yes!" That time it was too loud.

"You did those things? As he related them?"

"Yes!"

"When did you arrange with Sarah Yare to impersonate Bianca Voss? Yesterday morning before you came here?"

(*Continued on Page 60*)

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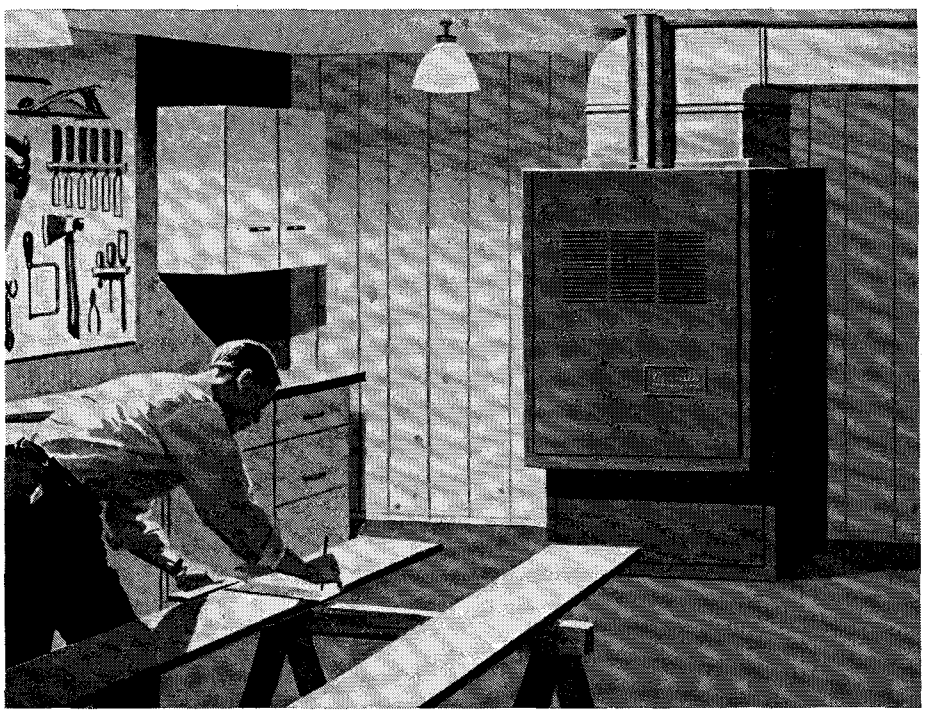

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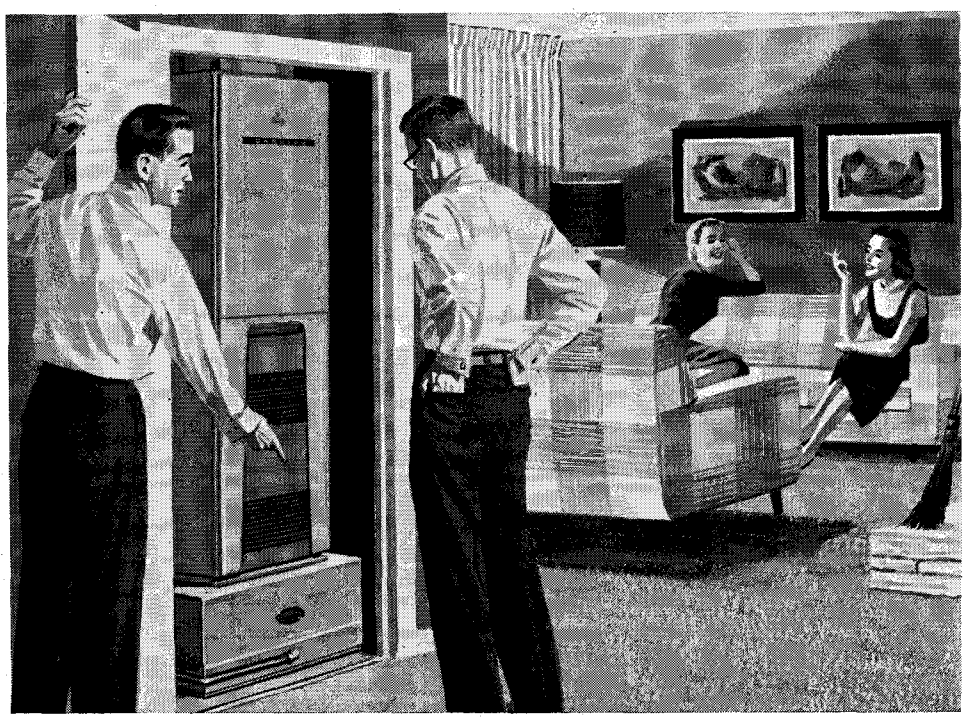

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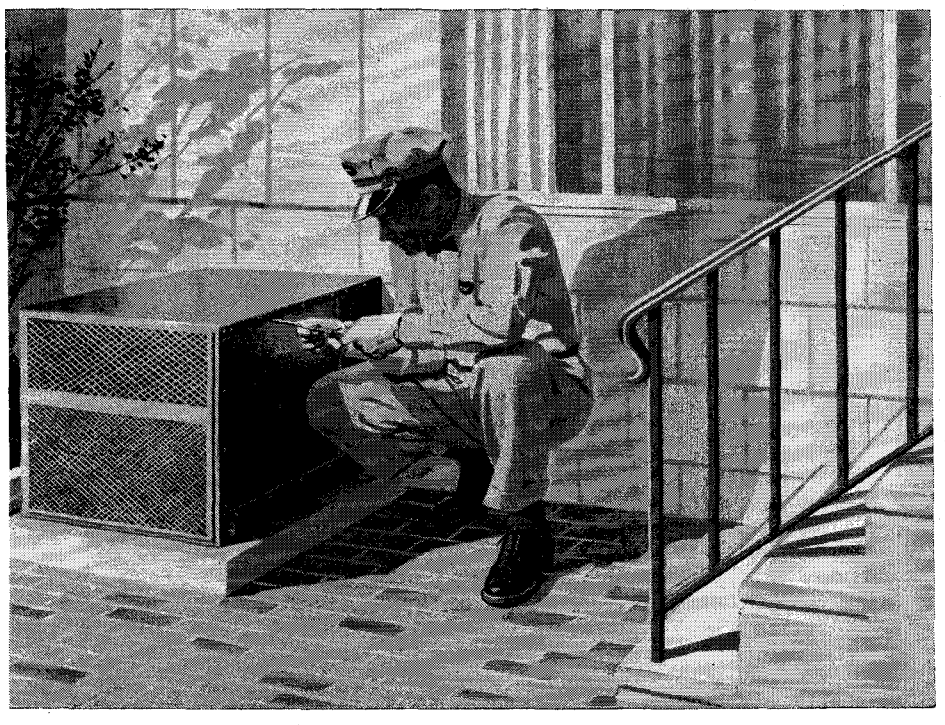

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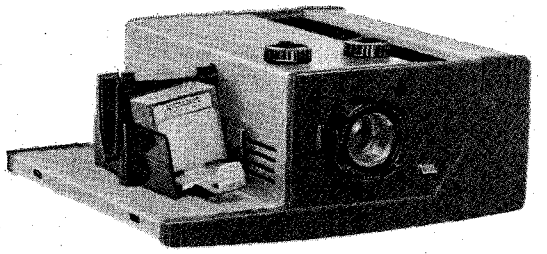

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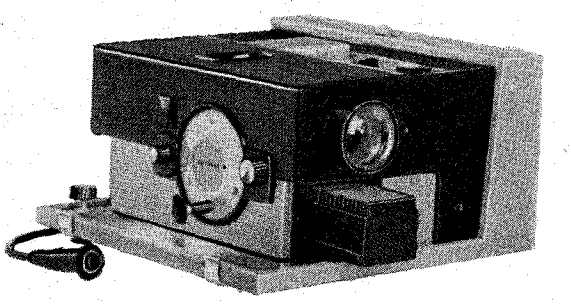

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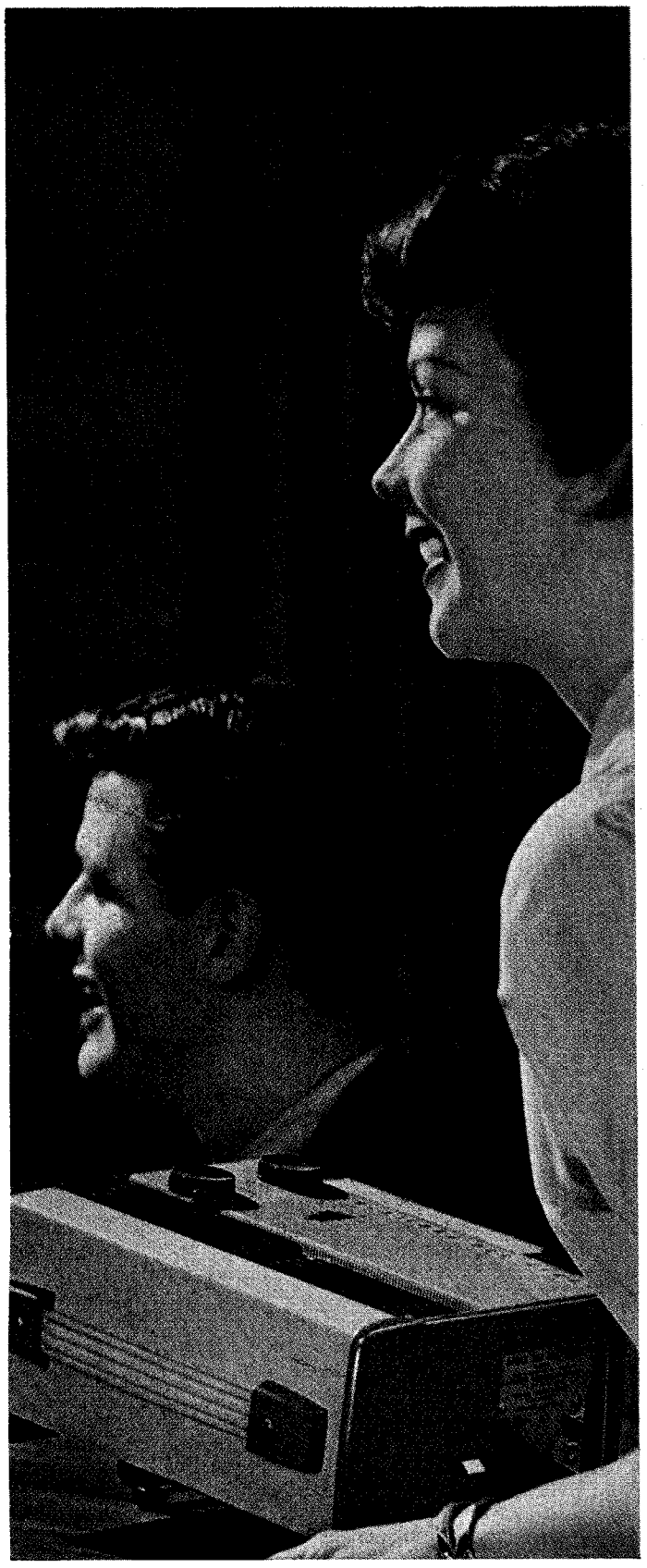
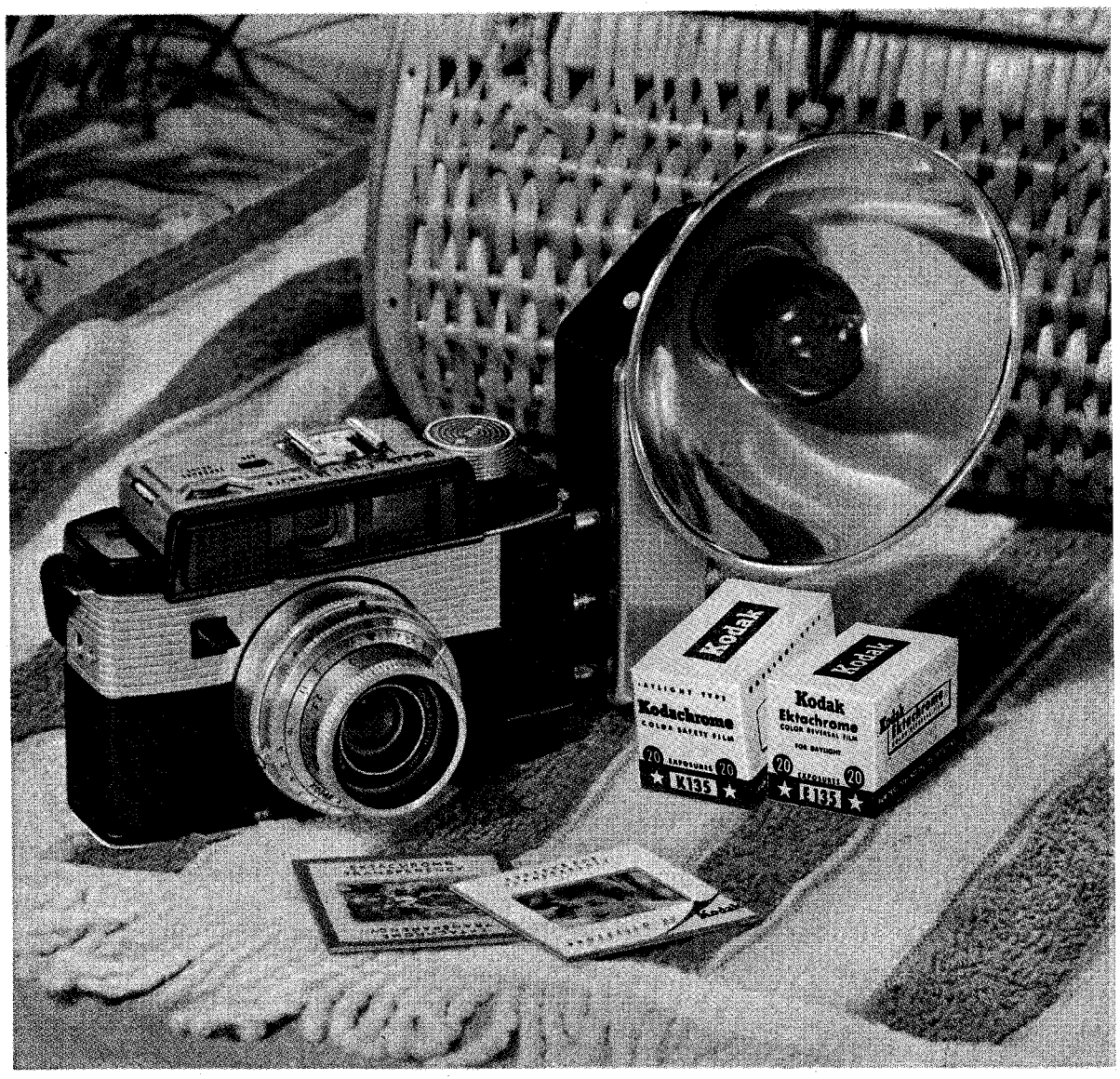
.Kodak 35mm color slides!





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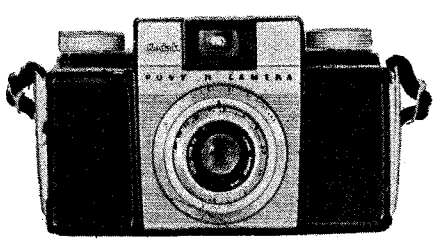

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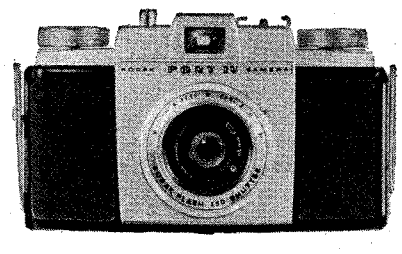

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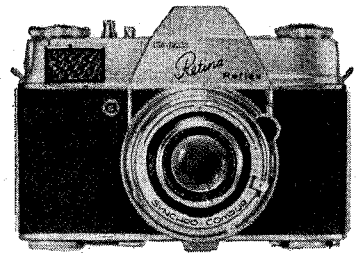

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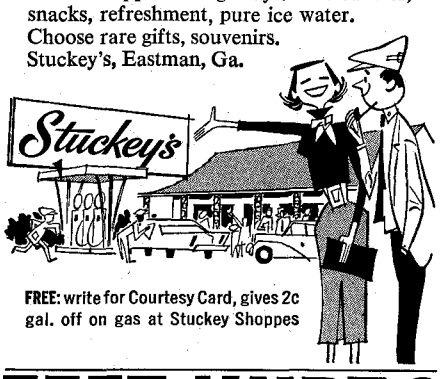

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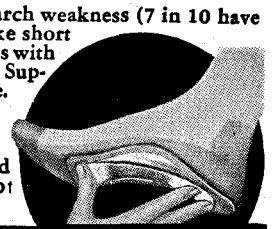

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TATE'S BULL DOG HOUSEHOLD HARDWARE
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(*Continued from Page 56*) "No. Monday night. Late. After Mr. Goodwin put me in a taxi. After he left me."

Wolfe returned to Gallant. "Again, sir, I am being mistaken for a ninny. I agree with you that your sister was stupid, but you are not the one to proclaim it. You say that she arranged with Sarah Yare to abuse me on the phone, but Miss Yare didn't stop at that. She ended by making noises indicating that she had been violently attacked, and jerked the phone off onto the floor, and made other noises, and then hung up the phone and cut the connection. Was that on her own initiative? Her own idea? Your sister's stupidity can bow to yours if you expected me to overlook that point—or worse, if you missed it yourself."

"I am not stupid, Mr. Wolfe."

"Then you are devious beyond my experience."

"Devious?"

"*Rusé. Subtil.*"

"No. I am not." Gallant took a deep breath, and then another. "*Bien.* We are at the point. Suppose—only to suppose—she arranged that, too, that comedy. Suppose even that she killed Bianca Voss. Was that a crime? No. It was justice. It was the hand of God. Bianca Voss was an evil woman. She was *vilaine.* Are you so filled with virtue that you must condemn my sister? Are you a paragon? For she is in your hands, at your mercy. You know about Sarah Yare, but the police do not. You know she dialed that number, but the police do not, and they will not unless you tell them. By your word it can be that my sister was here with you at the time that Bianca Voss was killed. As I have said, I will pay you. Pay you well. It will be a great service from you, and it deserves payment. I will pay you now."

Wolfe grunted. "That was an admirable speech."

"It was not a speech. I do not make speeches. It was an appeal to your charity. From my heart."

"And to my cupidity." Wolfe shook his head. "No. I am not a paragon. I am not even a steward of the law. But you have ignored two important factors. One, my self-esteem. Even if Bianca Voss deserved to die, I will not permit myself to be taken for a simpleton. Two, another woman died too. Was Sarah Yare also evil? Was she *vilaine?*"

Gallant gawked. I don't suppose Lord Byron ever gawked, but Gallant did. "But she—Sarah killed herself!"

"No. I don't believe it. That's another coincidence I reject. Granted that she may have been wretched enough for that extreme, why did she choose that particular moment? Again too pat. According to the published account, the medical examiner says she died between ten o'clock yesterday morning and two in the afternoon, but now that is narrowed a little. Since she spoke with Mr. Goodwin and me on the phone at eleven-thirty, she died between that hour and two o'clock. I believe that the person who killed Bianca Voss at some time prior to eleven-thirty, having arranged with Sarah Yare to enact that comedy, as you call it, went to Sarah Yare's apartment later and killed her. Indeed, prudence demanded it. So you ask too much of my charity. If only Bianca Voss had died ——"

"No!" Gallant exploded. "Impossible! Totally impossible! My sister loved Sarah! She killed her? Insane!"

"But you believe she killed Bianca Voss. You came here believing that. All but one of you did. That was stupid too. She didn't."

Gallant's jaw dropped and he froze with his mouth open. The others made noises. Flora gasped and sat stiffly in her chair.

Carl Drew demanded, "Didn't? You say she didn't?"

"What is this, Mr. Wolfe? A game?" Emmy Thorne asked, coming to her feet.

"No, madam, not a game. Nor a comedy—Mr. Gallant's word. As a man I know said yesterday, murder is no joke." Wolfe's eyes went to Flora. "There was much against you, Miss Gallant, especially the fact that you dialed that other number before you dialed Sarah Yare's, and asked someone you called Doris if Miss Voss was around. Are you too rattled to remember that?"

"No." She was still rigid in her chair. "I'm not rattled, I'm just ——" She let it hang. "I remember."

"Of course, the reason for it was obvious, if you had killed Bianca Voss before you came here; you had to know that the body had not been found before you proceeded with your stratagem. But since you had not killed Bianca Voss, why did you make that call?"

"I wanted to make sure that she hadn't gone out. That she was there in her office. You might call her again after I left and find out she hadn't been there. I didn't care if you called her and she denied she had talked to you like that. I thought you would think she was lying. I suppose that was stupid too." Her mouth worked. "How did you know I didn't kill her?"

"You told me. You showed me. . . . If you had killed Bianca Voss and devised that elaborate humbug, certainly you would have decided how to act at the moment of crisis. You would have decided to be surprised, and shocked, and even perhaps a little dazed. But it wasn't like that. You were utterly stunned with bewilderment. When Mr. Goodwin told us what Mr. Drew had said, you exclaimed, 'He said she is dead?' Then you said, 'But how?' And repeated it, 'But how?' If you had killed Bianca Voss you would have had to be a master dramatist to write such lines, and an actress of genius to deliver them as you did, and you are neither."

Wolfe waved it away. "But that was for me. For others, for a judge and jury, I must do better, and I think I can. The fact remains that Bianca Voss was murdered. If you are innocent, someone else is guilty. Someone else learned of the arrangement you had made with Sarah Yare, either from you or from her, and persuaded her to add a dramatic climax on some pretext. Someone else killed Bianca Voss and then established an invulnerable alibi for the crucial period. Someone else had secured the required amount of cyanide—it doesn't take much. Someone else, having established the alibi, went to Sarah Yare's apartment and poisoned her glass of whisky. That was done before two o'clock, and that should make it simple. Indeed, it has made it simple. Shortly before you came I learned from Mr. Cramer of the police that you arrived at your brother's place yesterday a few minutes after noon. Since you left here at a quarter of twelve, you hadn't time to go first to Thirteenth Street and dispose of Sarah Yare; and you were continuously under the eyes of policemen the remainder of the afternoon. That is correct?"

"Yes," Flora said. "When I left here I wanted to go and see what happened to Sarah, but I was afraid. I didn't know ——"

"It's a good thing you didn't, madam. . . . I also learned from Mr. Cramer that you, Mr. Gallant; you, Mr. Drew; and you, Miss Prince, were also constantly under surveillance, for hours, from the time the police arrived. That accounts for four of you and leaves only one."

His eyes narrowed at Emmy Thorne. "It leaves you, Miss Thorne. You were with three men in an office on Forty-sixth Street from eleven-twenty until a quarter to twelve. You arrived at Mr. Gallant's place, and found the police there, shortly before three o'clock. You may be able to account for the interim satisfactorily. Do you want to try?"

"I don't have to try." Her eyes were narrowed, too, and she kept them straight at Wolfe. "So it is a game."

"Not one you'll enjoy, I fear. Nor will I; I'm out of it now. To disclose your acquisition of the cyanide you would need for Sarah Yare; to show that you entered Bianca Voss' room yesterday morning, or could have, before you left for your business appointment; to find evidence of your visit to Thirteenth Street after your business appointment; to decide which homicide you will be put on trial for—all that is for others. You must see now that it was a mistake. . . . Archie!"

I was up, but halted. Gallant, out of his chair and moving, wasn't going to touch her. His fists were doubled, but not to swing; they were pressed against his chest.

He stopped squarely in front of her and commanded, "Look at me, Emmy."

To do so she would have had to move her head, tilt it back, and she moved nothing.

"I have loved you," he said. "Did you kill Sarah?"

Her lips moved, but no sound came.

His fists opened for his fingers to spread on his chest. "So you heard us that day, and you knew I couldn't marry you because I was married to Bianca, and you killed her. That I can understand, for I loved you. But that you killed Sarah, no. No! And even that is not the worst! Today, when I told you and the others what Flora had told me, you accepted it, you allowed us to accept it, that Flora had killed Bianca, though she denied it. You would have let her suffer for it. Look at me! You would have let my sister ——"

Flora was there, tugging at his sleeve, sputtering at him. "You love her, Alec! Don't hurt her now! Don't ——"

"Miss Gallant!" Wolfe's voice was a whip cracking. "It's too late for compassion. And I doubt if this is any surprise to you. You told Miss Thorne of your appointment with me and your arrangement with Sarah Yare. Didn't you? Answer me."

"I can't ——" She swallowed it.

I thought she needed help. "Come on, Finger," I told her. "It only takes one word. Yes or no?"

"Yes," she told me, not Wolfe. "Yes, I did."

"When? Monday night?"

"Yes. I phoned her."

"Did you tell anyone else?"

"No."

She was still holding Gallant's sleeve. He jerked loose, backed up, folded his arms and breathed; and Emmy Thorne moved. She came up out of her chair, stood rigid long enough to give Gallant a straight hard look, shook her head, spun away from him, and headed for the door, brushing against Flora. Her route took her past Anita Prince, who tilted her head back to look up at her, and on past Carl Drew.

I didn't budge, thinking I wouldn't be needed. The understanding had been that Cramer wouldn't butt in unless he was invited, but circumstances alter understandings. As she made the hall and turned toward the front there were heavy footsteps and a hand gripped her arm—a hand that had had plenty of practice gripping arms.

"Take it easy, Miss Thorne," Cramer said. "We'll have to have a talk."

"*Grand Dieu!*" Gallant groaned, and covered his face with his hands.

THE END

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Mr. Kelly's Magic Lights (Continued from Page 29)

Johnson, one of the most venturesome of contemporary architects, is a friend of Kelly and has worked with him on numerous occasions. Their most recent collaboration was in the design of the new Seagram office building, at 375 Park Avenue, in New York, where Johnson was associate to senior architect Mies van der Rohe. This bronze-and-glass giant, thirty-eight stories high, is alive with Kelly-engineered light, both day and night, and is one of the big city's most discussed after-dark spectacles.

The light that floods the immense glassed-in lobby of the Seagram Building varies in brightness according to the hour of the day. There are very practical reasons for this, based on the intensity of light outdoors and on the numbers of people using the building. The light in the offices above, however, holds a constant level during the working day. "Changing intensity is hardly advisable where you have a variety of renters of office space," Kelly says. "It might have unforeseen effects. I know one big office where the lights are given added intensity about three quarters of an hour before lunch. The management figures this helps compensate for that before-lunch letdown."

Efforts to capture mood by controlling the level of light are most apparent, and sometimes a nuisance, in restaurants and cafés. "I stumble around like everyone else if I step from a bright street into an almost cave-dark night club or bar," Kelly admits. "If it's properly planned, there's a foyer where your eyes can get adjusted to the dark. And there's a very good reason for the dim light—it conveys a sense of intimacy, making each table a little world to itself; and it gives the management a chance to highlight points of interest, like a stage or a painting, but most often a bar."

Dimmers are constantly adjusted in restaurants. A smart maître d'hôtel not only edges the light up when the room is crowded; he holds it at a "busy" high level during the lunch hour, drops it way down at cocktail time, and up a degree when dinner crowds arrive. Kelly considers the installation of modern dimming equipment, which means a voltage regulator, an almost essential part of any lighting system, "especially in rooms where the numbers of people vary.

"People soak up light. A good hostess realizes this, and increases the light when the crowd grows large. We're accustomed to switching on extra lamps, simply because we have had no other way to do the job. Now, however, a voltage-regulator dial in place of the usual off-or-on switch will make the change gradually and smoothly. Furthermore, when the voltage is low and the lamps are dimmed, their life is prolonged and the current costs are less."

The limited and often fumbling use of dimming equipment, lenses, filters and the avalanche of new types and shapes of lamps that began to be available almost a generation ago spurred Kelly into his present career. He was one of New York's thoroughly frustrated young pioneers early in his career. He had come east from Zanesville, Ohio, in 1928, to work his way through Columbia University, and a part-time job with a lamp manufacturer led him to stake out a career in the lighting field when he graduated. By the time of World War II he had concluded that artificial illumination was lagging years behind its capabilities and seethed with impatience at his inability to push it along.

"I watched the architects putting more and more glass in private homes and big buildings," he recalls, "and dreamed all sorts of schemes to supplement their growing use of natural light with the man-made variety. There was so much that was overdue."

Kelly's vivid imagination is almost invariably stirred by the development of new lighting equipment. In the late '30's, when he heard about a man who had silvered the inside of a light bulb, for instance, he tracked him down. It was the late Clarence Birdseye, of quick-freezing fame, who was developing what became the sealed-beam lamp.

"I stuck some of his silvered lamps in cans and hung them from the ceiling in a store display window, and then up in the plaster itself. They were, as far as I know, the first concealed, high-intensity down-lights designed for everyday use," Kelly says. "But this was piddling. I had to hold my experiments to little decorating jobs. Inventions like Birdseye's deserved much greater use.

"When I landed a sizable contract and suggested such things as the use of reflected light instead of glaring overhead fixtures, or varying light intensity according to the hour of the day I got nowhere. The really ambitious ideas seemed to founder in architects' offices. They were impractical, I was told, 'for architectural reasons.'"

So Kelly, ten years after he had graduated from college, went back to school and became an architect. He spent two years at Yale University during the war. "They had pinned a Four-F label on me, due to the aftermath of an abdominal operation. There wasn't any lighting business then," he said. "I figured it was a good time to investigate those architectural reasons."

His life as a consultant still has its share of frustrations, which chain-smoking, urbane Kelly never quite succeeds in masking. But he is equipped, when "architectural reasons" are mentioned, to ask "What reasons?" and to advance his own ideas in discussing them. He remains a pioneer in being both architect and lighting expert—his principal competitors have stage-lighting backgrounds—and his combined talents in the past few years have influenced the appearance of many homes, offices, museums—in fact, any type of structure. He has touched them all, even launching a major light change in gambling halls.

Kelly's work in the Seagram Building is a striking example of the consultant's role. The lobby, a lofty, glassed-in area, invites you to enter on what appears to be a sunlit floor and is dominated by the glow of chalk-white marble elevator shafts, washed in light. The luminous white marble is Kelly's suggestion. Mies van der Rohe had originally specified a dark green stone. The illumination has its source in fixtures artfully concealed in the ceiling, twenty-four feet above the floor and, Kelly believes, is probably the most intense concentration of wattage per square foot of any public building anywhere. It is not constant, but automatically varies according to the time of day, reaching a peak of brightness during the noon hour, when the light outdoors is high and the lobby filled with people.

The glass-walled outer offices on the floors above are lighted by luminous ceilings bright enough to counter and soften the glare of the sky through the gray-tinted glass. Office workers seldom find it necessary to lower blinds. The intense white ceiling light glows gold through the tinted glass when viewed from the street. This decorative illumination, as well as the light in the lobby below, is maintained until midnight each evening.

"The night lighting of the building," Kelly explains, "is a purely promotional use. We installed a completely separate system of low-intensity fluorescent tubes in the ceilings to provide it, simply because it was cheaper to do it that way instead of trying to switch on only part of the high-intensity daytime lights."

The Seagram combination of tinted glass and even, overhead artificial illumination to eliminate daytime glare is a foretaste of what's in store for many offices and homes in the future. One of Kelly's principles is that you need more artificial light during the day, around big areas open to the sky, than at night. Some of his earliest work in homes was the adoption of spotlighting fixtures to beam light on the inside of thinly curtained windows, and on the wall surfaces adjacent to them, "so you don't have to squint and refocus your eyes every time you look in that direction. It's an old idea. Railway and vehicular tunnels, for instance, use bright artificial light on the walls to condition eyes to approaching daylight. It works even better in the home."

Glare, incidentally, is the bane of Kelly's professional life, a condition to be avoided except for those rare occasions when a client wants to stop people cold in their tracks. "Like the hard-sell blare of a radio commercial," he says.

"Sensitive people bitterly complain about the lighting in the average home," Kelly told me. "They say there's either too much or not enough. Glare is almost always the culprit, not the intensity of light. It was glare that led to my close association with Phil Johnson."

The glare was Johnson's problem in his fabulous Glass House, a dwelling that compounds the lighting dilemma that faces every owner of a picture window or glass wall. His bachelor's quarters, hidden away on a wooded hillside near New Canaan, Connecticut, is one immense rectangular room under a flat roof with floor-to-ceiling glass on all four sides.

The architect, sensing the magnitude of his problem at the time he was planning the house, discussed it with Kelly. They had met shortly after the war at New York's Museum of Modern Art, where Johnson was then still director of the department of architecture he had founded in the '30's.

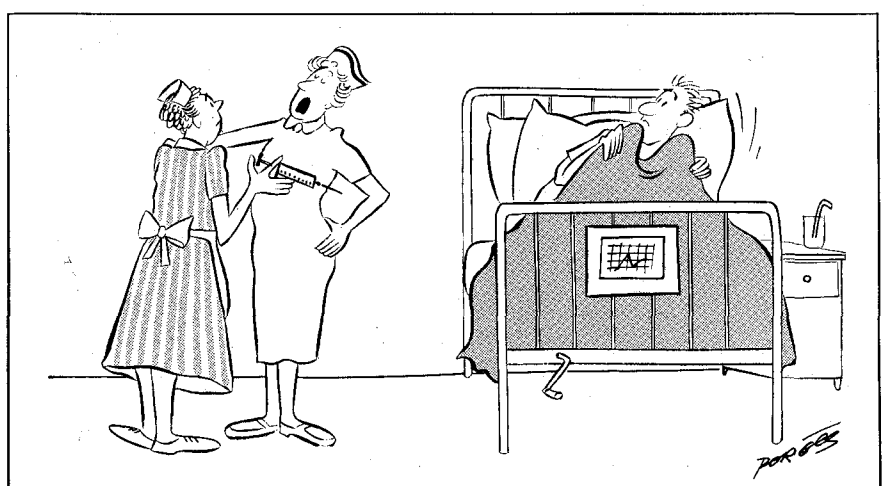
"I explained that my plan was first of all a shelter," Johnson told me, "which is the goal of every home. But having used transparent walls to enclose myself within a decorative landscape, instead of hiding behind conventional walls, I wanted to enjoy that environment at night. I didn't want to clutter the place with drapes and shut myself in. Neither did I want to live in a goldfish bowl."

Kelly says he had "positive feelings about lighting the house from the outside in, which was both novel and costly." Johnson backed away from the consultant's far-reaching proposals which, in view of his experiences with other architects, was hardly a surprise to Kelly. The surprise came later. The lighting expert and the architect were thrown together, remodeling a New York town house for John D. Rockefeller, III, which the Rockefellers used for their guests and later gave to the Museum of Modern Art. "Johnson seemed pleased with our work together there," Kelly said, "and got around to discussing the Glass House again. He was fed up with trying to get by with makeshift light indoors. It glared at him from the blacked-out glass, even when he cut it down to six wax tapers in a candelabrum. He suggested I tackle the job."

I had a look at Kelly's lighting of the Johnson house one evening last winter. He has replaced the annoying six candlepower of the candelabrum with a pleasing and fantastic total of 8,000,000 candlepower. It costs Johnson $100 a month to light the place, though he is in residence only weekends. The reason for this outsize electric bill is obvious when you approach the property at night, and great sweeps of light become visible over acres of landscape. The house is a gleaming rectangle at the heart of this outdoor illumination, with the interior obscured by reflections from its glass walls. Yet I felt shielded and secure once I had stepped through the doorway and entered Johnson's home.

The secret is artificial illumination that copies daylight—most of the interior light is reflected from the outdoors. The fascia board at the edge of the roof is equipped with spotlights that shower their beams down to the ground immediately around the house, which then reflects a soft glow indoors. This overhead light also strikes and reflects from the outside of the glass walls, which helps conceal the interior from the view of anyone outdoors. There are no reflections from the glass, only soft illumination from the bright surroundings when you are indoors. One gets the impression of being centered, almost floating, on a sea of light.

The final touch "papers the walls," as Johnson wished, with the landscape. The batteries of spotlights on the roof and in ground stations cannot be seen when you are indoors, but their beams etch patches of the hillside and giant trees with light against the background of black night. The only interior lights are urns which project pencil beams to the ceiling near the glass walls, a down-shaded reading lamp in the living area and another at the head of Johnson's bed. The bath, hidden in a central, circular brick core which also contains the fireplace, heating and cooling (*Continued on Page 64*)



"Don't be nervous—you have to learn sometime!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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When the occasion calls for beer... buy

If you're stocking up a good supply of beer for the long weekend . . . get it in thrifty, convenient glass bottles

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n bottles you don't take back!

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(*Continued from Page 61*) equipment, has its own bright, dressing-table lights.

"Any home where floor-to-ceiling glass is used to connect space indoors with that on the outside can use the Glass House principles," Kelly remarked. "It's ridiculous to put in a glass wall and then cover it up as soon as it's dusk. First, you have to make the night brighter outside than in; and since you can't light up the whole outdoors, you illuminate the area most important in our seeing habits. That means the ground immediately outside, as we look down more than we look up. This carries the eye along the plane of the floor right through the glass and, having done that, you light a significant object—perhaps a tree or a shrub—to complete the picture."

Johnson's guest house nearby is the complete switch in architecture. It, too, is a rectangle, but the walls are solid brick, broken only by a doorway and three porthole windows along one wall. Here Kelly and the architect have experimented with the reverse of the Glass House problem. If architectural design to make use of artificial light will enclose and make secure a dwelling with transparent walls, they reasoned, there should be ways to open up and expand restricted, enclosed space.

They walked into a solution just across the road in New Canaan, where a house Johnson designed for electronics expert Richard Hodgson was under construction. The roof was in place, but not the side walls, and the contractor had ringed the place with temporary walls to protect the job and his workmen.

"The temporary walls were a little higher than the roof, and a foot or so out from the eaves," Kelly explains. "When Phil and I stepped inside, the effect was magic. Light from the sky, which was invisible to us, reflected from the temporary walls and gave the feeling of great space. We decided this was it."

They tested the idea in the small, completely enclosed bedroom in the guest house. Johnson designed a graceful, arched plaster canopy, or false ceiling, which rests on pillars a foot or so out from the wall. The light fixtures are hidden in the space above this canopy and below the real ceiling and beamed to illuminate the walls, just as daylight washed the temporary walls of the Hodgson house.

When we stepped from the night into the bright hallway of Johnson's guest house, and before he opened the door to the bedroom, Kelly removed his shoes and suggested that I do likewise. He offered no explanation, and I assumed we were protecting the deep-pile, wall-to-wall white rug in the bedroom. The room was about ten feet wide, and perhaps twice as long, and three walls were shrouded with white-and-gold cotton-damask print drapes. The fourth wall, at the head of the bed, was decorated with a fused gold-and-silver abstraction by sculptor Ibram Lassaw.

We sat under the domed false ceiling in these exotic surroundings, bathed in reflected light which slowly began to fade as Kelly fiddled with a control switch on a long extension cord. When, after a minute or two, it had dropped to a level at which it would have been difficult to read, the room seemed to have expanded to twice its size. There was no feeling of confinement at any level of light.

Kelly grinned as we left the room and voiced what was in my mind. "It's hardly what I'd recommend for the average home," he said. "It takes 4000 watts to light those walls at peak intensity. The cost is high, but we did establish a useful principle." Johnson later used it in the Kneses Tifereth Israel Temple, at Port Chester, New York, where daylight from continuous glass along the edge of the roof washes down across the inner walls of the synagogue. The only windows in these walls are narrow slots filled with colored glass, which glow like jewels in the long expanse of masonry.

"I asked you to take off your shoes," Kelly said, as we left the guest house, "not only to protect the rug but to keep you busy long enough for your eyes to adjust from the night outside to the light indoors. We see amazingly well in all degrees of light. But the pupils, which widen or contract according to the amount of available light, are slow to react."

This accounts for his insistence on dimmers instead of the conventional off-or-on switch. Kelly is pleased to see voltage regulators becoming widely available today, varying in size from table models which will handle only one lamp to elaborate, automatically timed mechanisms controlling thousands of watts. "We vary the volume of sound from a radio to suit the occasion," he says, "so why not do the same with light?"

One recent development that disturbs him is the rush to buy colored light bulbs. "I use tinted light all the time," he told me. "Warm tones in the yellow, red spectrum for downlighting; and cool tones, which derive from the blue, for background illumination. I'm all for tinted light, but I fear that the rainbow assortment offered housewives in supermarkets today may produce such fantastic results that the public will turn away from color."

Kelly's lighting arrangement in the dining room of the William Burden apartment on Fifth Avenue in New York offers a stunning example of the different kinds of "light play" he recommends for any home. The three kinds of light in his catalogue are focal glow, ambient luminescence—which is his term for reflected light—and play of brilliants. Focal glow is the pool of warm light under a reading lamp, while ambient luminescence would be the light from the ceiling above an ordinary bridge lamp. A chandelier, or candlelight, creates play of brilliants.

All are combined in the Burden dining room in three sets of fixtures. There are tiny reflectors which light the entire ceiling with ambient luminescence; a concealed strip of lights around the perimeter of the ceiling which "washes" the walls with reflected light; and tiny pinhole downlights above the table to create focal glow as well as play of brilliants from a decorative centerpiece.

All three circuits can be dimmed independently, and Kelly's manipulation of the lights provided a graphic demonstration of what light can do to environment indoors. The most striking contrast occurred with no change of the level of light in the room. The difference was its source. Light reflected only from the ceiling was strangely bleak compared with the same amount when reflected from the walls.

"This is the next big step in home illumination," Kelly said. "People become more important in a room where light reflects from the walls. They are comfortable. Throwing light on the ceiling was better than using glaring, naked lamps, but wall light is the pleasantest of all. It's also what you need to show off paintings or draperies."

It costs money, however, to install the gadgets that will "wash" a wall with light which maintains the same intensity from ceiling to floor—about fifteen dollars a linear foot in a room of average height. Special lenses or reflectors are necessary to build up the amounts that have to travel the longest distance. Kelly and his associates became involved in endless mathematical calculations to engineer his biggest wall-washing project—the illumination of the new International Arrivals lobby at Idlewild Airport.

The bright, skylike enclosure which welcomes travelers to America is roofed by a huge parabolic arch, 180 feet across at the bottom and nearly half again as high at its apex. Kelly has "painted" the underside of the arch with reflected light which, as in the Seagram Building, is controlled by an astronomical clock. It is brightest when daylight pours in through the glassed-in sides of the arch, and less intense at night—a complete reversal of the impression your eyes receive.

"We put one 500-watt sealed-beam lamp every six inches, concealed in troughs which extend across the width of the arch at the balcony level," Kelly explained. "There are 200 of them in all."

I asked Kelly, in view of the astronomical quantities of power he often specified, if the electric companies were prepared for the kind of lighting he'd like to see. "It bothers me," he said quite seriously, "to think of all the energy we'd need, with present equipment, to give us the proper sort of artificial light. Luminescent glass panels, which will soon be available, may help in lighting walls by providing a direct, diffused source instead of costly reflected 'washed' light. But even when we use direct diffused light from overhead, our efforts are puny compared to daylight. An overcast day, outdoors, will provide 1000 foot-candles. The average school or office illumination runs about thirty foot-candles, which is double the light of twenty years ago. We've provided from eighty to 100 at desk height in the Seagram Building offices. We also stepped up the brightness on the walls of the elevator shafts in the Seagram lobby to fifty foot-candles, which is at least five times as much as before."

Kliegl Brothers, who have been lighting stage and movie studios for the past fifty years, built Seagram's superpowered "wall washers" to Kelly's specifications. "Dick Kelly got us to build the original wall-washer shovel light which is so widely used today," I was told by Robert Langer, head of the firm's architectural-light department. "Architectural light was just a side line at that time. It's a big share of our business now." A wall-washer shovel, he explained, is a fixture concealed in the ceiling which beams its light through a narrow hole partially covered by a tiny lid which looks like a shovel.

Langer has equipped almost all of the gambling rooms in Nevada and in Cuba with concealed ceiling lights which focus intense illumination on playing surfaces, crap tables in particular. Kelly directed the first installation in the Desert Inn, in Las Vegas.

"Gamblers are superstitious," Langer said. "The Desert Inn had a great run of luck shortly after they'd followed Kelly's advice. It wasn't long before we were busy copying his job all over Las Vegas."

Kelly, who was not on his own at Desert Inn, but working for a decorator, had to import klieg-light technicians from Hollywood to get the crap-table lights focused properly. In most instances, where he is employed by the owner as consultant, a competent electrical contractor would be on the job. The strangest crew of workmen he ever assembled was at the Virgin Isle Hotel, near the town of Charlotte Amalie on St. Thomas Island. "The owner had elected to be his own contractor," he told me, "and when I went down to the islands just a couple of weeks before the place was scheduled to open I found most of the natives on the job hardly knew how to splice a wire. Nine

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The burglars, afraid to take time to open the safe, carried it bodily away. The insurance company refused to pay the store owner for the loss. It pointed out that the policy insured him only against a safe robbery "by such force and violence as left visible marks" on the safe. The owner sued.

"The language in that policy was obviously intended to exclude inside jobs," the owner argued. "When burglars carry a safe out of the building, that should be force and violence enough to satisfy any insurance company."

"Sheer theory," the company lawyer commented. "For all anyone knows, the burglars may have subsequently opened the safe by using the combination. In that case, we are not liable."

If you were the judge, would you make the insurance company pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The company did not have to pay. The court said "it was entitled to see, unequivocally, that the marks were visible before it paid."

Based upon a 1956 Florida decision.

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tenths of the fixtures hadn't been installed."

The innkeeper didn't seem particularly disturbed. Kelly was frantic. Then the owner had a bright idea. "A planeload of French waiters has just arrived," he told Kelly. "They're on my payroll. Why not put them to work?"

So Kelly took what he could get. "I borrowed a technician from the local radio station," he recalls, "and we trained the waiters to sort out and preassemble fixtures. One way or another we got enough light installed so that the first guests didn't have to eat before dark and go to bed."

One of the fixtures Kelly designed for the Virgin Isle Hotel is a hooded outdoor light, little more than knee high. A long row of them lights the walk and roadway up a hillside to the hotel. "The regularly spaced lights illuminate your path and the low-growing shrubbery," Kelly explains, "but are low enough not to shine in your eyes when you drive up the road." Kliegl built them and has since sold "Virgin Island walk lamps" all over the United States.

Outdoor lighting of homes and other buildings is only beginning, Kelly believes. An outstanding illustration of the way he uses light to accent architectural line and a complementary landscape is on display every night on upper Fifth Avenue, in New York City, at the Frick Museum. The night display there, however, is but a small edition of the million-dollar illumination of the General Motors Technical Center at Detroit, which floodlights the corners of Saarinen's colored-tile buildings, shrubs, trees and expanses of lawn. The grass and foliage are lighted by fluorescent lamps. "The leaves not only reflect, they have a luminescence from this light source," Kelly says, "which Saarinen and I decided to recommend after running tests in his garden."

Kelly has also experimented with "play of brilliants" in the garden and outdoor living room, notably at one Dallas, Texas, home where the path to a brightly illuminated patio was flanked by wax candles in huge hurricane lamps. "Play of brilliants excites the optic nerves and heightens all sensation," he says. "It sharpens the wit and even quickens the appetite."

These are the reasons why Kelly recommends hard, direct light in dining rooms, "either from a concealed source overhead or from the flames of candles or the twinkle of a chandelier. The soft, diffused light that is comfortable almost everywhere else makes food look mushy. Hard light brings brilliance from liquids, glass and silver." It makes the eyes sparkle too. Feminine preference for candlelight is mistakenly ascribed to the "softness" of the light, he says. "The light is from a direct source, and therefore hard, but low enough in intensity to be flattering."

The play of brilliants from chandeliers is the fun side of Kelly's work. It is more closely allied with what he calls "providing glamour" than with architecture. His triumph in such decoration hangs in the lobby of New York's Barbizon-Plaza Hotel—a complex symmetrical assembly of glittering gold and silver rods, tipped by 192 twinkling, pea-sized electric bulbs. The fixture is fourteen feet in diameter. There are no wires. The current, only six volts, reaches the tiny bulbs through the metal rods, which are cleverly insulated where they join to form sockets.

Small, low-voltage lights fascinate Kelly, who anticipates that they will get wide use. He has put them in his own living room, spotted like little stars in a window drape of coarsely woven, spun white rayon, which is also washed with overhead light. The same starlit material is planned to cover one immense wall in the restaurant now nearing completion in the Seagram Building.

Kelly, incidentally, lived up to his own lighting creed in his newly remodeled and redecorated Fifth Avenue home. There are forty-three apartments in his building. Forty-two of them, all together, use only twice as much electricity as Kelly's apartment alone.

"The lighting in my home, or that in the Burden apartment, is obviously more elaborate than most families need or can afford," he says. "But in how many homes has even one per cent of the total cost gone into lighting? There's a great gap between the comfort and utility that light could bring into our homes, and what we're getting today. That gap will narrow, I'm sure, as people become aware of their reactions to better light in offices, museums and other public places. They'll want to make it work for them at home too."

There's still a lag in the architect's understanding and use of artificial light, Kelly believes. "He is persistent and insatiable," said his friend, Philip Johnson. "Dealing with Richard is not unlike bargaining with an Arab merchant. He asks for at least twice as much as he expects in the lighting budget, and you naturally offer only half. I doubt that he'll ever admit he's satisfied with the results."

Kelly agrees. "Lighting is such a large part of the visual arts—architecture, most of all—that I'm sure the best we can do today will be inadequate tomorrow. I can logically project a great many techniques in lighting to improve people's lives or to make a house more beautiful," he says, "but it's all theory until we have the record of experience, which we are only beginning to write." THE END

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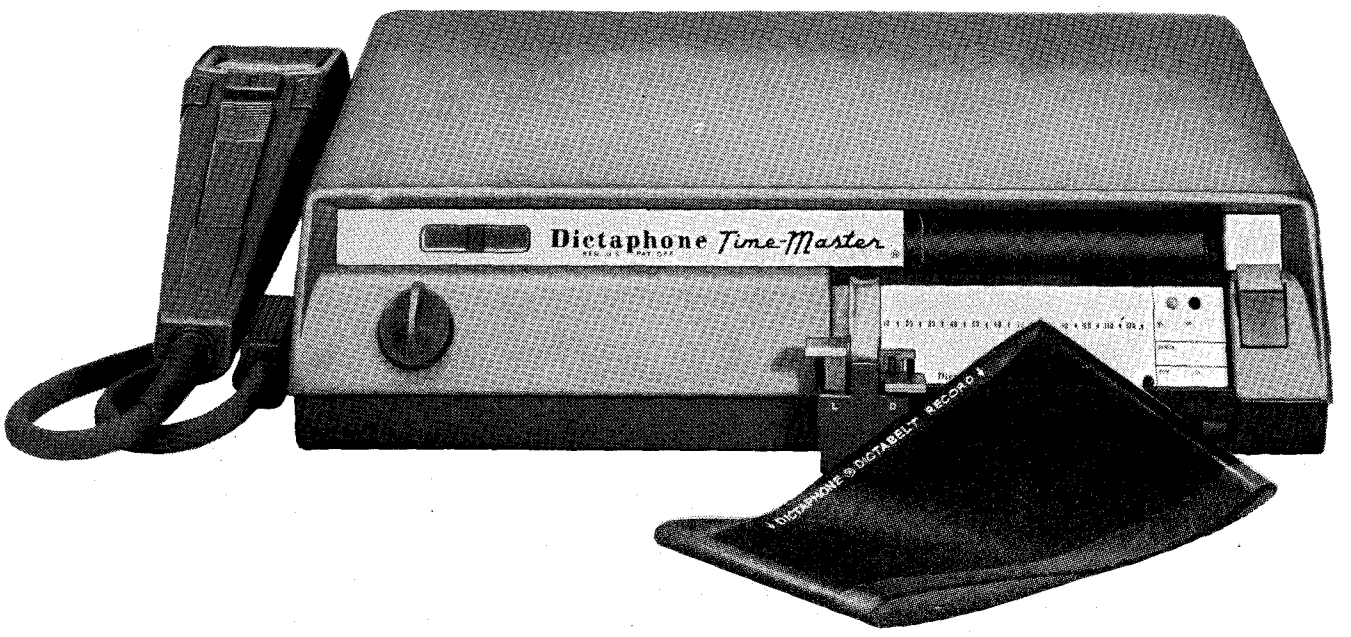

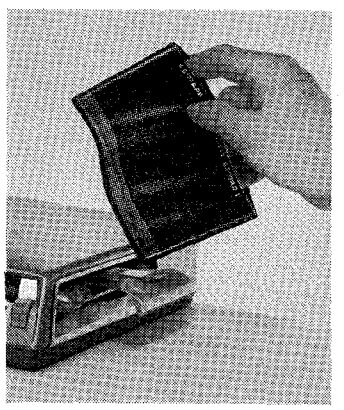

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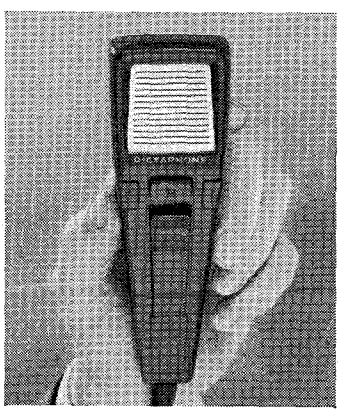

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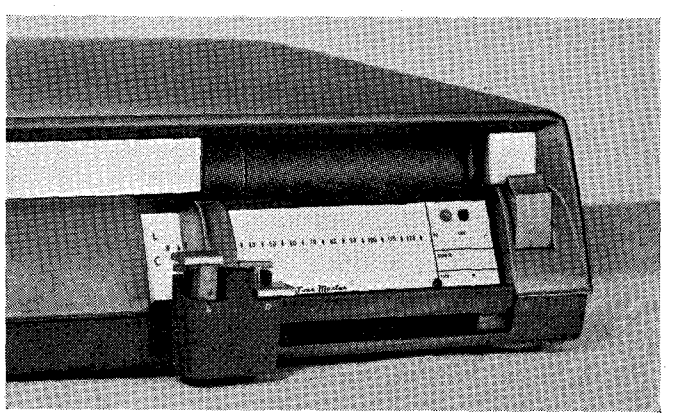

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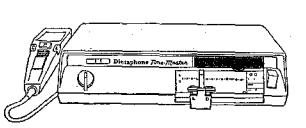
ALL NEW **DICTAPHONE**  **TIME-MASTER**

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Where Were You Last Night?

(Continued from Page 15)

He peered around the bedroom. This was his first good look at the scene. He was taken aback. His wife was sprawled over her bed, her lipstick still on. Her clothes were scattered about. Her best dress was flung over a chair. Her stockings lay in a crumpled heap. Her shoes—obviously kicked off—lay apart, one on its side by a wall and the other beneath the dressing table. This was not like Viv at all, for she was an orderly and quite fastidious creature.

Walking downstairs, he wondered what she had been up to last night. Could she have also —— No, that was ridiculous. She couldn't. She wouldn't. But maybe —— Well, well, well, he thought. He got coffee percolating on the stove and made himself a tall glass of iced tomato juice, spiked with Worcestershire sauce.

The aroma of fresh coffee from half downstairs finally stimulated Mrs. Garmer's dormant antennae. She entered the kitchen quietly. She sat down in the breakfast nook. She was in a pair of rose print toreadors and a bulky turtleneck sweater. She looked, as Mrs. Fraser might have put it, utterly adorable. She had a fine firm figure and a smooth complexion and golden hair, cropped short, and laughing green-blue eyes. At the moment, though, her eyes were more green than blue and they were not doing any laughing. They were miserably wretched and bloodshot. Mrs. Garmer was also experiencing her first hangover.

"Good morning, darling," Phil said. "Coffee?"

"Yes," she said. She did not dare to look him in the face. "No cream."

"Sugar?"

"No sugar."

She choked on the first gulp of scalding coffee.

"How are you feeling, darling?" he asked.

"It's late, isn't it, Phil?"

"Well, it is," he replied. "It's quite late. I hope you didn't have any plans for this morning, because this morning is all shot."

"What time is it?"

"About noon."

"Imagine that," she said.

"We never slept this late before."

She sighed. "There always has to be a first time, I guess. How do you feel, dearest?"

"I feel wonderful," he lied. "I haven't felt this rested in ages."

"What time did you get in last night?"

"I don't remember exactly. My watch stopped."

"I didn't hear you get in, Phil. Imagine that."

"Like you say, there always has to be a first time."

"Pour me another cup, like a dear," she said, "and give me a morning kiss."

He obeyed both of her commands. Something, though, went wrong with the kiss. The electrical circuit linking them was broken.

"Are you hungry?"

"No," she said. "Are you?" The idea of bacon grilling and eggs frying made her stomach go to pieces. She hoped he would not be hungry.

"No," he said.

"Isn't that odd?" she remarked.

It isn't really so odd, he thought, *and I wonder why you aren't hungry.*

"What shall we do this afternoon?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said. "Any ideas?"

She shook her head.

It was the first time in their married life that they had no ideas. The silence between them was complete except for the small, sipping noises they made drinking coffee.

"Who's that man you said you were seeing last night?" she asked. "That out-of-town buyer or something?"

"Seward," he said. "Harvey Seward. From Cleveland."

"Oh, from Cleveland."

"Yes. Cleveland, Ohio."

"Did you and Harvey Seward from Cleveland have fun?"

"I guess he did."

"Where did you go?"

"Well, Probono's, you know about that; and some other places; he wanted to make the rounds. I'm sorry about this whole thing, sweetheart, but I couldn't get out of it. I told you I was working; maybe you don't remember, but I had told you last Tuesday or Wednesday that Harvey Seward was coming in ——"

"From Cleveland, Ohio," she said.

"I'm glad the mink stole was delivered yesterday," he said. "Did you really like it?"

"I really did."

"I mean, is it right for you and everything?"

"I should say."

"I mean, does it look good on you?"

"M'm'm'm'm'm."

"Say, honey, would you mind putting it on now? I'd like to see how it looks on you."

"I'm not in the mood."

"Come on."

"It's silly."

"Please," he said. "Please. I'll go get it. You sit right here and have another cup of coffee, and I'll go get it and you'll put it on and we'll go for a drive. That's what we'll do this afternoon. We'll go for a drive to Pound Ridge and hike around the reservation and then have a late lunch. That's what we'll do this afternoon. Where is it?"

"Where's what?"

"The stole. The mink stole."

"In the hall closet, of course."

A moment later, he called out, "It doesn't seem to be here, precious! Are you sure you put it here?"

"Sure, I'm sure. Where else would I put it?"

"Well, it's not here."

Mrs. Garmer joined her husband in pushing aside overcoats and searching for the missing stole.

"I know I hung it up here," she said, suddenly realizing she did not know and that she had only the mistiest of notions as to where she had hung it or even whether she had hung it anywhere last night. From about ten o'clock last night she had moved in an aura of thick white fog and she did not remember anything too precisely.

"Well, it isn't here," he said. "That's obvious." He was on his knees, pawing about on the floor. He came up with one gray glove, two handkerchiefs and some rubbers and galoshes. "That's all there is down there." She felt about on the shelf above, but there was nothing there but hats.

"Oh, dear," she said. "I can't understand it."

"Neither do I," he said. "I hope you didn't lose it, Viv."

"That's not funny, Philip."

"I was only teasing."

"It's not funny."

"I'm sorry."

"It must be in my closet."

But it wasn't in her closet in the bedroom. It wasn't in the L-shaped living-and-dining room or under under any tables or behind any chairs or anywhere in the house or grounds or the garage either.

It was while Phil went to look in the garage that she phoned the Wagners. She prayed Muriel wouldn't be home yet. Sam Wagner answered. He was on the *qui vive* for some illegal dialogue, but she cut the action short on that theme and threw pointed questions at him. No, he didn't know anything about her mink. Oh, he did remember draping it on her beautiful shoulders, "and, gad, Vivi, your skin is so—I mean, it's got ——" but he knew nothing of the whereabouts of the stole. He wanted to know if anybody had stole the stole. And yes, he would retrace their steps and try to locate the stole, and he would not ever, ever breathe a word about their escapade, and when could they do it again?

By the time Phil returned, she was propped on the unmade bed. A bag filled with ice cubes rested on her forehead. Her conversation with Sam Wagner had been of no benefit to the frontal lobes of her brain.

Phil folded his arms. He stared down at her.

"It isn't there, huh?" she whispered.

"And no insurance on it," he said. "The most expensive present I ever gave you, you just go out and lose it, just like that, and it isn't even insured."

She closed her eyes. "I did it on purpose," she said. "I knew it wasn't insured, so I got a big rock and tied it to the thing and threw it off the George Washington Bridge."

"I wouldn't be surprised," he said.

"Oh, yeah?" she said.

"Yeah," he shot back cleverly.

She closed her eyes.

"Now, Vivian, let's be logical."

"By all means," she said. "I'm glad you're taking that viewpoint."

"Suppose we trace your movements from the time you left the house last night. You did leave the house, didn't you?"

She moved the ice bag toward the right. The vein there was pulsating like a jigsaw at high speed.

"Where were you anyway?"

"Who do you think you are? Rudolph Halley?"

"No," he said.

"Roy Cohn? Senator McClellan?"

"Quit it," he said. "I'm just trying to get to ——"

"I was at the club."

"The club? What did you go there for?"

"To eat. Do you mind, Philip? Do you very much mind my eating now and then?"

"Who were you with?"

"Me, myself and I," she said.

"All right," he said; "let's head over to the club." He was referring to the Metropolitan Country Club in Tarrytown. It boasted one luxurious restaurant, two swimming pools, six tennis courts and eighteen schizophrenically landscaped holes in the ground. "Let's just go over and pick it up."

"Let's not and say we did," she said. "I don't feel like getting dressed and we can't go there looking like a couple of slobs."

"I'll call them up," he said; "that's what I'll do."

"Now you're talking, boy," she said.

"You know how much it cost?" he inquired, while waiting for Albert, the maître d', to answer the phone. "It cost eighteen hundred dollars and no insurance. I don't see how you could be so careless and —— Oh, hello, Albert? This is Garmer—Philip Garm—— Yes. Say, Albert, I wanted to ask you. Mrs. Garmer was in last night for dinner and—ha-ha-ha—she happened to leave her mink stole, and I was wondering if —— You say there was no mink stole left there last night? . . . Well, thanks. Good-by.... No, thanks; we don't want to reserve a table for tonight." He slammed the phone down on its cradle.

"There goes that," he said. "I don't know why I didn't think of calling my broker and getting the thing insured."

She shifted the bag of ice cubes on her forehead.

"Where did you go after you left the club?"

"I didn't go anywhere. I just came home."

"What did you do when you came home?"

"I took a bath and read a magazine and I watched some television." It was much easier to lie to a husband than she had ever imagined. "You want to know what I watched on television? Is this the third degree or something? What gives with the Sergeant Friday routine?"

"I don't care what you watched on television. I'm trying to trace your movements so we can get a clue."

"You and your clues," she said. "Listen, Sergeant Friday, I don't remember. Leave me alone. Just kindly leave me alone. I have a sick headache. I have the worst headache of my entire life."

"I'm just trying to ——"

"I don't care what you're trying to. Just please leave me alone. Please. Please. Please."

And he did.

Mrs. Garmer tried to fall away, but sleep did not come. She remembered the arrival of the mink stole distinctly. Friday was the day for changing the sheets and pillowcases. She had just stripped the beds, when the front-door chime chimed twice. It was a delivery man. He handed her a long, large box. Inside was the stole. Inside was a card, signed "P.," stating that she was the girl whom he loved the most. She kissed the card and fondled the stole. He had bought it on an impulse the day before. He had seen it keeping a mannequin warm in a Fifth Avenue window, and he had gone in and ordered it sent. Harvey Seward, who represented a chain of Midwestern department stores, had just completed a deal to handle a line of sewing machines that Garmer imported from Italy. He would net a great sum of money. He felt rich and exuberant and he wanted to do something upper-upper-middle, or maybe it was lower-lower-upper, for his beloved.

Going half upstairs to inspect herself in the full-length mirror, Vivian thought with smug pleasure about the way her romantic closeness with Philip persisted year after year. They felt there was something sacred and rare and even unique about the way they were with each other as compared to the bored resignation or verbal infighting of all the other married couples they knew. Well, we all know that pride goeth before ——

Vivian didn't even want to model her new stole until she had prepared her body with a long, sensual bath in pine-scented water. She put on her best evening gown, a simple black-satin masterpiece without a frill or a bow on it, that clung to her body as if the material were another layer of her epidermis. Only then did she drape the stole around her and nestle her chin in its softness.

There was nothing for it but she must go out tonight. No woman can be expected to sit home alone and stare at herself when she has just been given a new mink.

She rang up his office at half past five. She was in a mood verging on the ecstatic. It wasn't only the symbolic triumph of possessing a mink but also knowing it came from a love-dedicated man. Vivian felt so happy that they had a

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relationship superior to the relationship of any other woman with any other man.

It was Miss Wicker who planted a small seed of anxiety.

She had asked to speak to Mr. Garmer, and Miss Wicker said, "Oh, dear, you just missed him. He just went out, not five minutes ago."

"What time is he coming back?"

"I don't think he's coming back. He didn't say anything about coming back. I think Arnold Novotny is closing the office after all the orders are shipped out. I mean, that's what I think. He didn't say anything about coming back."

Mrs. Garmer vaguely recalled Philip's telling her about having to take out a customer tonight. Usually, when he worked late, he had a sandwich and coffee to hold him and she waited dinner. They always had dinner together. And then they washed the dishes. Together, of course.

"Milly, did he say where he was going?"

"He went out to dinner," Miss Wicker said. "He was going out to dinner. He might be back later, but he didn't say anything about being back later. I'm positive I heard him tell Arnold Novotny to ——"

"Never mind Arnold Novotny. Did he say where he was going for dinner?"

There was a silence. The silence was too long and, consequently, suspicious. But Miss Wicker had no talent for inventing plausible lies on short notice. She was not sure whether a lie was required of her as a faithful secretary. She imagined that if Mr. Garmer had wanted Mrs. Garmer to know where he was going for dinner, he would have ——

"Milly?"

"Yes, Mrs. Garmer."

"I asked you something."

"He went to Probono's, I think. I made a reservation for him at Probono's."

"I see," she said, hanging up. *Well*, she thought, *I can still meet him and his customer at Probono's*. She dialed and got the headwaiter, an unusually diplomatic fellow. Now what devil should have possessed Mrs. Garmer to play games, I do not know, but she decided to tease her husband by impersonating his secretary. She told Jimmy, the headwaiter, that she was Philip Garmer's secretary and she had a message for him. And then Jimmy committed the only *faux pas* on an otherwise unblemished record. Confused by the hungry mob storming his barricade, he replied, when she asked him whether Mr. Garmer had come in, "Oh, yes, Mr. and Mrs. Garmer just came in. I'll get a phone connected to his table, if you'll hold on, please." He meant that Mr. Garmer and Harvey Seward had just come in, of course.

Since Mrs. Garmer knew perfectly well that she had not walked into Probono's, she saw unhappy visions. She dropped her Wicker mimicry.

"Hello, Milly."

Her fingers trembled. "This isn't Milly. This is Vivian. Your wife."

"How are you, my darling?"

"I'm fine!" she snapped. "Your present just arrived."

"You like it?"

"It's beautiful."

"Not so beautiful as you."

"Oh, I don't know."

"You don't sound happy."

"I'm very happy."

"You don't sound happy."

"I can't help the way I sound."

"You really like it?"

"I'm crazy about it."

"It really fits you?"

"It really fits me and I'm crazy about it. I wanted to come in and have dinner with you and show you how it looks."

"I wish I could, but I'm all tied up with this character from Cleveland. I told you about it."

"Who are you having dinner with there?"

"Harvey Seward."

"Who?"

"Seward. You don't know him. He's from out of town."

"Couldn't I come in and have dinner with you and him? I'm all dressed. I could get the station wagon and be there in forty minutes. I really wouldn't be long."

"I can't. Seward and I have a lot of business details to talk about. This isn't a social dinner. We have work to do."

"I think I do too," she said.

"And you really like the mink stole?"

"I'm wild about it," she said. Ice wouldn't melt in her mouth.

"I guess I'll say good night," he said.

She didn't bother answering that one.

Now, Philip had not told her the whole truth about the Harvey Seward situation. The whole truth was that Seward was a bachelor who, while he was in New York, wanted to, as he said, live it up. He expected Garmer to assist him in both the living up and the picking up of tabs consequent to up-living. Seward had a list of friendly phone numbers. While Garmer had been fencing with his wife, Seward had been feeding dimes into a phone and had eventually "lined up a couple of broads." They were, he informed Philip, to pick up the broads in the lobby of the Metropolis Hotel in an hour and go somewhere for dinner.

Before they left Probono's, Garmer had several martinis. Garmer was uneasy about taking out another girl, even to make a client happy. He was a sincere model of marital fidelity. He had three martinis there, which was two more than he usually had before dinner. He and Seward discussed the economic outlook, sewing machines, the protective tariff and sex in the modern world. Then they went to the hotel.

The "broad" whom destiny had willed that Garmer should escort turned out to be a charming, intelligent and vivacious model of twenty-two. He found himself having a good time with Madge. They talked about the new plays, the new novels and the latest foreign films starring Brigitte Bardot, Maria Schell and Giulietta Masina. It was more interesting than his talk with Seward.

Madge was an excellent dancer. They danced a lot. She danced much better than Vivian. Philip experienced twinges of guilt whenever he was aware of enjoying himself. To dull the twinges, he drank. Seward remarked, "You're sure belting them bourbons, dad." And he surely was. They floated away to other voices in other cabarets, and ultimately in separate taxis; Seward to carry out his amorous program with his girl, and Garmer to take Madge home to her flat on West 12th. In the taxi, he kissed her once, long, lingeringly, entirely pleasurably. He then paid the hackman an outrageous sum to drive him home.

At moments during the drive he suffered from the thought that he was a hardened sinner and a reprobate, but he knew he really loved Viv and he much preferred kissing Viv to kissing Madge, but it was just that he had felt like kissing, and Madge happened to coincide with his feeling, while Viv was not on the premises at the moment. He was, anyway, so drunk that nothing was too poignant to him.

After she finished her tensive discussion with her husband, Mrs. Garmer felt the woman abandoned. The idea of cooking dinner and eating it alone was repulsive. She would call a friend and dine out. She rang up Mrs. Hays, Mrs. Fields, Mrs. McCarthy. They were all otherwise occupied. She finally tried Muriel Wagner. Muriel was up in Providence, visiting an ailing mother, but Sam Wagner deposed that he was ready, able and willing to take Mrs. Garmer out to dinner, as he, too, was lonely. Now, Mrs. Garmer had not said she was lonely, but she let it pass. She had already decided that what was sauce for the drake was bigarade for the duck.

They rendezvoused in the cocktail lounge of the country club. She arrived before her escort. She stiffened her determination with two big daiquiris. She was reeling internally by the time Sam Wagner took his place on a stool next to hers and patted her lightly on her knee. Sam Wagner was the sort of man who can put only one interpretation on a woman being willing to dine with him. During the long, interminable night he plied her with liquor and overtures in various bars and restaurants. His overtures never led to any operas, but he did succeed in making her totally and deplorably drunk. That she was able to maneuver home alone in the station wagon is a triumph of modern automotive genius.

Vivian had fallen into a restless and tormented slumber. She was awakened by Phil in the late afternoon. He held the missing object in his hand. The proprietor of a place in Ardsley had received a telephone call from Wagner, who had been checking all the places he remembered they had visited, and thus the mink stole had been located. Wagner described himself as a friend of Mr. Garmer and told the proprietor to telephone Mr. Garmer, which he did. Garmer had driven over to Ardsley and retrieved the stole. Garmer had the good sense not to ask any questions.

He sat on the bed. Vivian pushed the ice bag off her head. She sat up, her legs folded, her hands around her knees. He swathed the furpiece around her neck.

"It looks good on you, dearest," he said softly.

"Do you really love me?" she asked irrelevantly.

"I love you very much," he said.

"I'm glad you found it," she said. "Where was it?"

"At the club, after all," he said. "I'm sorry I gave you a rough time, Viv."

"That's life," she said. She leaned over and put her arms around his neck and kissed him profoundly.

When they drew apart, they looked at each other and saw that there were things in the other person they had never seen before. They had crossed the long bridge that leads from innocence to experience, from ignorance of life to wisdom. Each knew there was an unknown in the other and that it was better not to know. They came to feel a respect for each other they had never known before. In a way, it was sad to have to leave behind the illusion of their unique love, but the knowledge that they were human, all too human, had its sweetness.

So they kissed again. Mrs. Fraser would have been pleased by the kiss, for they were still lovers, although no longer the dupes of their illusions. They got all dressed up and went to the club for dinner. I don't think Mrs. Hague would have been pleased by the whole thing. Mrs. Garmer never looked lovelier than she did in her new mink stole. But, you know, from that time on, the Garmers have never made a public display of their feelings for each other. THE END

American Primitive

By MARTHA KELLER

What were the things that our fathers saw?
Darksome forest and
trackless sand,
Sink hole, water hole,
windy draw,
Hill and hollow and
bottom land.

What did they treasure? Flint
and steel,
Ax and rifle, powder and
lead,
Scythe and sickle and
spinning wheel,
Crock and kettle and
trundle bed.

Was it feast or famine? They
never knew.
They ate the fare of the
rifleman—
Bear meat, buffalo, venison
stew,
Hoecake, honey and
pemmican.

Where did they go? Where the
stillness made
Fear, like a football, also
come.
*What did they drink when the
fiddles played?*
Homemade whisky and
smuggled rum.

How did they die? As a
sycamore,
Ringed and felled, or a
blasted pine.
*What was their temper in time
of war?*
Sudden, savage and
saturnine.

*What was the wind they were
driven by?*
*What was the fever that shook
them so—*
*That they left their bones to
the open sky,*
*The sun, the rain, and the
carrion crow?*

These were the splendors
they sought and found:
Beyond the reasonable
certitude
Of a modest portion of
bloody ground—
Freedom, freedom and
fortitude.

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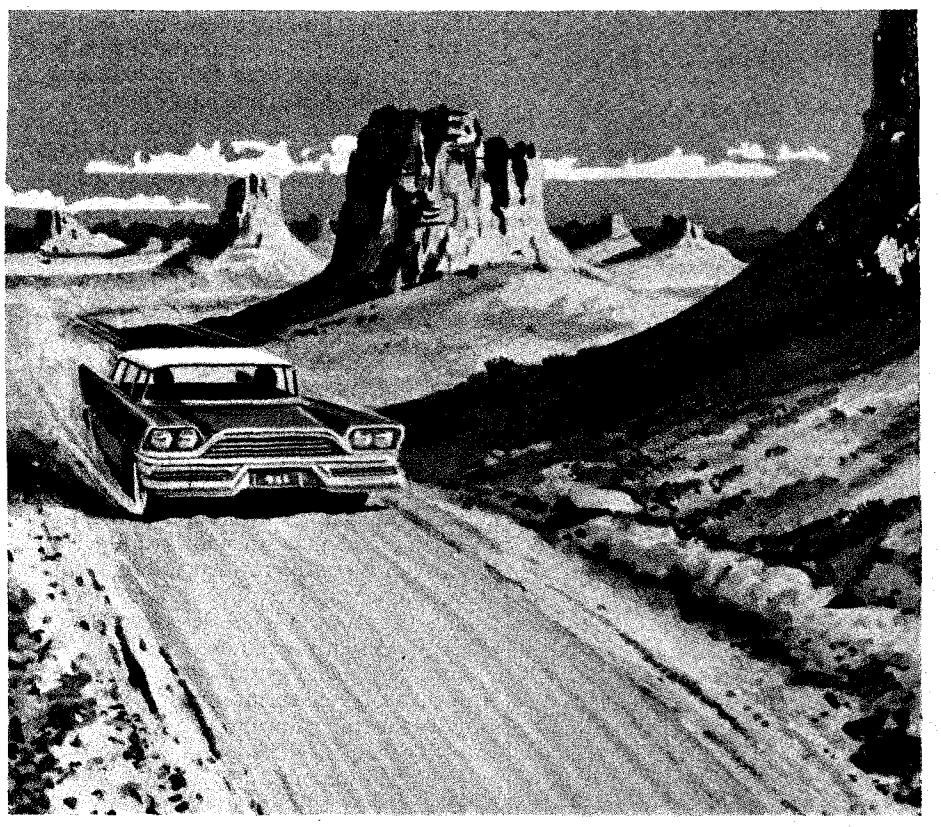

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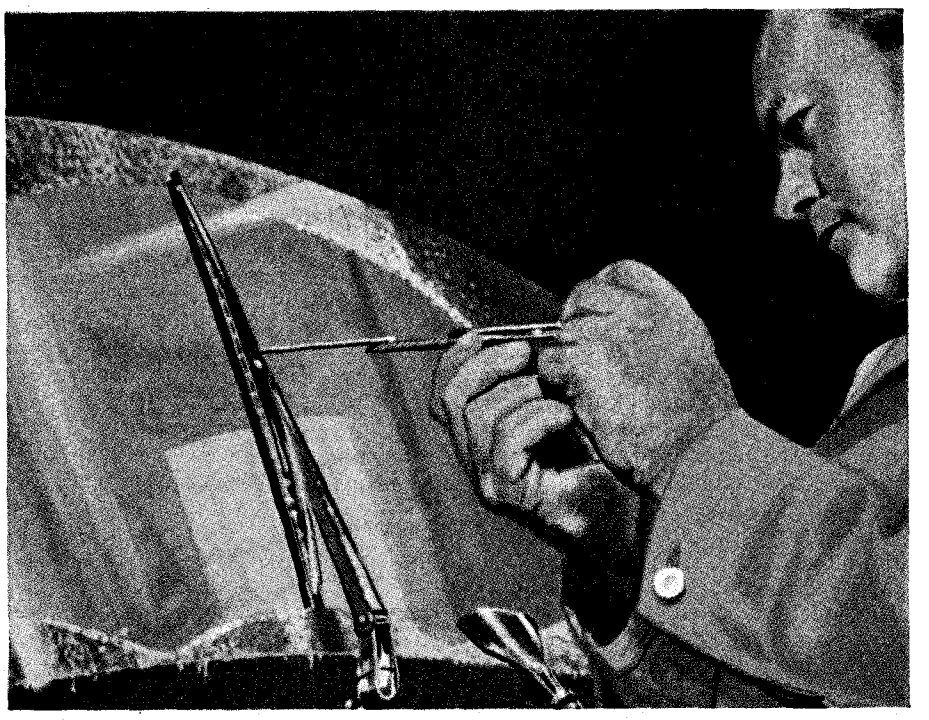

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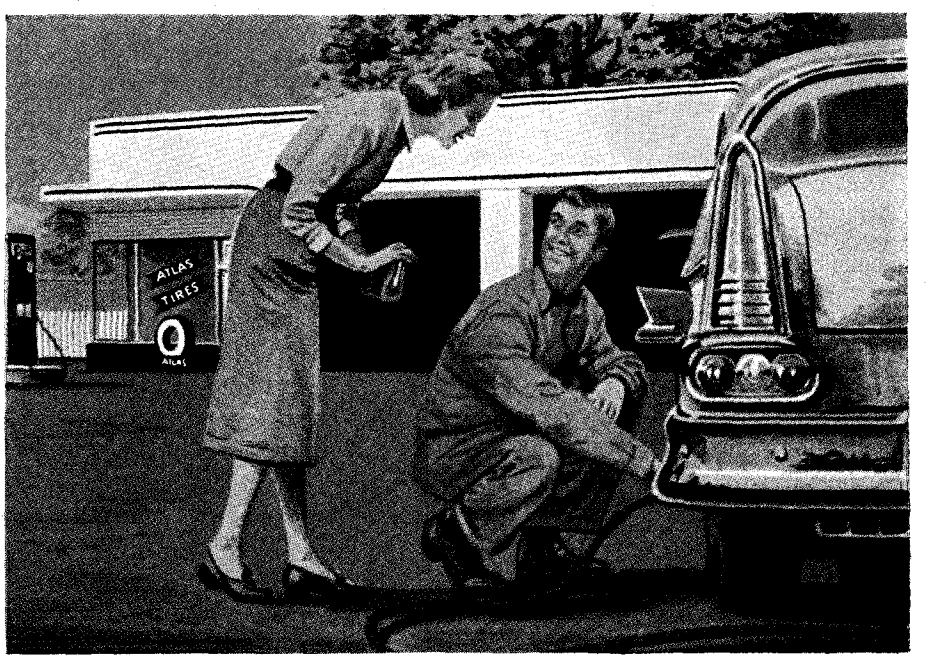

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It's Nice to Work in the Country

(Continued from Page 21)

clerks and secretaries, there were only sixteen resignations during the five hectic months before the move was completed in April, 1957, and fourteen more during the next four months while they settled down in the new headquarters.

Even more important, in the opinion of many employees and executives, is the improved team spirit in practically all departments. In the words of one observer, the company has created a new fashion by "fitting the office to the girl instead of trying to fit the girl to the office." The effects have been both physical and psychological.

"You should have seen the separate, dark little offices we were crowded into downtown," said Mary Hallenbeck, an animated blonde in the Reinsurance Division. "We were stuck away where we never saw anybody, not even all the girls in our own department. Here, where we're all together and everything is so bright and open, you can't help getting a lift. Why, some of the girls even plan their office costumes so they will harmonize with the colors of the wall panels around their working space."

One of her fellow workers nodded approval. "We never before," she added, "could see what our part was in the big picture of things. To lots of us that makes a big difference. In the old place, girls in the same department might be four or five floors away or even across the street."

The roomy, new three-story-and-basement main building, chiefly of glass and aluminum and steel, overlooks attractive New England farmland and is furnished, down to the last filing cabinet, with modern equipment especially arranged to minimize the tedium of white-collar assembly-line work. Each of the thirty-seven different types of desk, for instance, is placed in a precise position that was determined after serious study and consultation on the problems of space and efficiency. The worker's vista was also a matter for prolonged consideration by the experts. The great floor areas are broken by brightly colored panels and masses of potted plants. The glass walls provide a view of hills and valleys.

The work in these unconventional surroundings ranges from that of the clerk who files a card indicating the status of your premium payments to that of an actuary who estimates how good a risk you are for life, sickness or accident insurance, or possibly how long you are likely to collect on a pension or an annuity.

"This is really a paperwork factory," one alert young woman explained. "We examine, assemble, acknowledge and file documents, records and letters. Sometimes they concern only a single individual, but other times they may relate to a group policy on all the employees of an airline or manufacturer or even an atomic-energy laboratory."

The third floor is almost entirely given over to group insurance, whether life, accident, health or pension. A typical unit, identified as Group Insurance Coverage, consists of sixty-five girls and women divided into thirteen teams.

Shirley Newman, captain of one of these teams, sits at the central desk of five, arranged in U-fashion. "The girl at the end," she said, indicating a young brunette at the second of the two desks to her right, "is the clerk on our team. She opens and sorts mail. The next girl is our doer. She does whatever the mail calls for—a cancellation, a receipt or what-not. Then I check the papers she hands me, and add whatever notations are necessary before I pass them along for copying to the first girl on my left, our team's typist. She, in turn, gives the whole batch to the last girl, our assembler, who puts the papers together in proper order and forwards them, maybe to another department, or to central filing, or possibly back to a policyholder.

"You might say we have a five-girl assembly line. All over this floor, for instance, you'll find somewhat similar clusters, some of them smaller and some of them larger, whether they have to do with accounting, renewals, sales, pensions, underwriting, filing or actuarial work."

But no matter what their varied duties may be, most of the employees can look out on rolling farmlands. "It is," remarked a clerk who was originally reluctant to leave the shops and movies and crowds of downtown Hartford, "as good as working in a country club."

"Out here we have a chance to do so many more things and make so many more friends," said pretty Carol Altshuler, an agency secretary. "For one thing, I've become a real bowling expert and am on one of our seventy-two girls' teams."

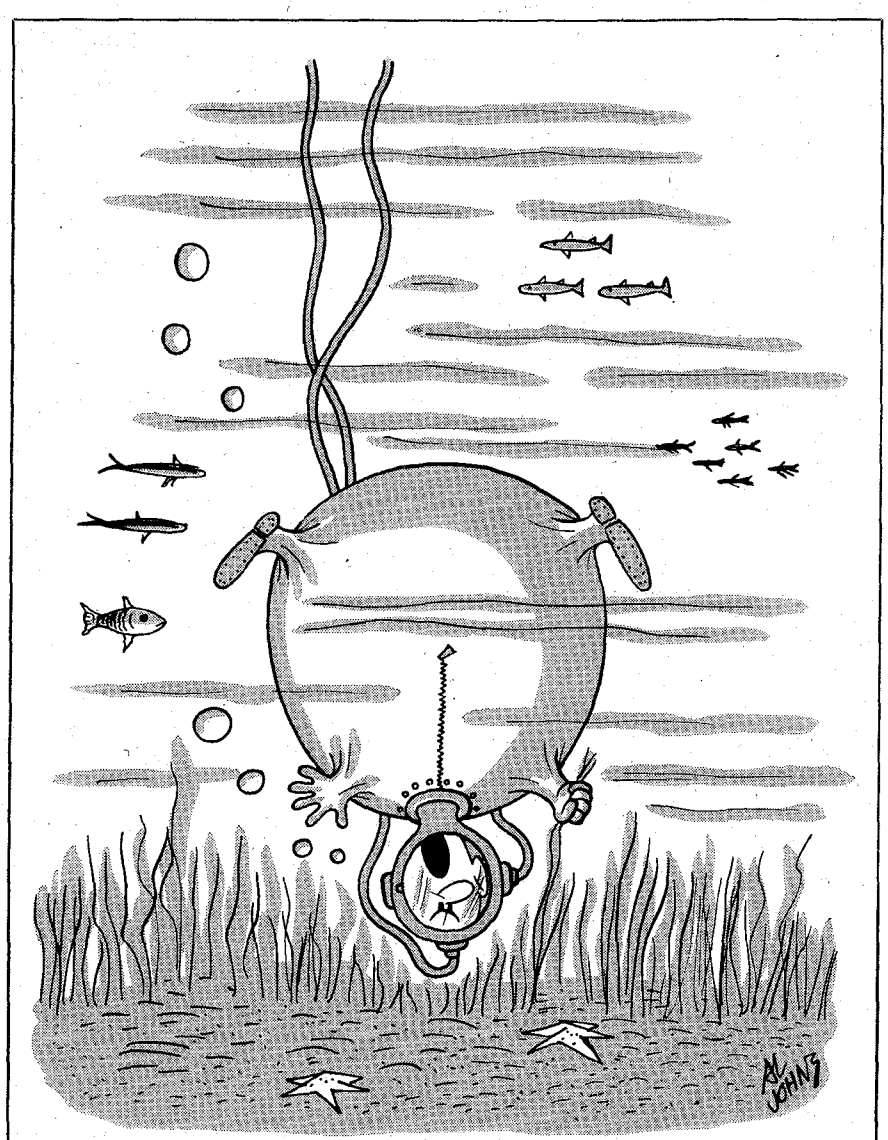
Yvonne Brown, another secretary, tries to share her pleasure in her new surroundings with all her friends and acquaintances. "Whenever I hear anyone complain of having a dull, uninteresting job," she said, "I encourage them to come here."

Such enthusiasm seems to be shared in varying degrees by the vast majority of employees. This should not, however, be taken to mean there are no complaints, some trivial, some important. "I don't see any sense to the rule against having lunch at my desk," one accountant declared. "When we were downtown, I often brought back a sandwich after I'd dashed out to a bargain sale. When I get to a sale now, after work, the very things I want may be sold out."

Inability to solve all shopping problems during the luncheon period appears to be a major gripe with some of the female employees. "Before we moved," said one clerk in Life Records, "the word got around there'd be a company bus every noon to the shopping center at Bishops Corner, two miles away. It was just a rumor, so now I spend Saturdays in the stores instead of going away on a long weekend visit." A girl who shared her view nevertheless observed, "I used to go shopping once or twice a week at noon, but now that I can't, I'm saving money."

A survey revealed other irritants. "There are days," one secretary said, "when you just don't want to eat in a cafeteria, even ours! I sometimes miss having lunch with friends who don't work here." Said another, "It's still a man's world, though we outnumber them more than three to one. They make the rules. And most of them are married, so what's a poor girl going to do for boy friends?"

Actually, this bothers few of the unmarried female employees, because it is traditional that insurance companies are the worst possible place to compete for masculine attention. The company's recruiting literature distributed to high schools and colleges cautions husband hunters that the odds are strongly against them. The warning is either unimportant or unintimidating to most applicants. "They didn't scare me off," one girl said. "In fact, I don't want my boy friend around when I'm working."



"Who the devil is on that pump up there!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

By and large, the reaction of the staff has been even more gratifying than was anticipated by some company executives when the trail-blazing building was first authorized, back in 1952. The construction of an office in the country was approached with imagination, tempered by caution. A building committee of directors and another of senior officers thoroughly examined the problem and then President Frazar B. Wilde named a four-man subcommittee to get the project moving. Malcolm F. Hood, director of planning, was told to explore recent architectural developments and submit a list of architects who showed a willingness to experiment with new materials and designs. For example, the company's efficiency experts were convinced—and rightly, it turned out—that the tremendous load of paperwork carried on in the various departments would flow much more rapidly and smoothly on a horizontal pattern than on a vertical pattern; that is, if related departments could all be on the same level rather than piled on top of one another as was necessary in a city skyscraper. From among Hood's recommendations, the New York architectural firm of Skidmore, Owings and Merrill was chosen. Two of its members, Gordon Bunshaft and William S. Brown, who had been designing tall buildings on land-pinched metropolitan sites, welcomed the opportunity to plan a low building on a 280-acre country site.

Architects, builders and a team of company officials who knew what they wanted began a long series of meetings to iron out every detail of what the American Institute of Architects later listed as one of the "Ten Buildings in America's Future."

To begin with, a two-story mock-up, sixty by seventy-two feet, exactly equivalent to a small section of the new structure, was built in order to experiment with materials and design as well as to visualize the completed project. Lighting was then discovered to be most effective through high baffled or trellislike ceilings. It was also learned that by virtue of the glass outer walls, the elimination of inner doors and the strategic arrangement of furnishings, twelve-by-twelve rooms—144 square feet—could replace larger executive offices, each 180 to 200 square feet, that had been previously planned.

The planners also had plenty of amateur assistance. A Women's Advisory Committee headed by Louise M. Christensen, secretary to a top executive, was formed to solicit ideas from all employees. There were hundreds of staff members who wanted to get in their two cents' worth. Some of their ideas were worth a great deal more than that, because clerks, typists and secretaries were able to put their fingers on trouble spots in departments with which they were intimately acquainted.

For example, many of them pointed out that one of their big daily headaches was waiting for elevators upon arriving or leaving and that when they did get an elevator it was as crowded as a rush-hour subway car in New York City. As a result, the planners simply left elevators out of the design for the main building, except for freight elevators, and substituted plenty of convenient moving stairs to keep the traffic flowing.

"Of course, there were some suggestions that weren't exactly feasible," Miss Christensen said later. "One proposal that we include a swimming pool seemed a bit out of line. So did the idea we should have sun-bathing facilities and flood lights on the tennis courts. One girl asked for a fully equipped theater with dressing rooms, and another suggested a separate field house with a game room and

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"Martha's still old-fashioned in a lot of ways."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

kitchen. Oh, yes—there was also a proposal that the company serve free lunches.

"But there were many practical suggestions. Just for instance, we have better soap and soap dispensers, and improved floor tiles of nonskid material. We have a good library of books and records with earphones and soundproof booths. We also have music."

The music, soft and pleasant, is played over the intercommunication system for twelve minutes every half hour. Not everybody likes it. "I resent it as much as if somebody suddenly turned on television full blast in my living room while I was trying to read," one secretary said recently. Others depend on it so much that Bill Burke, the building engineer, was swamped with calls when mechanical failure interrupted the program for an entire morning. Some don't even notice whether the music is on or off.

Employees followed the construction of the new building as closely as possible, and some even made weekend visits to the site, but few fully visualized the end result. The main working areas have no permanent partitions except the service cores which enclose piping and wiring. A girl strategically seated in one corner of the building can see all the way from her desk to the distant wall of clear glass, 468 feet away—or for that matter she can see miles of open countryside beyond the glass wall. The movable partitions dividing various departments also form two- or three-sided offices for junior executives. The entire floor has a feeling of easy and informal spaciousness.

A miniature of the entire building shows the location of nearly every piece of furniture and no important changes may be made without the approval of Mrs. Florence Knoll, of Knoll Associates, New York, who supervised the interior decorations. One of her less fortunate ideas was a Quiet Room, intended as a place where worried or harassed employees might retire if they wanted an opportunity for contemplation. The thought may or may not have been a good one, but the walls of the room were painted so dark and the decorations were so somber that those who entered soon fled to less funereal surroundings. "All it lacked," remarked one cynic, "was a coffin." For the present, at least, the door to the Quiet Room is firmly locked and it is spoken of only as "the skeleton's closet."

On a pleasanter note, there are four large, landscaped gardens that form interior courts for the building, and on the first floor and in the basement are elaborate facilities for employees, including a 416-seat theater which runs movie shorts and musicals during the forty-five-minute luncheon periods spread from 11:30 A.M. to 1:30 P.M.

In fact, the all-inclusive conveniences have given rise to one amusing legend. It concerns a young couple who met while both were working for the company, got married and bought an old farmhouse almost within sight of the office. They were so enchanted by their place of work that they decided to remodel their home along the same lines. Then, while the renovation was in progress, it was only natural that they moved into the office to live.

They had three good meals a day at the snack bar or in the handsome cafeteria cantilevered over a big reflecting pool. They made use of the barbershop and the beauty shop. They availed themselves of a pickup service for laundry and dry cleaning. They purchased whatever they needed, from tooth paste to clothes, at the variety store. They played cards or read in the spacious lounges. Or, in a more strenuous mood, they played shuffleboard or tennis or visited the twelve-alley bowling room. On weekends, they invited their friends and relatives to picnics on the company grounds. And at bedtime they retired to the infirmary. Life was so pleasant that, even after their new home was ready, they were reluctant to move in.

While the story of the young couple is more fancy than fact, many employees do stay late in the afternoon to use the tennis courts, the ice-skating pond or the game rooms, and come back at night or on weekends with boy friends or families to dance or picnic.

Seventeen hundred employees belong to their own Connecticut General Club, currently headed by Richard H. Cave, which sponsors social activities and all kinds of educational classes, from flower arranging to oil painting, knitting, crocheting, music appreciation, ceramics and amateur theatricals. Members pay three dollars' dues a year, to which the company adds one dollar, but the club also gets the profits from the service station, the store, the beauty and barber shops and the bowling alleys—about $20,000 a year in all.

In the later part of May the club arranged a nineteen-day European vacation by chartered airplane for any employees or members of their families who were interested in paying $600 per person for a tour of England, France, Switzerland, West Germany and Holland. Other trips are planned as enthusiasm for foreign travel warrants.

"Among the unexpected results of working in the country," a club member said recently, "is an increased interest of many girls in going places and doing things. One girl who worked with me in town seemed to have very little interest in social or sports activities and almost literally had never been outside the state of Connecticut. We hadn't been in the new building six weeks before she was getting to know more people and taking part in the Little Theater. Now, of all things, she has just come back from a vacation trip to the West Indies and is taking tennis lessons from a professional. She looks and acts so different that I hardly recognized her as the same girl."

Others, too, have blossomed out. "Most of the girls wear their pretty clothes out here," said vivacious, shapely Pat Harper. "Some of the men say it's because we are always on display, but that is not the only reason. Downtown you felt dusty and grubby five minutes after you reached your desk in the morning. But here it's so clean and airy. People all around seem less grumpy, and my guess is I see more smiles in a day now than I ever did in a whole month in the noisy, cluttered old offices."

Wearing attractive costumes apparently heightens interest in trim figures. Some girls frankly share Lillian Nichols' objection to the wide choice of food in the cafeteria. "My resolution to eat sparingly at noon doesn't always stick," she said recently. "I've gained pounds since we moved." This problem has been recognized by the company to the extent of posting a chart showing the number of calories in each dish, but nobody has yet found a way to strengthen the will power of dieters when they can buy a meal with soup, meat, potatoes, vegetables, rolls, dessert and coffee for sixty cents.

Not everybody, of course, is bothered by dieting. "My mother and I both work here," said one girl. "By eating our main meal at noon we can have just a snack for supper. It's less expensive than preparing food at home. Lots of others do it too. A young married man I know says he spares his wife any serious cooking from Monday through Friday."

A major headache for some employees is transportation. Chartered company buses cover thirteen routes and carry about 500 passengers each way daily, but the 1500 other employees get to work in their own automobiles or as members of car pools. Parking areas at the office site provide for more than 1000 automobiles. Some who come in their own cars have pointed out that they spend no time in traffic jams because now they go in the opposite direction to the unbroken stream of buses and automobiles pouring into the city in the morning and out in the evening. One bus rider whose distance to work has doubled to twenty miles each way cheerfully remarked, "I now have time to read magazines I never got around to before." A number of women bought automobiles for the first time last year and, determined to be self-reliant, sponsored a Know-Your-Auto

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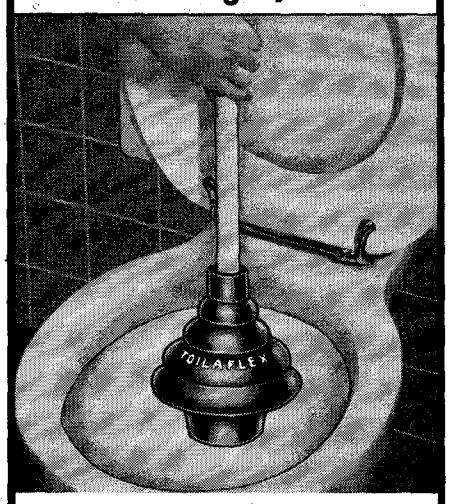

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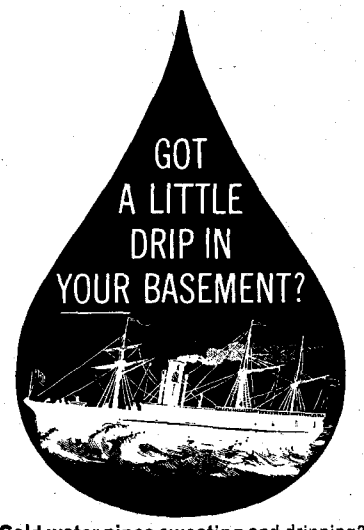

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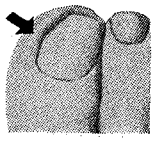

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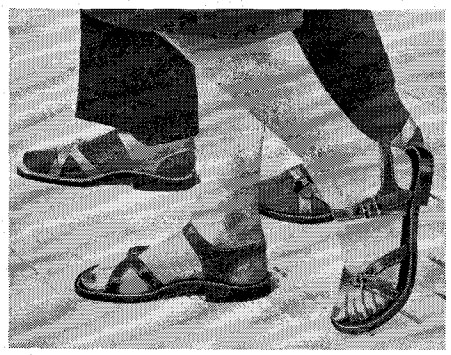

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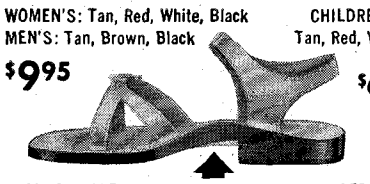

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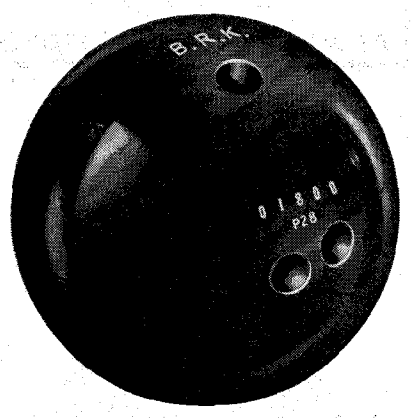

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course given by an expert mechanic after working hours.

The automobile was a decisive factor in the company's decision to relocate. "We had to get out of our overcrowded offices," President Wilde explained. "Our people were working cheek by jowl. We couldn't find any more suitable parking areas. The automobile, though, made it possible for us to move to the city's periphery.

"A few stockholders didn't like the country idea at first, but they were people opposed to any change. Actually, our move was evolutionary rather than revolutionary. I can remember when all the insurance companies in Hartford were centered on Main Street or on Pearl Street because that was close to the streetcar line. Then one of them created a sensation by moving across the park—six blocks from the car tracks. People said it wouldn't work, but after that others began moving to get more space. Now we have merely gone a little further away. Factories long ago began building away from cities. Our problem was not too different, for we needed an efficient white-collar plant. Our aim was a business success, not an artistic success."

Wilde believes the nonrecurring costs of the move—about $1,000,000—will be absorbed within a relatively brief period. For a time, maintenance and other normal expenses will equal those of the old squeezed quarters, but eventually there will be a steady decrease in outlay. Some officers are confident the new site has solved space requirements for the next fifty years, since the present building can accommodate 3000 employees and additional rooms can be added if necessary.

The net result of all the changes brought about by the new office building may be registered most accurately in the personnel division. "We are finding it easier to employ qualified individuals here than when we were downtown," Henry Dawes, director of personnel, summed up recently. "The unfilled requisitions (jobs that were open) were mounting in 1956, but, since we moved, the trend has been down. Furthermore, the turnover among clerical personnel, always a major problem for all insurance companies, has dropped 7 per cent; absenteeism has not increased, even in the worst weather; and the recruiting of new employees has become easier. Last October, for instance, it was necessary to place only a single advertisement for help wanted—a switchboard operator—whereas, a year before, advertisements were placed almost daily. At the same time we had 10 per cent more applications for jobs than we had in October of the year before."

". . . then, suddenly, I got this uncontrollable desire to shut her big fat yap!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The caliber of applicants now is higher, too, according to Marion Spear, senior interviewer of new employees. "When we were downtown," she added, "job hunters stopped in, maybe in earnest, maybe not. Out here, they recognize they may face certain transportation problems and they have made their decision to apply only after reflection. We prefer to hire people who intend to stay with us."

Personnel officers find it difficult, except over a very long term, to reckon the exact savings made possible by a reduction in turnover. It costs very little to break in new employees for some simple jobs, and a great deal for others requiring months of training. In the long run, however, reduced turnover is expected to mean a substantial saving.

There has been another interesting by-product. For many years, Connecticut General has requested job applicants to indicate which of some seventy assessments they consider most accurately descriptive of themselves. Three years ago, one girl included among her characteristics: easily discouraged, inhibited, moody, nervous and submissive. Now secretary to a junior executive, she was recently asked to make a new self-appraisal in which she substituted: even-tempered, self-confident, cheerful, imaginative and sociable.

When the two self-analyses were placed before her, side by side, she observed, sociably, "You know, back then I was sure I wouldn't get a job." She studied the papers again for a moment. "By now," she added, "I guess it's done things for me to work in a place where sometimes I catch sight of a pheasant in the woods, and where I can look out over my desk and see swans on a pond."

I Cooked for the Queen

(Continued from Page 26)

about the size of marbles. These I deep-fried until they were crisp and brown.

Making these little fried-potato "marbles" left me with the rest of the potato pitted with holes like a slab of Gruyère cheese. These, too, I deep-fried, afterward filling the hollows with grated Parmesan cheese.

For another potato dish which I devised I would half fry the potatoes in deep fat, drain them, finish cooking them in butter and drain them again. I served them up decorated with finely chopped parsley and chervil, christening them "Pommes Royale."

The first time I served potatoes this way, the Queen liked them so much that she sent her private secretary, Sir Michael Adeane, through to the kitchen to ask me for the recipe.

"If they don't make a job of it at the palace, we'll have to send for you," he said, smiling, as I jotted down the recipe for him to take back to the Queen.

They never did send for me, and I was glad of it. Quite honestly, I would not want to be chef at Buckingham Palace. Yorkshire-born Ronald Aubrey, the palace chef, is more than welcome to the job. My own small kitchen on the royal train may have had its limitations and special problems, but conditions at the palace are almost enough to break a chef's heart.

The long trek from the kitchens, at one corner of this huge building, to the royal dining room, at the farthermost corner, means that food either cools off by the time it reaches the table or goes on cooking under its covers until it is past the point of perfection. Hot plates are provided, adjoining the dining room, so that the food can be heated again if necessary before going onto the table, but that is no way to serve a meal.

During my years as a royal chef, I came to know all the Queen's likes and dislikes in the matter of food—to know that, in particular, she likes food served up so that it looks colorful and tempting.

In fact, over the years I came to know the food fads of all the Royal Family. There are, for instance, few dishes Prince Philip dislikes. He is a small eater for a man, but will cheerfully tackle almost anything set in front of him. He is a great one for lobster, shrimps and spinach. Whenever he has spinach, the Queen has some, too, though I formed the impression that she does not really care for it.

Prince Philip enjoys caviar, too, and will occasionally take a little vodka with it as an appetizer. More frequently he takes sherry with his meals. The Queen will sometimes take a little sherry, but mostly she is perfectly content to settle for orange squash.

For afternoon tea, the Queen likes nothing so much as a rich fruitcake. Frequently I made her Dundee Cake, which—for two good-sized cakes—requires 1 pound of margarine, ¼ pound of lard, 1 pound brown sugar, six eggs, 1½ pounds self-raising flour, ½ pound ground almonds, 1½ pounds sultanas, 1 pound currants, ½ pound candied orange peel, and the rind and juice of two lemons.

I mixed the fats, sugar and grated lemon rind together, beat in the eggs two at a time, added the lemon juice, added the flour and almonds, already mixed, and then stirred in the fruit. I baked in a hot oven (400-425° F.) for about half an hour, then lowered the temperature and

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continued baking for a further seventy-five minutes.

Both the Queen and Prince Philip like an early-morning cup of tea—in which they both take sugar and milk—served in bed about half-past seven. For breakfast, Philip usually has grapefruit, followed by an omelet. The Queen has either a mixed grill of bacon, mushrooms, tomatoes, sausage, kidney, and sauté potatoes (sliced, fried in butter to a golden brown, then strained and served dry), or eggs—scrambled, poached or fried.

When I look back on things, it seems strange that I should have spent the past twelve years of my life as a royal chef. I most certainly had no thought of being any sort of chef when I was a youngster. Ours was a large family, and before I was fourteen I had left school and was working for a local butcher in order to help out with the family budget.

I did not realize it at the time, but my butchering experience was to prove very useful later on. A chef cannot know too much about cuts of meat, as I was to find out when I came up against the problem of dealing with whole carcasses aboard the royal train.

But in my young days I did not care very much for the butchering trade, and I soon moved over to the job of kitchen boy in a physician's household. Those were the palmy days when well-to-do Britons could afford a whole retinue of servants and retainers. The physician also employed a French chef whose main preoccupation consisted of wooing one of the maids from a neighboring house. As a result, he was only too pleased to teach me the rudiments of cooking and to let me have the run of the kitchen while he was otherwise engaged.

The results of my early efforts at the art of cooking seem to have pleased the physician, for he later arranged a Paris apprenticeship for me. In Paris, I studied at two famous restaurants—the Café de Paris and the Drouant. I learned to cook as only the French know how to cook. I also learned to speak French like a native, and when I returned to Britain I had worked for two weeks at the Savoy Hotel in London before they realized there that I was not French.

Cooking for the Queen in a cupboard-sized kitchen hurtling along at sixty miles an hour must sound like a housewife's nightmare. The royal train slows down to forty miles an hour while the Queen is eating, but I can assure you that no such concessions are made to the catering department.

It was only during my first few trips that the motion of the train bothered me at all. I soon became accustomed to it and learned the tricks of this very special trade—for instance, popping each pan inside a larger one to keep it from toppling over on the cooker.

When I took over as royal chef, I was given a free hand to design my pint-sized traveling kitchen. I had fluorescent strip lighting introduced, a ten-burner cooker installed which operated with bottled gas, and also ordered a king-sized refrigerator with an adjoining chilled compartment for vegetables. In those few square feet of working space, my "second"—Robert Mason—and I did everything from peeling the potatoes to concocting exotic sauces.

My day started at six A.M. There were so many things to be seen to—fish to be filleted, mushrooms peeled, oranges squeezed and a number of other chores.

Everything the royal family ate was brought aboard the train unprepared. The potatoes still had soil on them, the cabbages needed washing, the peas were still in their pods. I liked to do every detail of the job myself.

I did my own marketing and checked the items as they came aboard. You can't stop the royal train to nip down to the store for a pinch of pepper. Everything must be there—and everything must be just right.

In so small a kitchen, tidiness was essential. My assistant cleared as I cooked, and I made it a rule never to use two utensils if one would do.

But I did have one very big advantage over Ronald Aubrey at Buckingham Palace; the dishes I prepared, cooked to perfection and piping hot, went straight from the kitchen onto the blue-and-gold plates of the royal dining room immediately next door. The only real problem lay in preventing food smells from trickling through to the dining room. I overcame this by the installation of three electric fans.

The royal train is a truly magnificent affair. There are nine coaches, decorated throughout in silver-gray and crimson; two kitchens, my own and the one which prepares food for the "base car," where the royal servants eat; and a staff of twenty-six, including ten caterers.

"Clear all lines" is the signal which goes out ahead when the royal train pulls out of London on tour. And, when it reaches its destination, the driver must nudge it into place so that the Queen can step out exactly onto the strip of crimson carpeting laid in her honor.

The Queen has her own quarters on the train. Prince Philip has separate quarters, as do the royal children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne. The royal dining room seats eight people, which is usually the maximum number in the Queen's party, but there is a partition which can be removed to provide six more seats at the table if required.

I wish those people who think that the Queen leads a life of luxury and ease could see her, as I have, during one of these hectic royal tours. For hours on end, while the train skips along at speed, she is closeted with her secretary and ladies in waiting, making arrangements, discussing engagements, drafting speeches, signing documents. Telephones link the various coaches, and at each stop post-office engineers are standing by to provide a hookup with the national telephone network so that the Queen can talk direct with Buckingham Palace, Balmoral or anywhere else in the world.

The Queen leads a full and busy life which allows her little time to relax. In my opinion, it is sheer hard work and nervous tension rather than mythical dieting which enables her to keep her weight down despite the inevitable banquets which await her wherever she goes.

I always did my best to discourage members of the royal party from visiting my diminutive kitchen—there just wasn't room for visitors—but discouraging them was not always easy. There is something about a miniature, mobile kitchen which has a strange fascination for people, and the royal family were no exceptions.

"I always wonder how you manage to prepare such banquets in this tiny space, chef," the Queen once said, smiling, as she peeped round the kitchen door.

And I recall one occasion when I was bent over, basting a joint, my head in the oven, when I felt Bob Mason prodding me with his toe. I straightened up and turned—and there, in the narrow entrance to the kitchen, both of them grinning at the broad expanse of check trousers I had been exposing, were the Queen and Prince Philip.

But the kitchen was my kingdom, and I was monarch of the eating arrangements. I made it a rule that breakfast was served at nine, lunch at one and dinner at eight—not a second late and not a moment before. There was one occasion, just before my retirement, when the sergeant footman popped his head round the door to tell me that the Queen was ready for lunch.

Surprised, I looked at my watch. It was only seven minutes to one.

"I can't cook to odd times like that," I said. "Lunch is scheduled for one, and one it will be."

"I'll tell the Queen," he said, grinning. And he did.

But all the Queen did was look at Prince Philip and say, "I'm afraid we're being too impatient. My watch must be wrong."

On one occasion, though, I did have to bring a meal forward a few minutes. That was the time the Queen's father, the late King George VI, sent a last-minute message to the kitchen that dinner was to be served fifteen minutes early.

"It can't be done," I said.

"It must," said the sergeant footman.

I checked the meal over. "Five minutes early at most," I said.

And five minutes early it was. Later I found out the reason for the change in time. The Queen Mother (then the Queen) had got a speck of grit in her eye as the train steamed out and was suffering considerable discomfort. The king had sent word for an eye specialist to be waiting at Rugby to examine her, and he wanted dinner over before we got there.

The present Queen's father was a real stickler for punctuality. He ate the same meal—plain omelet and bacon—for breakfast every morning rather than order something else and risk being kept waiting. For him, meals had to be cooked to perfection and served on the dot, and

NEXT WEEK

RICHARD NIXON: THE MYSTERY AND THE MAN

By STEWART ALSOP

A Post Editor's Portrait, Together With:

NIXON ON NIXON

The Vice President's Estimate of Himself, in His Own Words

Our Days of Horror

Plane-Crash Ordeal of a Husband and Wife

IN COLOR:

REQUIEM FOR A NOBLE ENGINE

Last Days of the American Windmill

Central Park, N.Y.

I MARRIED MURDER

A New Serial of Suspense by Edwin Lanham

The New Weapons Against Cancer

By Steven M. Spencer

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Princess Margaret's trick of strolling in for a meal any time up to twenty-five minutes late had him in despair.

It was in the old king's day that I had one of my most trying experiences as a royal chef. We were returning from Balmoral Castle to Buckingham Palace, leaving Scotland just before dinner and, for once, the consommé had been ordered from a hotel in Glasgow. Imagine my horror, upon examining the consommé as the train pulled out, to find it was dark! I knew I could not possibly serve it to the king. George VI insisted on his consommé being a clear golden yellow.

"Throw this out," I said to my assistant, and into the stockpot went the bone from a loin of beef and a chicken carcass, with tomatoes to provide the necessary saffron coloring. I am pleased to say that there were no complaints from the royal dining car when the consommé was strained and served.

On one other occasion when things went wrong—again on the Balmoral-London run—it was Queen Elizabeth II who nearly suffered. The footman had already started serving dinner in the royal dining car when my assistant suddenly turned to me, his face as white as his apron.

"Charlie," he gasped, "I've forgotten to do any potatoes, and they've already started on the hors d'oeuvres."

Quickly I whipped a pan of fat onto the stove, grabbed a couple of potatoes, diced them as finely as I knew how and threw them in. I rushed them onto a silver dish with some chopped parsley and had them on the dining table with only seconds to spare.

Neither the Queen nor Prince Philip ever took dessert with dinner. Instead, they preferred mushrooms or sardines on toast or Scotch woodcock—a savory of scrambled eggs on toast with anchovy fillets and capers.

A typical royal dinner started with hors d'oeuvres, and I could ring the changes on these almost indefinitely . . . egg mayonnaise, smoked salmon, anchovies, minced chicken, lobster, chopped onions, celery and apple, tomato salad, salami stuffed with olives.

From the following recipe, I prepared one of the royal family's favorite hors d'oeuvres:

One teaspoon of finely chopped onion mixed into four tablespoons of cooked, diced potatoes. Stir in the yolk of one egg, ½ teaspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon salad oil, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, salt and pepper. Toss well together, then stir in 1 tablespoon salad cream. Pile in dish and garnish with prepared shrimps.

After the hors d'oeuvres, the Queen usually went straight on to the main course, perhaps *tournedos bouquetier*—fillets of steak served with spoonfuls of various vegetables, not forgetting the Queen's favorite glazed button onions. Instead of steak, she might have saddle of lamb or *escalope* of veal. Then came the savory, followed by fresh fruit—peaches, grapes, pears, oranges, apples and bananas.

Tournedos bouquetier calls for 1½ pounds of beef fillet and two ounces of butter, half a small cauliflower, three large carrots, one small packet of frozen green peas, a similar packet of runner beans, two or three tomatoes, half a pound of button onions and, for the gravy, one dessertspoon plain flour, ½ pint meat stock or water from cooked vegetables, salt and pepper.

Cut the beef fillet across the grain into five or six slices, form into rounds, trim if necessary, then tie with thin string to keep the *tournedos* in shape while cooking. Wash the cauliflower and divide into sprigs. Peel the carrots and cut into small, neat pieces. Stand cauliflower and carrots in cold water until required. Halve the tomatoes. Keep the peas and beans cold.

Allow about fifteen minutes to cook the cauliflower and carrots in separate pans of boiling, salted water. Cook the peas and beans according to the packet directions. Drain the vegetables when cooked, but keep about one half pint of cauliflower and carrot water for gravy if not using meat stock. Toss carrots into a little melted butter before serving. Grill tomatoes.

While the vegetables are cooking, heat the butter in a strong frying pan. When sizzling hot, put in the *tournedos* and cook over a moderate heat for five to seven minutes on each side, according to thickness. Remove from pan when cooked and cut off string. Arrange down center of hot dish and keep hot while making gravy.

The button onions are peeled, boiled for 2-3 minutes to blanch them, strained, and then fried in butter to a golden brown.

To make the gravy, pour the excess fat from the pan, stir flour into the remaining meat juices, cook for a minute or two to brown, then stir in stock or vegetable liquor and cook, still stirring, for two or three minutes until smooth. Season to taste.

To serve, arrange alternate piles of onions, carrots, peas and beans around the *tournedos* on a large meat dish. Intersperse the other vegetables with cauliflower sprigs and tomato halves.

Ice cream is never served at royal meals, not even to the children. The Queen does not regard it as suitable. Instead, I would sometimes make the royal children banana condé, which requires two tablespoons of washed rice, 1 pint milk, an egg, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, few drops vanilla essence, three bananas, three tablespoons apricot jam, 1 tablespoon finely grated chocolate and some glacé cherries.

The rice is stirred into milk in the top of a double saucepan. Cook slowly, with water in the bottom half of the pan, for about twenty-five minutes, until the rice is cooked and the mixture thick and creamy. Stir in the lightly beaten egg and sugar. Leave to cool, then flavor with vanilla. Divide the mixture among four individual dishes, arranging sliced bananas round the edge of the dishes. Heat the apricot jam and pour in the center to cover the rice; then sprinkle with chocolate and chopped cherries.

It was just before I retired that Prince Charles, growing big and sturdy, had his first meal with his parents aboard the royal train. Previously, when traveling, the royal children had always eaten separately with their governess.

Charles gravitated to the grownups' table the day his parents took him to start his career at Cheam, Prince Philip's old school. The young prince, probably worried about the new strange world of boyhood which he was now entering for the first time, ate less than usual that day, I noticed, and seemed considerably subdued.

Not that Prince Charles is ever very boisterous. He is always quiet, polite and reticent. Princess Anne, too, is almost frighteningly polite by ordinary standards, but no one could accuse her of being subdued or reticent. The two children are as different as chalk is from cheese.

The pair of them came scampering into the kitchen one evening when I was busy preparing roast pheasant and French-fried potatoes for the royal dining table.

"Ah, there's something I like," said Anne, her blue eyes twinkling with mischief, and, without so much as a by-your-leave, she stretched out a hand to help herself to the French fries.

Young Charles frowned at her disapprovingly. Then he looked at me wistfully. "Could I have one, too, please, chef?"

The first meals I ever prepared for Charles and Anne on the royal train were babies' bottles. Now, for breakfast, they eat grapefruit followed by mixed grill and bacon and eggs, not forgetting the fried bread, of which Prince Charles is particularly fond.

One of the young prince's favorite dishes is savory scrambled eggs. For these, I fry two good-sized mushrooms with a teaspoonful of chopped onion, a teaspoonful of chopped ham or bacon and a little chopped parsley, all well seasoned. Then I make scrambled egg in the usual way, serving it on rounds of fried bread with the fried mixture surrounding it. For the rest of the royal family, I substituted buttered toast for the fried bread.

Every morning after breakfast the royal children would come through to the kitchen and say, "Thank you, chef, for a lovely meal." There was only one time when they forgot. That morning, eager to get on with some childish game, they scampered away through the train without coming to thank me. It didn't worry me, but to their governess it was a serious omission.

"Charles, Anne," I heard her call after them. "Come back at once. What have you forgotten?"

Crestfallen they wandered back, trooped into the kitchen, gabbled their thanks and then scuttled quickly off to their game.

Prince Charles has inherited his father's keen interest in what makes things tick. Whenever he came into the kitchen, he wanted to know the whys and wherefores of what I was doing. Princess Anne is less serious, more high-spirited, always looking for a laugh out of life. Her questions were quite different. "Do you ever drop any eggs, chef?" she once asked—rather hopefully, I thought.

My twelve years on the royal train gave me many little behind-the-scenes glimpses of royalty. I knew that Prince Philip—Lieutenant Mountbatten, as he then was—was courting the then Princess Elizabeth long before it ever got into the newspapers. I saw something of the way they laughed, teased and looked at each other while traveling together. And I shall never forget the time I heard the Queen Mother call out to them, "Now, you two, stop kicking each other under the table and behave properly."

Another young man I saw a lot of on the royal train at one time was a polite, courteous, quiet-spoken ex-fighter pilot named Peter Townsend. The occasional glimpses I caught of him and Princess Margaret revealed only too clearly the deep feeling there was between them—though only an infrequent unguarded look ever betrayed them. Most of the staff of the royal train hoped that the two of them would marry, as they were so well suited in so many respects.

Yes, I have seen Princess Margaret with the light of love glowing in her blue eyes, and the future King Charles III sucking hard on a bottle I had prepared for him. I have seen Queen Elizabeth II in all her moods—gay, thoughtful, wistful, but mostly gay. For she is, away from the public gaze, a lot more lighthearted than the seriousness of her features usually indicates.

Last autumn I made my last run as chef on the royal train. The Queen was returning to Scotland after leaving Prince Charles to start his new life as a boarder at Cheam School, and that night I prepared the meal of my life—fillet of beef surrounded by shoestring potatoes, asparagus tips, cucumber and stuffed tomatoes. It was a dish as colorful as any picture in the Louvre, a symphony in gold and green and red and brown.

After dinner that night—September 23, 1957—the Queen and Prince Philip appeared unexpectedly at the entrance to my tiny kitchen. "We've brought you something to remember us by, chef," said Prince Philip, grinning.

I wiped my hands on my apron and took the large envelope he held out to me. Inside, when I opened it, was a portrait of the two of them, with Charles and Anne. Below the portrait were the signatures "Elizabeth" and "Philip."

"Thank you, Your Royal Highness," I managed to stammer.

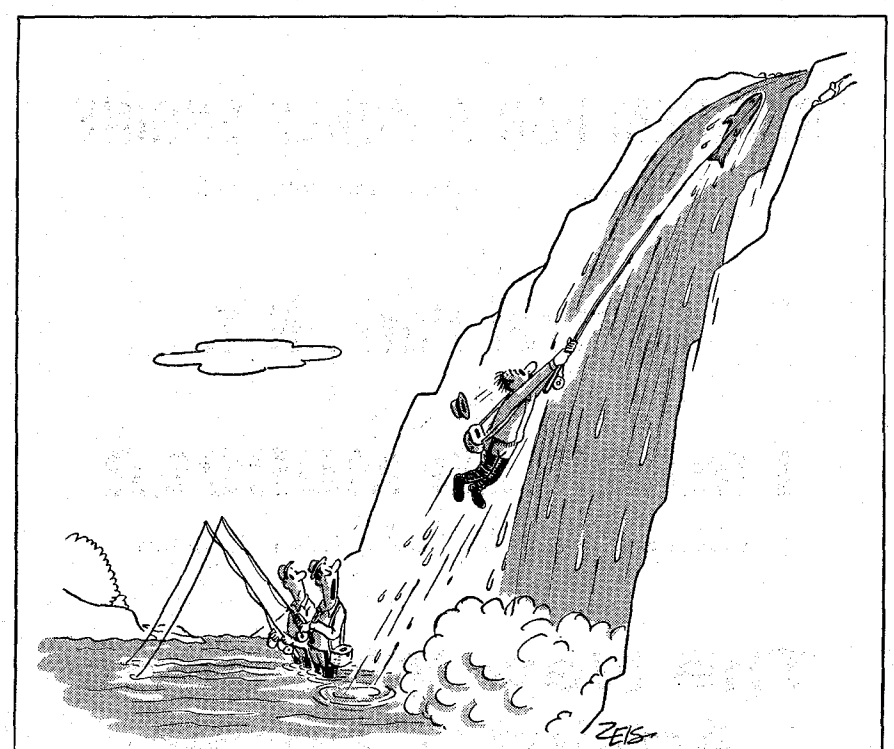
"And here is a little present from me," said the Queen.

She handed me a pair of gold cuff links engraved with her royal monogram, E.R.

"Thank you, Your Majesty," I said.

The Duke grinned more broadly than ever. "It is we who should thank you, chef," he said characteristically.

THE END



"Tom seems to be getting some action."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Today's Active People

go for the *Light* refreshment

THE MODERN sun-lover loves—and follows—the modern trend toward lighter, less-filling food and drink. And the results are astonishingly slim, trim and beautiful.

Pepsi-Cola, of course, is the favored refreshment here. Today's Pepsi is never heavy, never too sweet. Reduced in calories, it refreshes without filling. Have a Pepsi—the modern, the *light* refreshment.

PEPSI-COLA

"Pepsi, please"

to refresh without filling

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Girl Stealer (Continued from Page 27)

offing. "Fat and ugly as ever, and smoking the same cigar." We shook hands. He asked me, "Are you still nursing that warrant, chief?"

"Charge withdrawn," I told him. "I'm glad to see you, Burdett."

And I was. Even when he'd been the No. 1 thorn in my flesh, I'd thought better of Billy than of certain others—like Vince Morant, for instance. The redhead's broils had been the sort that stem from the Irish heart and the overquick fist. Girls weren't involved in them.

"We've had it peaceful since you left us," I said to Billy. "Let's just keep things that way, eh?"

"Sure, chief. Sure." But he spoke absently, looking past me. The change on his dark-burned face, the sudden widening of his green eyes, puzzled me till I caught the direction of his stare.

"Well, now," he said softly. "So my girl made it. Little Miss Cedar Valley. You know, I always figured I'd see her up there one day."

Jule Tanner was another of those who'd added gray hairs to my head. She was turned eighteen, a slim honey blonde with her own car and already a couple of magistrates' endorsements on her license. She was spoiled, she was willful, she was every bit as stubborn as her father, Bruce Tanner, Samiston's perennial mayor and top brass of Crown Lake Forest Products. And lovely. It stayed one of our unexplained mysteries how Tanner had ever sired anything half that lovely. Her maids were the prettiest in the valley, but alongside Jule they didn't signify. That girl was silk, she was honey, she was young Salome gazing down at Billy Burdett with her sea-gray eyes, contemplating a new head for the platter.

To a small-town chief constable who likes peace in his parish, it was worry enough that Vince Morant should be stalking her.

"Now look, Burdett," I said. "If you're entertaining any notions there, forget them. Jule's not your girl, she never was, and she won't be. She hangs too high on the tree for the likes of you."

"Top apple, huh?" Bruce Tanner was bellowing Billy's name over the public address—putting a bite into it as if he'd seen what I'd glimpsed and liked it no better. Billy, turning away, gave me his lazy grin. "They claim the high ones are the sweetest, chief. Me, I'm a catty climber."

He drew no more than a courtesy hand as he sauntered toward the tree. Billy was a local product, and the town had forgiven him his juvenile monkeyshines. But it was plain nothing was expected of him except maybe to get up that hundred-sixty-foot spar, and down it, in one piece.

Billy flipped his belt line around the fir butt. The starter's gun slammed and he started up. In seconds, I knew we'd guessed wrong—that none of the glamour boys from Sooke and Franklin River and Longview had touched the time Billy Burdett was clocking.

So high in air his head looked no more than a woodpecker's flaming topknot, he slipped his line and swung straight on over the guywire crown. He did a handstand on the top. A woman in the crowd started screaming. The hot wind blew and the spar swayed and Billy swayed with it; and that woman kept right on screeching.

In contest climbing, a highrigger drops down his tree in a series of the darnedest jumps you ever saw. Skulls and backs have been broken in those second-shaving falls, and legs in plenty. I had never seen any spar jumped as that one was, so fast and so recklessly. Even with time deducted for his grandstand play, Billy walked off with the keys to a hardtop in his stag pants, and the champion's silver-mounted belt aswing in his hand.

He didn't walk far. Not bothering even to shuck his irons, he swaggered to where Miss Cedar Valley watched with her attendants. He mounted the stand, spurs crunching, and with a rigger's flip and a quick half hitch, he cinched the glittering belt around her.

"Think that'll hold?" I heard him say.

I stared, with an almost creepy feeling that those two were alone on top of the world in this moment. All alone, with a big wind blowing. Jule smiled at him. She did more than that. She put her arms around him and, with the crowd cheering and Vince Morant glowering and her father strangling the mike in his fist, she reached up and kissed Billy Burdett on the mouth.

I put that moment of melodrama behind me, shifting my car out of there, heading back for town. When I saw Billy next, some few hours later in the Lotus Café on Water Street, I knew the wind I'd felt had, for him at least, been no passing gust.

About eight o'clock, that was. Most times I take my evening coffee break at the Chinaman's counter, but I caught a flash of heartwood-colored hair in the end booth, and strolled down with my cup.

Billy Burdett sat there alone, cold sober, staring at his hands on the table top.

"A good show, kid," I said to him. "The first part, anyhow."

He said, not looking up, "Mother Machree, will you kindly go to hell?"

I settled opposite him. He'd had the air of a man, briefly, in front of the crowd, but I found myself revising my estimate now. A boy still—and one I suspected had taken a bruising fall.

"Spit it out," I told him. "Get rid of it." And when he didn't answer, "I warned you, Burdett. That top apple hangs pretty high."

He was wearing a sharp suit, a light gabardine, expensive, but by no means conservative. His tie was a hand-painted job, his silk shirt must have set him back a day of highrigger's pay, and the hat on the hook was the sort gambling men used to sport before that trade-mark became too conspicuous. He did look up then, the green eyes somber, the toughly handsome brown face almost haggard.

"All right," he said harshly. "I'll tell you, for laughs. I could do it better with a quart under my belt."

I lit my cigar, the last of my day's ration, and sat studying him while my coffee cooled and his bitter voice ran on.

"I called at her house, chief. I parked that yellow dreamboat at the curb and I climbed the steps and rang the bell. I was no fungo, no dirty-neck punk. My shoes were shined and you could see your face in my intentions. I don't ask you to believe this, but I'd take her out and I'd bring her home, and I wouldn't lay a hand on Miss Cedar Valley except in the course of dancing.

"Her old lady, her stepmother, answered when I rang. She looked at me, the frozen-face witch. Just looked at me. She knew who I was, the whole town knew Billy Burdett. I asked for Jule with my hat in my hand, and she still looked at me. Then she said, 'Are you sure you have the right address, Mr. Burdett? And the right street?'"

Billy fumbled for cigarettes. The fingers that held the match were not steady.

"Oh, she trimmed me to size. One slash did it. I turned and went down the steps, and I wasn't top man any more. I was a tame ape strayed off the skid road, a monkey on a stick. I was right back where I'd started, the Burdett creep with the patched butt and no quarter for the movies."

It had been like that with him. He'd been what they call a Barnardo Boy, an orphan sent out from the Old Country by an organization that rescues such. The folks he'd landed with, natural skinflints, had used him poorly. What money he saw in those years he earned by odd-jobbing around Samiston after school and on Saturdays, and there was no evidence the MacGavins allowed him to keep his take. None, that is, till he was a lot too big for old Mac to handle. Life didn't hold much for Billy Burdett till he took off for the logging woods at the ripe age of sixteen, leaving a Grade Nine teacher with a bent nose and a broken rib, and me with that assault charge which was never pressed.

There was plenty I could have said to him now. I should have been relieved, and in a way I suppose I was. But his ruckuses with me had always been the straightforward kind, and I liked him and was sorry for him. As it happened, I got no chance to say anything.

He was looking past me with a tensing of his shoulders and a quick widening of his eyes. I turned, and Jule Tanner stood in the doorway, the blue night behind her. She was fixed for dancing. Pale blue party dress, silver sandals. She wore a fur jacket with a little stand-up collar, and she came to us as if she moved to music, a sight to set a young man dreaming and an old cop to sighing for his youth.

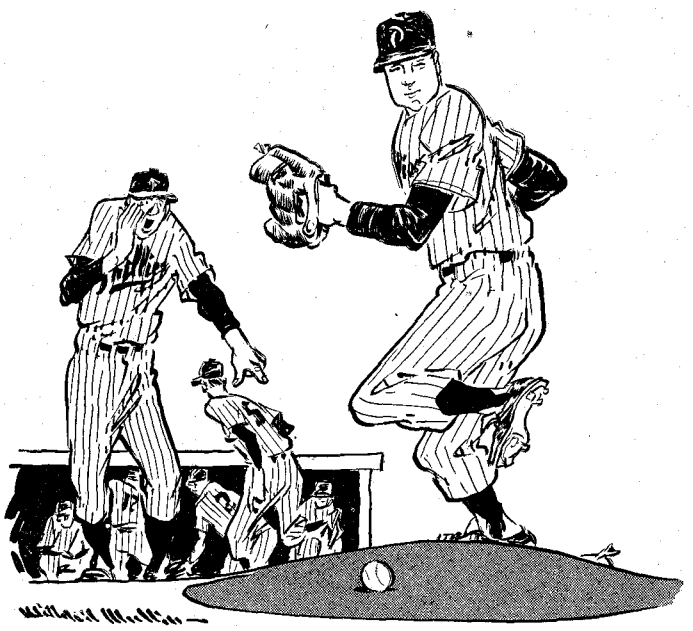
"It was the right street, Billy," she said softly, "and the right address."

He got up and stepped out of the booth. I saw them in the doorway, the big logger in the flashy suit and the slender, fair girl with her hand light on his arm. A minute or so later, I heard a car start and pull away.

Billy had left his cigarette burning. I scowled at it, seeing the coal as a twenty-foot bonfire, till it toppled off the ash tray. Then I stubbed it and headed back for the station, where my constable already had the first of the Community Day drunks in our lockup.

I'd been there perhaps ten minutes when my phone cut loose. It was Bruce Tanner, and he was roaring mad, so burned there was no use or point in trying to reason with him.

"You fetch her home, Kelsey!" he wound up, and it was no request, but an



So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

In certain appeal plays, the defense must claim a "fourth out" to prevent illegal runs from counting. This occurs when, with a choice of two players who fail to tag up, the third out is made on the wrong one.

For example, say Pittsburgh and Philadelphia are in a 2–2 tie. The Pirates bat in the top of the ninth. With one out, Bob Skinner is on second and Gene Freese on first. Hank Foiles drives the ball deep into right-center field. The runners are off instantly.

Skinner scores and heads for the bench. Suddenly Richie Ashburn electrifies the crowd with a great over-the-shoulder catch. Skinner makes no effort to return to second, but Freese scoots back to first. The ball is relayed ahead of him for the third out.

All the Phils except Ashburn crowd into the home dugout. Then their manager realizes that Skinner's run will count unless nullified. He shouts to Ashburn, now near the mound, to take the ball reposing there, tag second, and appeal to the umpire to call Skinner out for leaving the base too soon.

Ashburn complies. This is the "fourth out" play.

But if you were umpiring, what would you do about the appeal?

See page 79 for answer.

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order. "And you run that hoodlum out of this town!"

"I'll do what I can, Mayor Tanner ——" I began, but his rough voice bulldozed across me.

"You do it, Kelsey! I've felt for some time you're a luxury we can manage without. The RCMP would police Samiston cheaper and a sight better. You break that up, hear?"

The receiver crashed in my ear. We're about the last of the provincial towns to keep our own local force, and at sixty-plus, a cop doesn't too easily find another berth. I got in the patrol car and set out to locate the pair, and I knew where to look. One reason the youngsters call me Mother Machree is that I've learned—starting with their own mothers and fathers—exactly where a touch of siren and a flick of the spotlight may make the difference between a white wedding and a shotgun-type job. A time or two, later on, the kids have even thanked me.

I worked the usual haunts, but failed to spot Billy's car in any of them. Finally I dropped down Circle Hill and out along the Misery Landing road, and at a dine-and-dance called the Miramar I got my first lead.

"That's right, chief," the owner told me. "They were here. Matter of fact, I was scared we were in for trouble. Vince Morant and a few of his crowd tried to start something."

"So?"

"No panic. Burdett surprised me. He wouldn't play along; he and Jule drove off."

I wheeled on out to the juke joint at the Landing; then, a few minutes after eleven o'clock, started back up Circle Hill. On the lookout runaround, parked in the open, I spotted Billy's hardtop. No need for my spotlight routine; they were out of the car, watching a moonlit sea. I heard their voices, quietly murmuring, and when they turned, I knew his worship, the mayor, could have spared his blood pressure.

"Mother Machree," Jule greeted me, with laughter in her light voice. "Bless you and keep you, chief. If I come quietly, do I get to work the siren?"

Had I known, then, the ride Miss Cedar Valley would one night take in my beat-out old patrol car, she would have gone down off Circle Hill with her hands cuffed to the back-seat rail. I'm no seventh son, though, and more's my sorrow.

I said to them, "Give me a break, you two. I'm a tired old man with the world on my neck. Go home, will you?" And to Billy, "Drop by my office when you've told her good night." . . .

Billy showed up, as I'd expected him to. He settled himself on a corner of my desk with his hat tipped back. I said to him—liking the boy a lot in that moment—"Well?"

"Very well. I'll save time, chief. I told you how I meant it to be, and that's the way we played it." His smile flashed, he pushed his hat farther back on the bright hair. "O.K., O.K., maybe not quite how, but close enough. And whose business is that?"

"I'm not sure," I said to him. "I wish I were."

He was twenty years old, a boy with his head in a sackful of stars. I broke doctor's orders, kindled another cigar and sat back in my chair while Billy talked.

"I'm going to marry her, chief." He drove the words at me, flat and hard. "She always was the one. I knew it in a dim kind of way when I took care of that cradle-snatching Romeo at the school. Today clinched it. Her folks can't change it. You can't. Nobody can."

I tried to get a word in there, but his frown and the swift flip of his hand checked me.

"Not in a hurry. Don't read us wrong! Not to shack up in some logging-camp married quarters in the slash. She'll have a home as good as her people's or close enough so it won't matter. Church wedding—Jule wants that. Honeymoon south, everything by the book."

He was a boy with a fire burning in him, his eyes strange, his Irish riding high. "Two years," he said. "At the outside, three. And with her old man's permission, if I have to clout it out of him."

Billy rocked away from my desk. He stood smiling, boy and man in a curious blend, big in the shoulder and flat in the belly, toughly assured, and too young.

"I'm asking a couple of favors, chief. Maybe I lack the right, the headaches I used to rig for you. But I'd like you to sell my prize car and bank me the dough. When the day comes, I want you for my best man. Right now, I could use a police car behind me for a couple miles out of town. Seems Vince Morant got stood up for the Community Day dance. I'd sooner not start by treeing that tomcat."

Vince Morant—he'll be Morant Construction Company when his father moves over—would never call Billy Burdett out alone. He tagged us with a carload of aides, and I judged they'd boosted their bravery with a dip into the snakeroom at Forty-mile House.

But they didn't follow far. I dropped behind at the foot of Circle Hill with a bleat of the hooter, and watched the taillights of Billy's jeep dwindle north.

Next day I ran into Jule on the street.

"This true?" I asked the girl. "What he tells me?"

She nodded, her gray eyes bright, her face flushing, and she looked prettier even than she had with the gilt-and rhinestone crown on her hair.

"It's true," Jule said, not flip with me as she usually was, but soberly, as if overnight she'd changed from young girl to woman. "We mean to keep it true. Don't worry about us, chief."

There were things I could have said to Miss Cedar Valley, but what use? Anyway, my wife and I had married young, forty years ago when I was a kid constable in the old British Columbia Provincials. She'd gone north with me to the back of beyond, she'd borne our son with a moccasin princess for midwife and the trees outside the cabin crackling in fifty-degree cold. Long dead now, and our boy God's soldier, lost at Dieppe. But it had worked out well for us, mighty well.

"Good luck," I said to her. "Play it straight and I'm on your side, Jule."

She crossed the water for her sophomore year at University of British Columbia soon after, and I didn't see either of them again till late November, when Billy Burdett blew into my office and started unloading his pockets on my desk.

"Hell's bells, boy!" I asked him, gaping. "Which bank have you robbed?"

"No bank," he told me with the lazy grin. "Just work, chief. Real hard work. Take care of it for me, will you? I have a man to see."

"About what?"

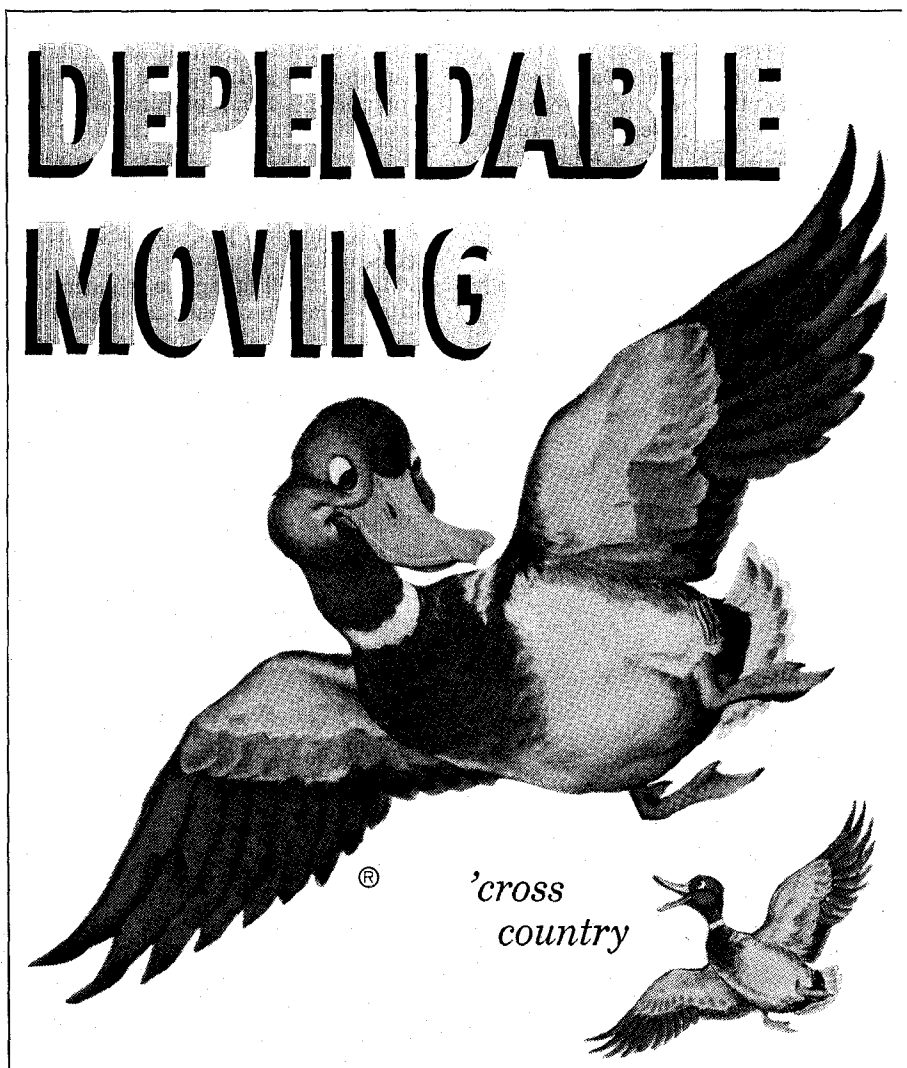
"Our Christmas present," he said. "Jule's and mine. We're buying it early. This time tomorrow I'll be a boss logger."

He steamed out, leaving more cash money atop my desk than my job pays in two years. As it reached me on the grapevine that same morning, Billy had worked up a three-month stake in the woods, boomed it with camp blackjack; then, when he had his ante, come down and raided the big weekend game at Forty-mile. They let him in, seasoned and well-heeled regulars thinking to teach a pup his manners for the price of his hide. But Billy's luck was still high. He walked out two nights and a day later, on a busted crowd.

The day after he called on me, I heard he'd taken over a gypo, a small-time logging outfit in the foothills, along with a contract to clean up a corner of the old Hamatsa Timber Company claim in territory that would sweat a mountain goat.

Christmas Eve brings me a good portion of my year's smokables. I looked in at the Miramar, done up for the holiday in evergreen and tired streamers, and was about to leave with another box of cigars for my loot chest when I saw Billy and Jule slow waltzing in the dimmest corner. They were cheek to cheek, and I knew the rackety band and the hard-used floor didn't matter to them. They noticed me, too, after a while, and threaded their way through the clutter. I watched them come toward me, and I liked what I saw.

The last dance I'd stumbled through was a stomp-and-swing thirty years ago out of Fort St. John, but when the music resumed I nodded to Billy and took his



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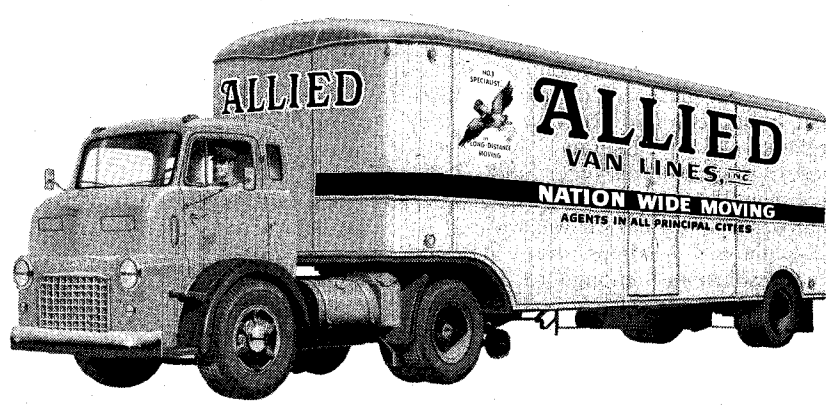

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girl away from him. She guarded her feet well, and she was as light in my arms as a drifting feather.

"Grab him," I told her. "Take him home, keep after your dad till you get his O.K. Then marry the boy quick. You're too young, but you'll make do together."

"And we won't apart, chief?" She was smiling dreamy-eyed over my shoulder—I knew at whom—and her cheek was warm velvet.

"Not for long," I told her, still trying to gear my feet to the choppy music. "Listen to me, kid. Your fellow's in trouble. He don't know it yet, but he is. If you want it to last, do as I say."

"It will last." Someone was tapping my shoulder, but she stayed in my arm. "I want another year of university at least. And I want to leave him free; he has enough to handle for a while without a wife." Her lips brushed my cheek. "We'll make it. Stop worrying, Mother Machree, darling."

I surrendered her then, to Vince Morant. For a moment I stood by Billy, where he lounged smiling and easy.

"You know, chief," he said to me, "I could be sorry for that dude. Almost."

I wished him Merry Christmas and left them happy there. The Miramar owner had played it chippy this time. Those cigars he'd slipped me were a real cheap brand.

What smashed it? I had that over with myself later, but could reach no easy answer. Not Bruce Tanner. He'd tried hard for a while, then quit trying, and at that point I had begun to read the writing on the wall. Jule's dad was a smart operator; he knew what Billy Burdett was up against. Haywire rigging. A shaky old pot of a donkey engine forever breaking down, a truck that needed new tires all round. Snow that forced a three-week closure. The kind of labor a shoestring outfit has to make do with, and this in side-hill going where the best of men and gear are none too good.

And paper work—Jule tried hard to help him with that, weekends and by letter from college. The tough contract he'd snatched at so brashly dragged heavier each week. By mid-February his working capital was milked dry, he was desperate for cash and he couldn't raise even enough to meet a payroll as small as his.

The Irish temperament that flared his hopes too high and made his depressions too black worked against the boy. If they'd married he'd have had his girl there to steady him, and probably Bruce Tanner would have grudged out some help for his daughter's sake. That could have made the difference. But he was on his own; Jule wasn't there.

I don't like to remember it, I won't linger on it. The last week of February, the mountain road a running creek and Billy played out from work and strain and worry, he drowsed at the wheel of his truck, waking to jump a split second before his loaded rig looped five hundred feet into Hamatsa Canyon.

That finished him. He left his grandiose hopes there and, getting drunker at each way station, he hitched into Samiston. By bad luck, I missed him. He blundered out to the Tanner place, and it's an easy guess what happened. Jule was home for the weekend. If her assurance had been deeper, if she'd been older, she might have handled matters. But she'd seen what was shaping and she was worried—sick-frightened—perhaps even at that point disillusioned enough to convince herself she wanted out.

It was worse than a quarrel. Jule's stepmother was there, of course, icily hostile, as she had been from the start. The capper came when Bruce Tanner bulled in on them with his loud mouth flapping an "I told you so!" Whatever chance those kids might have had was gone.

The Chinaman phoned me from the Lotus. I picked Billy up and dumped him in my room at the Seaview Hotel. That was late Saturday afternoon. When I checked in at six next morning with blood soaking my coat and shirt, Billy was gone and I had worse to occupy my thoughts than the troubles of a busted dreamer.

As I pieced it together, they'd planned to go dancing, a date made two weeks before they broke up. Jule went—still hurt, still redhot angry—but with Vince Morant. That one had been hanging around, watching and waiting.

They spent an hour at the Miramar. They touched at Forty-mile, where Morant took on a couple of drinks while Jule stayed in the car. She was scared, I think, at this point in her Saturday night, seeing her escort in a clearer light, realizing precisely how much he had read into her spell as Billy Burdett's girl, and what he expected of her.

Morant—still fitting the fragments together—must have been a disappointed and angry man when, sometime between two and two-thirty, he slammed his car, on rain-slick blacktop, into the Circle Hill corkscrew. Half a mile above the straightaway, on the second-last twist, they skidded into the second growth.

I was the one who found them. I'd had another of those calls from his worship, the mayor, and had set out again to play Mother Machree.

"Lend a hand," I remember ordering Morant, him jammed back of the wheel, but, as far as I could gather, unhurt. "Help me with her."

His answer, I'll never forget.

"The hell with her!" he snarled at me. "Get me out of here!"

So Miss Cedar Valley got to ride in my patrol car, but with her ruined face running blood on my shoulder, and me working the siren. The ambulance met us two miles from Samiston. I saw Jule transferred, and followed on in, sick and sorrowful beyond anger, Morant huddled sullenly in the back seat. His night out would cost him no more than a reckless-driving count. As for Jule, she'd live. But the windshield had done its work. She was no longer silk and honey and young Salome; she'd never be Miss Cedar Valley again.

I should have gone after Billy Burdett, locked him up on a holding charge before the word reached him. Monday night, still in the frayed work clothes he hadn't shed in three days, he caught up with Vince Morant at Forty-mile. Morant had a pal with him. The friend was not tough, although he believed himself so until a smashed jaw convinced him otherwise. Billy cornered Morant like an escaping rat, dragged him into the parking area and pinned him against a car. The man was big, heavy and well conditioned, but it was no fight. Even the Forty-mile crowd was sickened at last. They closed on the human hurricane of rage and hate and grief, and hauled him away. Billy Burdett didn't feed Morant the calks. But the face of the man he left senseless and slobbering in the bloodied gravel was no sight to charm any girl.

Assault causing grievous bodily harm was the charge. The judge found extenuating circumstances, otherwise my guess is that Billy would have drawn a much stiffer term than six months in a mainland prison.

I hadn't much heart for our Community Day doings that year, so I let the other half of our Samiston police force take the fairgrounds duty. Around two o'clock he checked in with a noisy drunk.

"Burdett must have behaved himself," my constable told me after he had put his man to cool. "Figured he wouldn't be loose till September."

"You mean he's out there?"

"Large as life."

"Jule Tanner?"

"Hell, chief!" This was a young cop, and the young ones can be ruthless. "You wouldn't expect that dog to show, would you?"

Our patrol car was out front. I drove fast to the Tanner house on the hill, found Jule around back in a lawn chair. For a moment I thought the girl was asleep, then I saw that her eyes were open.

She wore a yellow sunsuit, and her body was lovely. Circle Hill had left her that. I said to her, "Go in and get dressed. I'm taking you to the fairgrounds."

"I've had a number of complaints from our stenographers, Fielding."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Jule shook her head. "Thanks, chief. I thought I'd skip it."

"He didn't," I told her. "Now, will you get dressed?"

The book she was holding slid from her fingers. The scars stood cruel against a white face. "I can't," she said to me, almost whispering. "Mother Machree, I can't!"

"You can," I told her, "and you will."

She rose like a sleepwalker and went inside. When she came out she was wearing a white halter-neck dress and white pumps, and had done something to her hair. We drove down through my empty parish and out along the river road, homing on the spar tree that jutted high over the fairgrounds.

Bruce Tanner wasn't handling the public address this year, a job he'd always loved. I located him off to the side and took Jule to him, her hand easy on my arm, but the tension coming through to me. For her, I knew, for the girl who had once been lovely, this was an afternoon stroll in hell. She didn't speak to her father, and I wondered, sweating beside them in the windy heat, whether those two had established any kind of peace.

The Franklin River entry dropped down the tree while the crowd yelled. His time was better than good. The squawk box brayed a name, and I saw Billy Burdett at last, the heartwood hair and the wide shoulders, the rigger's belt heavy on his hips.

He didn't glance toward the stand where this year's queen and her attendants made a summer bouquet. Billy trudged out to the tree, cinched his belt line and took off at the gun.

Nobody cheered him. He went up fast. No handstand at the top this time, no bucko play. But he dropped down that spar as if he had no use for his life, the bark dusk chunking from under his spurs, the belt complaining at each muscle-wrenching jolt, the crowd watching in a silence grown eerie. He hit the deck in a last long drop. The timers put their heads together. Seconds later, the silence shattered as the crowd cut loose.

Billy took the new, silver-heavy champion's belt and clumped toward us, while I watched and wondered. Miss Cedar Valley, a pretty brunette this year, drew from him only a nod. He passed the stand, the swagger coming into his walk, his head high, carrying himself like a man who has found his pride again, and is hunting for more than pride.

Unhurrying, he came to Jule. I saw him flip the champion's belt around her waist. He knotted it very carefully.

"A square knot this time," he said to her. "Will it hold?"

She looked at him, a long, steady gaze, and they were alone again there, on top of the world with that same big wind blowing.

"It will hold, Billy," she told him, and stepped into his arms, and reached up and kissed him.

Bruce Tanner had been through his own rough time. And, too, he was a shrewd operator, wise enough to know he faced something he couldn't lick.

"You see you take good care of her," he said in a gruff yielding.

"Count on it," Billy answered him, and the smile was there, but the face was a man's; the boy had grown up. He said to Jule, gently, "Coming, Miss Universe?" and they left the fairgrounds together, the big redhead and the slim girl who moved at his side as if to a secret song.

The log-bucking contest had already started. Bruce Tanner offered me a cigar—a good one sealed in a plastic case. I took it and thanked him, but lit one of my own. The perfecto I'd save for my coffee at the Chinaman's counter.

THE END

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The Mystery of Matter

(Continued from Page 16)

to physics. If these consequences are hard to describe, that is because they involve things that will happen in the future: human choice and decision and motivation, and the tangled institutions of our economic and political world. Weapons can be described without reference to the physics or the mathematics or the chemistry that goes into them. If they are hard to describe, it is for the same reasons, and the further reason that essential things are often kept secret.

Scientists seek new truth about the world; but science has traits in common with other human activities. It has its long cumulative experience, the present building on the past, the future resting on the present. It has its record of error, astonishment, invention and understanding that, taken as a whole, constitutes its tradition. These largely separate traditions are as essential to an understanding of a part of biology or astronomy or physics as is our general human tradition to the existence of civilized human life and intercourse among us. All of us in our years of learning, many if not most of us throughout our lives, need some apprenticeship in the specialized traditions, which will make us better able to understand one another, and clearer as to the extent to which we do not. This will not be easy. To me it seems necessary for the coherence of our culture, and for our future as a free civilization.

The contemporary scientific phase to which I have alluded centers around the giant accelerators—the so-called atom-smashers—now under construction in the United States, the Soviet Union and Western Europe. They are intended to advance one special aspect of physics, which we term particle physics. The aim here is to answer the fundamental question—of what is matter made?

This special aspect of physics is today a very fashionable one among physicists. There are at least three reasons for this: it involves problems of extraordinary difficulty and, also, it involves novelty and thus adventure. Then, too, many signs indicate that if we can solve the problems involved, we shall have achieved new concepts of natural harmony and order.

The notion that matter consists of atoms is an ancient one. The curious speculated about it long before they could be sure such things as atoms existed, let alone what they were or how they behaved. It was not until the nineteenth century that the atomic hypothesis achieved some progress. This was due partly to the discoveries of chemical laws determining what elements combine with which, and in what proportions; and partly to theoretical studies of how matter in bulk behaves in terms of the motions and properties of the atoms and molecules composing it. Yet even at the beginning of the twentieth century distinguished physical scientists doubted the truth of the atomic hypothesis.

The last doubts vanished early in this century. We began to get direct evidence of how atoms behaved. The principal agent of discovery was a new set of experimental techniques for inducing and recording phenomena that could be traced to an atomic process in which only one atom took part. These techniques show that atoms are not, in the literal Greek sense of the word, atoms at all. That is, they are not indivisible and immutable. They do, contrary to earlier beliefs, split up or disintegrate; profound spontaneous changes occur in their structure. The simplest division of an atom is the removal of an electron. Electrons are very light particles which have a negative electrical charge. (When electric current is made by a battery, electrons flow out of the negative terminal carrying their negative electric charge.) The electrons fill most of the space of an atom and determine its chemical behavior and the color of the light it emits and absorbs.

Radiations from radioactive materials, which are themselves products of atomic disintegration, revealed alterations, not in the outer electronic part of the atom, but in the atomic nucleus itself. Such radiations proved to be powerful tools for exploring the atoms they strike. It was through these radiations that Ernest Rutherford, early in the century, discovered the atomic nucleus, which contains almost the entire atomic mass, yet is perhaps a hundred thousand times smaller than the complete atomic structure. The nucleus, Rutherford found, has a positive electric charge. The nucleus of a hydrogen atom (called the proton) has a single positive charge, opposite to that of the electron; that of the helium atom has a double positive charge. This nuclear charge continues to increase up through the 100-odd elements so far discovered.

After 1900 our atomic knowledge grew fast. One phase of investigation concentrated on electrons. Rutherford discovered what force a nucleus exerts on the electrons in an atom. The next step was to discover how the electrons responded to those forces. This seemed at first comparatively simple. The investigators applied Newton's laws, which describe the motions of bodies subject to forces. They had a rude shock. Those laws proved to be inapplicable.

It took two decades to find out why this was so. It was cleared up by the discovery of the wave properties of electrons. Electron behavior, it seemed, could be described only in terms of both particles and waves. Because of the great variety of wave forms which may represent an electron, there are some waves which represent a precisely located particle and others which represent a particle with a definite velocity; but there are none which represent both of these properties.

A new approach to physical phenomena recognizing these facts was needed. It had to transcend Newtonian mechanics, replacing its strict determinism with statistical laws, reconciling the wave and particle behavior of all matter. This new approach had to recognize limitations on the possibility of observing the physical systems. Prediction of probability had to replace predictions of certainty. This theory is called the quantum theory of the atom.

This great atomic theory, which rivals Einstein's theory of relativity as an intellectual achievement, pointed up the narrowness of all earlier scientific descriptions and was indispensable to later progress. It did not, however, dispose of the question, what constitutes matter? Atoms, we know, consist of a central nucleus and enough circumambient electrons to neutralize the nuclear charge. The forces at play are familiar electrical attractions and repulsions of charges and currents, very much like the forces of gravity. But the finer properties of the atomic nucleus hardly entered into this stage of the atomic theory. The properties of the electron itself, its mass and charge, could be found by experiment—but they were still not understood. Even the fact that electrons weigh so very much less than the nuclei was just a curious observation.

The next act was the study of the atomic nucleus. This was made possible by the development of the first accelerators. The accelerators were designed to accelerate simple nuclei, like the proton, so that they moved with very high speed. They are then shot against a target. Sometimes the accelerated nuclei will hit and penetrate the nucleus of an atom in the target. One then observes the particles emerging from this encounter. Almost all the nuclear properties thus disclosed can be understood on a simple basis. Nuclei are also not, it developed, atomic in the literal sense. They are composite, consisting of neutrons and protons bound together by complex, predominantly attractive forces.

This picture of atomic nuclei took a long time to clarify. The forces between the protons and neutrons that make up the nucleus are not nearly as simple as those acting on electrons in the atom. Many of the nuclei's most interesting traits become observable only when the nuclei contain numerous neutrons and protons, involving all the aspects of a complex system. A great deal still remains to be learned about nuclear structure and behavior. Few of us expect to be profoundly startled by what we may learn, or to have to change profoundly the methods of description evolved during recent decades. Why then, when we know that matter consists of nuclei, made up of neutrons and protons, with electrons surrounding them, can we not name these particles as the answer to the question of what constitutes matter?

The properties of the three particles—neutrons, protons and electrons—seem puzzling and arbitrary as we observe them in nature. If we had no physical means of altering them, if they were really immutable, we should have no basis at all for understanding their properties. We should have to content ourselves with storing them in our memory as arbitrary elements of the natural world. But such is not the case. Just as radioactive tools earlier established the mutability of individual atoms and nuclei, so the accelerators showed electrons, neutrons and protons to be mutable.

In these discoveries a key role was played by cosmic rays, the products of the galactic super-accelerators of outer space. When these rays strike matter, they produce particles present neither in the rays nor in ordinary matter—particles which can be seen, for instance, as tracks in photographic emulsion or as tracks of droplets in wet air. These tracks show that the (Continued on Page 81)

Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 76

Skinner's run counts. The Pirates lead, 3–2.

The appeal came too late. Section 7.10 provides that the appeal must be made before "the pitchers and all infielders have left fair territory on their way to the bench or clubhouse." The "fourth out" play would be acceptable only if the pitcher or an infielder were still on the diamond.

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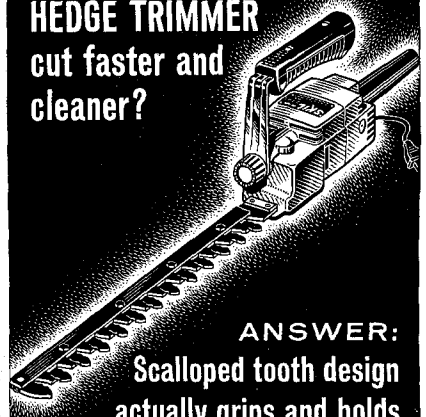

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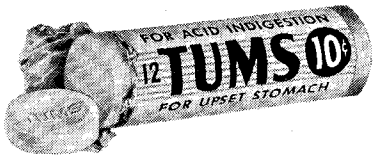

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(*Continued from Page 79*) new particles come apart and form others. This proved that no particles of ordinary matter—and indeed none that can be made from it—are unchangeable. All particles can appear or disappear under the proper conditions. Many can change into each other, though the rules of the game limit this play. Protons can turn into neutrons, neutrons into protons, and both can turn into quite different particles. Electrons can come and go very much like the quanta of light emitted by a candle and then absorbed by a dark cloth.

The study of high-energy collisions of particles in accelerators also revealed a surprising picture. In general, the products of such collisions are not the same as the particles which orginally collided. If the energy is very high, many particles will be created that did not exist before. Many of these created particles had never been seen before. All, except the familiar protons and electrons, are unstable. Eventually these new particles disintegrate or decay, producing in the process other lighter particles. Even those which do not decay are impermanent. They may vanish in a collision with other particles.

Of great importance in understanding this picture is the interchangeability, or equivalence, of mass and energy. This enables particles to materialize when we provide energy, or to change into energy. The light quantum itself is a particle created when an atom has enough energy to radiate. One of the most vivid early examples of matter created from energy was the production of a negative electron and its positively charged twin, the positron, when X rays of high energy were passed through matter. The many radioactive processes wherein a nucleus emits an electron or positron are best understood thus: creation of the particles occurs when the nucleus has more than enough energy to correspond to the mass of the created particles according to Einstein's famous formula—that energy is equivalent to mass times the square of the velocity of light.

All particles that have an electric charge have a mate oppositely charged, but otherwise identical. So do many with no total charge but some electric properties. We recognize these particles by several characteristics—mass, charge, electrical properties, the time they take to disintegrate or decay, the kind of new particles they produce, and their behavior when they collide with ordinary matter.

This assortment of particles offers a tentative solution to the mystery of matter. Matter, as we know it, consists of impermanent objects—a view which is quite unlike the ancient concept of immutable objects with attractions or forces between them. Our new atomic menagerie of thirty particles consists of the electron, the proton and the neutron and their electrically opposite counterparts or antiparticles. Additionally, we know of nine other groups. Three are weightless—the light quanta of Einstein, and the neutrinos and antineutrinos of Enrico Fermi which appear in radioactive processes. Three groups, a pair, a triplet and a quadruplet, called mesons, have a mass several hundred times that of the electron. Three groups, the hyperons, a pair, a quadruplet and a sextuplet, are heavier than the proton.

Mesons and hyperons generally live less than a millionth of a second. Broadly speaking, their rate of decay can be understood in terms of the energy released by the difference between their mass and that of the new particles created. The more energy, the shorter the life of the decaying particle. Yet their lives seem very long compared to the millionth of a billionth of a billionth of a second it takes for products of their decay to move apart.

These comparatively long lives are among the major mysteries of particle physics. They indicate that the forces producing spontaneous disintegration must be extremely weak. Only last year we learned, to our great astonishment, that these same forces discriminate sharply between left-handed and right-handed configurations of their products of decay. Most students of particle physics were delighted when the suggestion that this might be the case turned out to be right and two young Chinese physicists—Tsung Dao Lee, of Columbia University, and Chen Ning Yang, of the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study—were awarded the 1957 Nobel Prize for their contribution to this theory.

Do the thirty particles complete the list? We can't be sure. There have been no additions for some time, though the energies of the accelerators and the diligence of cosmic-ray research have both increased. This is a question on which the more powerful accelerators now building may shed light.

Atomic particles show many regularities of behavior and structure which hint at a kind of order. To trace and formulate these regularities is another focal problem of particle physics. All the particles are characterized by their mass, ranging from the heavy hyperon through the proton and neutron and the mesons to the electron, 2000 times lighter than the proton, and the neutrino with no mass at all. The neutrino thus constitutes a packet of energy traveling with the speed of light—186,000 miles per second. The masses themselves only partly suggest order. But there are other regularities. All known elementary particles have either no electric charge, or a charge the same as the electron's, or a charge of the same magnitude, but of opposite sign. All particles appear, when moving freely and not colliding, to be describable by a few simple types of wave motion. Also, as noted before, the particles occur in groups—the electron and its mate, the groups of hyperons and mesons—and in these groups have many similar properties, and almost equal masses.

There is still more striking evidence of regularity. Though mutable, not all particles can change into all others, not everything can happen in a reaction, even if enough energy is present. We attribute these missing reactions to a selection rule. Normally we try to characterize such a selection rule by identifying—and sometimes inventing—a quantity which does not alter in collision, which remains constant, invariant, immutable. The sum of energy and mass is such a quantity which cannot change in any physical process. There are many others. The total electric charge of the products of reaction, for example, is always equal to the total charge of the ingredients.

Another example of regularity involves the stability of matter. Though the rather massive neutrons and protons have ample energy to change into lighter particles, in ordinary matter they do not do so. If they did, matter—the whole universe as we know it—would not exist. Thus we learn that whereas neutrons and protons can change into each other, the nucleon number, the sum of the number of neutrons and protons involved in a physical process, never changes. When dealing with other reactions this law must be generalized. But it still persists, and must be about as strictly maintained as the law of the conservation of charge, for in the long era of cosmological time no significant deviations from it have ever occurred—as we see from the light that matter emitted a billion years ago and that reaches us today from outer space.

How tentative have been our efforts to sort out and identify the atomic factors that do not change can be inferred from one example. To describe the nonoccurrence of a large class of reactions involving nuclei, hyperons and mesons, it was necessary to find, or postulate, a new attribute of immutability. Its discoverers named it "strangeness."

The conservation of charge and the conservation of nucleon number appear to be absolute physical laws. In no physical process do they alter; no forces exist to promote their alteration. There is a larger body of attributes that do change, though not readily. The concept of "strangeness" is one of these. The forces working on these attributes are weak. In particular, there are very weak forces which appear in radioactivity; we do not understand why some of these weak forces change properties that strong forces, manifested in the collision of particles, do not change. To one such slow change, almost prohibited by a selection rule—an occasional collision in the vast interior of the sun in which two protons form a deuteron and a positive electron—we owe most of the heat and light reaching the earth.

Of course, the laws of selection and of conservation, whether absolute or only approximate, help us to describe what happens, and to predict what will happen. On this ground alone they would be a part of physics. But they play a further role. When no forces exist that will change a certain quantity like the total charge or total energy and mass, the absence of these forces implies that the laws of physics must have a corresponding simplicity. In ordinary mechanics, if no forces act on a system from outside, the system will neither speed up nor slow down; its total momentum or impulse will not change. This we attribute to the simplicity or symmetry of empty space, wherein no forces act. With a little mathematics it is easy to give a general proof of this connection between symmetry and changelessness; I have not found a way to make it clear in a few words.

Every selection rule we learn from nature teaches us something about the symmetry of physical laws—a valuable clue when we do not know what those laws may be, or what sort of quantities they govern. This provides one of the very few theoretical procedures now available to us for solving the problem of the constitution of matter.

Another way of attacking such a problem is to search for descriptions of unfamiliar phenomena which are analogous to descriptions of phenomena already familiar to physicists. Thus the quantum theory, for all its strangeness, is still based on an analogy with Newtonian mechanics; it must and does give the familiar correct answers when applied to the large-scale events of ordinary life. Radioactive processes were described by Fermi in analogy with what he had learned about the emission and absorption of the light by which we all live. This analogy, like most, of course, required correction and refinement.

This use of analogy—adapting a familiar mode of description to a new situation, finding the points of difference, and ultimately determining whether anything remains to the analogy—seems essential to the progress of understanding. But at the moment, all fundamental questions as to its validity for particle physics are still open and subject to anxious doubts.

At the same time a sense of expectancy, of impending change, hovers over this area of the scientific scene. What we hope for is that the newly discovered particles, their existence, properties and attributes, and the selection rules dominating their interaction, will eventually appear less arbitrary, more united and intelligible. We do not know why these particles exist, nor whether there may be others like or unlike them. We do not know why they have their particular masses. The attributes needed to describe their changeless features are not yet fully understood. We may compare our present state of knowledge with that of nineteenth-century chemistry, when the chemical properties and atomic weights of many elements and the rules of their combination were known, but when each fact was learned by laboratory analysis and could not be reduced to simple laws. With the development of atomic mechanics, empiricism was complemented by theory. Today all that earlier knowledge, and much besides, can be expressed in terms of a very few empirical constants and one law of nature—a law which describes the action of electrons under the influence of the electric field of an atomic nucleus.

Two views prevail as to how a comparable understanding of fundamental particles may be attained. According to one, all the particles are manifestations of special states of a primordial matter. This view holds that when we uncover the proper laws for this matter, they will imply the existence of precisely the particles that do exist, with just the properties they have, and exclude all others.

According to a radically different view, our future description of this part of the physical world will refer to the elementary particles themselves, and to laws linking their properties and behavior, and will not refer to a more basic substance. In this view, not merely the behavior, but the very existence of the particles would emerge as a necessary part of the description. If that description can be achieved, it would have to include some limitations on the fineness of the scale in time and space with which we can hope to follow the course of physical events. For we should have to use for our observations the elementary particles which, as we know them, are finite in number.

If our history is any guide, our guesses as to the future of physics will turn out not to have been very clever. They should perhaps be considered an account of present efforts and the hopes that inspire them, rather than predictions. Regarding the two views, their merits and demerits—which are spectacular—a warm debate goes on.

The history of physics may be no guide. In particle physics we may have to accept an arbitrary, complicated, not very orderly set of facts, without seeing behind them the harmony in terms of which they might be understood. It is the special faith and dedication of our profession that we will not lightly concede such a defeat.

The next article in this series, by the poet and critic, Randall Jarrell, will appear in our July 26 issue. —The Editors.

... ...

It's Too Darn Quiet!

The child-care books make
frequent mention
Of children's craving for
attention.
My own—I think, a fair
cross section—
Seem anxious to avoid
detection.

Laurence Eisenlohr

... ...

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Is There Hope for "Hopeless" Families?

(Continued from Page 13)

out public money as a palliative or merely to ameliorate family disorders, and get busy strengthening family life so as to rehabilitate those in trouble, or steer those in danger into safer paths.

Because of a research project conducted under C.R.A. leadership and a bold experiment in family treatment, St. Paul, Minnesota, offers the nation its first really solid reasons to believe that we can help families long thought to be hopeless and thus achieve more lasting results with our health and welfare funds. St. Paul now has had more than four years' experience with a Family-Centered Project which is recognized as the pioneer effort to help "hard-core" or "multiple-problem" families.

Although the project has no formal connection with C.R.A., it is an outgrowth of Buell's relentless crusade for more "treatment" for families in trouble. This campaign began almost by accident two decades ago when Buell and other social workers were doing a survey of health and welfare resources in Honolulu. Because the staff was too skimpy to have child-welfare experts deal exclusively with child welfare, and so forth, survey workers cut across all fields and stumbled upon concrete evidence that the same families were showing up at virtually every outlet of community welfare services. This gave substance to a fear long held by Buell, Charles J. Birt, executive director of the St. Paul Community Chest and Council, and Aldred Heckman, executive director of the Louis W. and Maud Hill Family Foundation in St. Paul, that in its rapid expansion social work's right hand had lost track of what its left hand was doing.

"It's as if each social worker wore blinders," explains Alice Overton, director of the Family-Centered Project. "He is able to look at only a part of the family, perhaps one individual. He walks down a narrow lane of his own agency function without seeing clearly, or at all, the social-service traffic moving in the other lanes. He may work in ignorance of what other agencies are doing for the family he serves, and even in conflict with their purpose."

It took some astonishing revelations in 1948 by Buell and his colleagues to convince St. Paul citizens that they ought to try to take the blinders off their social workers. The Grant Foundation, Inc., of New York City had offered to help finance a community study of troubled families, which Buell, with a pledge of support from Birt and Heckman, had elected to make in St. Paul. It was agreed that, for a month, 106 private and public Ramsey County (St. Paul) agencies would keep painstaking records of who came to them for what kind of help, and why. The study disclosed that:

A mere 6 per cent of the community's families were using more than half of the health-and-welfare budget.

Some families were being served simultaneously by ten or more agencies which often worked in ignorance of, or at cross purposes with, the activities of one another.

Some families had been receiving help for as long as twenty years and their basic troubles had been passed along through at least two generations.

Buell, Birt, Heckman and others were convinced that American cities would have to reorganize their welfare services if they were to break the cycle of spending more money for more misbehavior by the same people. The St. Paul leaders by 1952 had identified the 2000 extremely disorganized families which constituted the biggest headache to the city. Now St. Paul was ready to tackle the big question: were these people basically so worthless, so hopeless, that a community was foolish to try to help them? The Hill Family Foundation agreed to support a six-year program to find out and, with the co-operation of several public and private agencies, the Family-Centered Project was born.

Under what social workers in other cities call "the inspiring leadership of Alice Overton," who formerly had dealt with problem families in New York City, St. Paul's pioneers in that treacherous wilderness of human behavior have achieved some amazing results. Even though they do not pretend to have found a solution for all the nation's health and welfare problems, their work does offer real hope that we need not continue to spend welfare dollars in a futile, harum-scarum manner.

Take the case of Robert Wade (not his real name), a teen-ager described by his teachers as incorrigible, irresponsible and a good candidate for some penal institution. When Robert "graduated" from truancy and general harassment of his schoolmates to car theft, policemen arrested him and the Probation Department took over. Robert's case was given to a Family-Centered worker, who quickly discovered that young Wade was not a vicious delinquent.

Robert Wade was a victim of the agricultural revolution. His family had moved

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to St. Paul when their marginal existence on a Wisconsin farm became unbearable. But the father, Jacob, illiterate and unskilled, was a tragic figure in a big city. He could find no work and he didn't know enough about available community resources to get help. When he finally landed a poorly paying job in a restaurant, he was fired almost immediately because he couldn't read the labels and tell a sirloin from a tenderloin steak.

The family soon was in such economic distress that when the children went to school other students laughed about their ragged clothes. The youngsters developed a bitter dislike for school, and Robert finally stole an automobile, which he had planned to use "to get as far away from that school as I could."

The project worker saw that the family got an immediate supply of food and clothing which the youngsters might wear to school without feeling ashamed. Then the worker pushed Jacob Wade over an unbelievable series of obstacles and helped him to get a job. Today the family is self-sufficient and reasonably adjusted to city life; the boys are in school, where no complaints have been made about their behavior since the project workers straightened out their problems.

This is but a minor success compared with the project's efforts to help the Eldred Murphy family (not their real name).

This family of nine was living at something close to animal level. Garbage littered the floor of their three-room apartment. The children were dirty-faced, poorly dressed and obviously underfed. One child was covered with a rash that the mother said was caused by insect bites.

For several years this family had existed on the sufferance of the public, which had paid for Murphy's sinus and hernia operations, the mother's pregnancies, the children's dental care and the whole family's food, clothing and shelter. One rural county considered them so hopeless a burden that it had virtually forced them to move to St. Paul.

Opinion was virtually unanimous that Murphy was a lazy, miserable excuse for a father and that his wife was a slovenly, horrible example of a mother. Some people commented that "they live that way because they want to." In September, 1954, the social worker who was working with this family stated flatly that "Mr. Murphy will never be able to assume complete support of his family." Yet she spent two more years helping the family to meet crises of hunger and poor health.

But St. Paul community leaders had grown tired of this fruitless pattern of welfare in which much is spent, but little is changed. They knew that if families like the Murphys could not be helped, then the future was bleak for the community in general and taxpayers in particular, because the 1948 study had emphasized one point: multi-problem families tend to breed multi-problem families.

With seven children in obvious danger, St. Paul welfare leaders concluded that they had a responsibility to intrude—something Minneapolis officials never did in the case of the O'Kasick children. So a closer study was made of the Murphy family. Perhaps they were not so "hard to reach" as everyone assumed.

After noting Murphy's highly creditable record in World War II, his constant application for work at the employment service, the fact that several doctors agreed that he was physically handicapped, social-work leaders rejected what had been the general assumption that Murphy was simply a bum who preferred to live in public-supported squalor. In September, 1956, the Family-Centered Project decided to see if concentrated, sympathetic treatment of this whole family—one major weakness of social-work technique all over the country has been the tendency to ignore the father—would help.

A new case worker, Tom Ashley, given special instructions in family treatment, went to the Murphys, seeking first to assure them of one thing: that he was there to help them to help themselves. Within a month there were signs of progress: a cleaner apartment and Murphy pounding the sidewalks looking for work. A few weeks later Murphy announced proudly that he had found papers showing that he had served as fireman on ten ships during World War II, sometimes with a rank as high as third engineer. He announced with even greater pride that he had a dishwashing job paying eighty-five cents an hour that would enable him to support his family until he took an examination and got his boiler operator's license.

"Maybe you can give up on these families too easily," Ashley told his supervisors. "Mr. and Mrs. Murphy have started along the right road, and with a little help and guidance they may reach a position where they will be self-supporting and self-sustaining."

Murphy got a third-class boiler license, but he was rejected at an unbelievable number of firms. His past record was bad and it seemed everyone had the notion that a forty-nine-year-old man was "too old." Murphy—his wife had just gone to the hospital for an operation and he had lost his dishwashing job because the man he was replacing had sobered up—admits that without Ashley to lean on, to listen to his troubles, he would have given up. But Ashley urged him to take a new examination and get a second-class license. Murphy did. Finally, when the fireman at a large downtown building went on a drinking spree, Murphy moved in as substitute. He earned $461 in six weeks, a veritable fortune to a family that was just learning the thrill of having enough to eat, and of earning it themselves.

The fireman Murphy had replaced also sobered up, but by this time the labor union knew that Murphy wanted a job about as badly as any man ever wanted work. The union found him a job paying almost $400 a month. That was the summer of 1957. The Murphy family has not received a nickel in public support since. Chances are good that, barring a severe increase in unemployment, the Murphys will never need public relief again. Even though, with seven children, he still could qualify for public medical care in emergencies, Murphy prefers not to. He has taken out Blue Cross and Blue Shield for the family, and a sickness-and-accident policy on himself. Murphy also marched off proudly to buy a house—and he has kept his payments on schedule. There is no delinquency or truancy problem among the children, who rejoice in the fact that not only does their dad go to work like other daddies, but that he now is prosperous enough to buy them a twenty-five-dollar used TV set and a mongrel pup.

The Murphys are one of more than 200 families which have received the services of the Family-Centered Project since it was initiated in 1954. Not all have made as much progress as the Murphys; the achievements of some have been even more spectacular. Over-all, the project has demonstrated beyond doubt that many "sick" families can be helped.

One major obstacle to prevention and rehabilitation in most communities today is the lack of co-operation among the many agencies dealing with some aspect of family life. St. Paul overcame this initial barrier in July, 1954, when the Family Service, the Bureau of Catholic Charities, Jewish Family Service, Wilder Child Guidance Clinic and the Ramsey County Welfare Board agreed to participate. Later the County Probation Office and Visiting Teachers joined the program.

A second crucial obstacle, St. Paul learned, is that neither social workers nor the public know enough about families in trouble. Although the ideas and techniques being employed in St. Paul are not "new" any more than social work is new, St. Paul became the first community where multiple-problem families have been identified and their problems thoroughly diagnosed.

What has St. Paul learned about these families? First, that a "channel of distrust" separates them from people and organizations that they see as wearing the badges of authority and respectability.

"We have seen that beyond all doubt these are people with hopes and fears like you and I have," says Miss Overton. "They lack social skills; often they don't know how to express themselves, whether it means telling a doctor where they hurt or explaining to a policeman that they have committed no crime; they put their worst foot forward at school, in the offices of prospective employers or before any of the people with whom you and I normally deal. There is a lot of personality damage, but these people are not evil or stupid. Our experience has taught us that they can be reached, that real help for them is possible."

Dr. Hyman S. Lippman, psychiatrist and director of the Wilder clinic, says that family-centered projects are needed all over the country to deal with "families on which everybody gives up so quickly—families in which no one really has been interested. But they do want help; they do want to be a respected part of the culture. Once we get over our own barrier, which is the alibi that 'you can't do anything with them,' then we can begin to get over their barriers."

No case better illustrates what Miss Overton and Doctor Lippman are saying than that of the Johnson family. Mrs. Johnson—this is not her real name—had been a familiar face in the city's health-and-welfare agencies for seventeen years. She had been in the hospital—at public expense—more than fifty times in twenty-three years. Twenty-seven different psychiatrists and three trips to state institutions had failed to cure her mental illness. She had tried to commit suicide three times.

The family conflict, poverty and general maladjustment were such that Mrs. Johnson's teen-age daughter was drifting into trouble. The youngest Johnson child was a nervous wreck. A psychiatrist said he never would recover enough to get an education in public schools. Although officials in the agency that had had most experience with this family protested vigorously that the situation was hopeless, the Family-Centered Project asked one of its most skillful workers to take over.

Listen to what happened, as Mrs. Johnson tells it:

"When I came home from that mental hospital I just didn't believe I could rehabilitate myself. I had been there three times, and everybody knows three strikes and you're out. Now I can cope with life. My husband and I are getting along better than any time in twenty-three years and my youngest boy—the one they gave up on—is doing fine in public school."

Also, for the first time that she can recall in many years, the Johnsons are not costing the public a nickel. Why the big turnabout? A skillful young project worker—let's call him Brown—had the time and the patience to convince the Johnsons that despite two decades of grief all the world was not against them; that life is worth living for anyone who will meet it halfway.

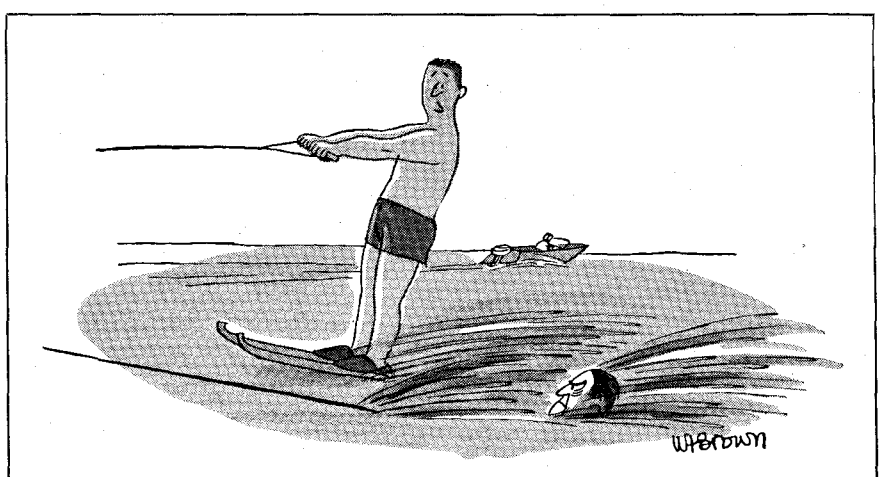
Mrs. Johnson says that the project's concentrated assistance and guidance is what most people need after a battle with mental illness.

"When you're mentally sick you'd just as well stay in the hospital unless some real help awaits you outside. The public won't forgive and forget. They hold it against a parent who's been mentally ill more than they hold it against a convict or someone with venereal disease. I recall filling out a civil-service form and running across a question, 'Have you ever been in a mental hospital or a prison?' You can see how I figured the world was against me."

The stories of the Murphy and Johnson families in St. Paul are not just colorful exceptions. Of the first fifty families to get treatment in the project, fifteen made marked progress, fourteen progressed modestly, fifteen made slight progress, four did not change at all and two families were bigger problems than when the project took over. A later study of more families showed that 33 per cent of them had shown no movement or slipped backward, 26 per cent had registered modest progress and 41 per cent had shown considerable movement during the period of treatment.

Detached observers support these reports of progress. Lt. John Roberts, head of the juvenile division of the St. Paul police department, said his department "is getting fewer cases from families in the project. This concentrated emphasis on these families is paying off."

He said his department now works closely with the project staff, a welcome break from the pattern seen in many communities where social workers and police officials stand in hostile isolation, hurling



"You're still not getting the hang of it, Mr. Markham."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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alternate charges like "Mollycoddler" and "*Gestapo*" at each other.

John Donohue, chief probation officer of Ramsey County, is so impressed with the progress made by project families that he already has committed his department to support a planned reorganization of resources so as to provide permanent, concentrated services for families in trouble when the project is closed next year.

What many people are asking—to the disgust of many social workers who maintain that the people involved, not the money, are what really count—is whether these new procedures result in a saving for taxpayers. Although reluctant to make any wild claims for her project, Miss Overton cites an initial increase in money spent on project families and then a gradual decline. Birt, executive director of the Chest and Council, is more emphatic in his belief that the cost of welfare can be reduced through such a program.

"I am convinced that if the community would give us the trained staff and the means to work with all of the six per cent of our families who now take fifty per cent of our service, we could reduce their number to, say, two per cent which would require no more than twenty per cent of our service in the future," he says.

Community Research Associates has been conducting new projects involving problem families in several other communities, including Winona, Aitkin and Dakota counties in Minnesota. C.R.A. reports that by realigning staffs so as to cut out some red tape and assign trained workers to families needing them most, great savings have been made. In one group of families in Winona County, a 42 per cent decrease in relief spending was reported.

The Minnesota State Welfare Department now plans to incorporate some of these administrative changes in welfare units throughout the state. The St. Paul experiment and the C.R.A. projects have given impetus to other community efforts to meet the challenge of multiple-problem families. New York City now reports that 75 per cent of its juvenile delinquency stems from 1 per cent of its families. Last year Mayor Robert Wagner set up a special unit to work with these families. Atlanta, Gary, Cleveland, Salt Lake City, Milwaukee and other communities have set up organizations to try to meet Congress' mandate for prevention and rehabilitation.

Many people connected with the St. Paul project warn, however, that the evidence at hand does not suggest any starry-eyed assumption that more family-centered projects will provide a Utopia in which all families are "well adjusted" and self-supporting. Human behavior and the pressures of society are too unpredictable for that.

"We'd just as well face the fact that we aren't going to do much about some of our families," says Donohue. "You get parents with I.Q.'s of fifty or sixty and there is not much to build on. Other families may be burdened by health or class handicaps so great that there can be no substantial progress until those handicaps are removed.

"We have many problem families whose troubles arise largely from the fact that they are forced to live in the wrong part of town, or work at the worst jobs, or their faces are the wrong color, or they have a cultural background different from the majority," he continued. "So it is not just a matter of changing families; we must also change society."

Donohue and others warn that no welfare technique is going to provide all the tax relief some people want. They add, though, that when we talk of money saved by giving these troubled families some skilled, sympathetic, concentrated help, we must not forget the unseen savings in terms of the crime, illegitimate births and other manifestations of family breakdown that can be prevented.

In any event, the movement to provide real help for our "hard-core" families is gaining steam in this country. More and more people have come to understand that even in our era of high taxes, the question no longer is whether our communities can afford to provide the kind of services needed by these families in trouble. The real question is how long can we afford not to.

Davy's Big Day (Continued from Page 20)

You're to change your sheets and take Tye up to the vet's for his rabies inoculation, then take the certificate to the police station and get his new license. While you're there, go across the street to the barbershop and get a haircut. And pick up your shoes that had to be resoled again —— That's the third time since September, George!" She paused. "Then ringamatole the balderole from Mrs. Silver on the way home."

"O.K., mom."

His father jerked a little and Davy looked at him curiously. There were many things about his dad he didn't exactly understand.

"You didn't hear a thing I said," his mother accused.

"Sure I did. Tye's gotta have a shot. I can do it on the way to the park, before the game starts."

"You aren't going to the park until you get all your errands done."

"Mom, this is Saturday! I gotta pitch!"

This wasn't exactly true; he hoped to pitch. His chances were one in ten, there being ten on the Blue Streak team.

His mother's lips came together firmly. "It's just about time you took some responsibilities around here, young man. You're thirteen years old! I expect you to remember where you have put your books, pick up after yourself, do the things you're supposed to, and wash without being told!"

"That'll be the day," he said. "By George, that'll be the day!"

There were times, Davy thought as he made his bed in the prescribed manner—square corners, neatly tucked in—when he felt he'd just as soon not have reached his thirteenth birthday.

His mother checked him out when he was through with his chores and ready to go.

"Here is ten dollars," she said, handing him the bill. "The shot will cost three, the license two, and your hair a dollar-seventy-five. That's ——" She broke off. "How much?"

It was things like this that unnerved him. Before he was thirteen she'd tell him; now he had to figure it out for himself.

"Two and three is five and a buck six bits is six-seventy-five."

"So I'll want how much change back?"

He might as well do it; there was that look in her eye she sometimes got when she was "doing things for your own good."

"Three and a quarter," he sighed.

She smiled at him. He didn't know why she thought that just because she smiled everything was straightened out. But she did—and the funny part of it was she was right. He grinned back ruefully and she rubbed his hair.

"Monkey." She went to answer the phone.

He found his ball glove, just in case, and got Tye's leash and went through the kitchen. His mother turned from the phone.

"Stop at the Parkinsons'—they're at nine-twenty-two Cherry—and take the little girl with you, Davy. They've got to get a license for their dog and ——"

"Who?"

Gossip: A person whose hobby is raising eyebrows.

GEORGE HART

"The Parkinsons'. The new family in the church. They've just moved here and —— Well, you know. The little girl's in your class. Janice, isn't it?"

Everybody in school knew who Janice Parkinson was. Blue eyes, long yellow hair, straight white teeth—she had walked into the room that first day like someone who lived on cloud tops. Half the boys in the room had to stay after school because they'd acted up, showing off. Davy was the next to the last to go home, Bob Silver being the last. Bob had just had a fight with Trudy Keppen and was through with girls forever.

But to take her and her dog to the vet's? On Saturday, when all the other kids were out of school too?

"I can't. I gotta hurry. I gotta pitch!"

She took his glove away from him. "After you've done your chores you can pitch. You can come back and get this." She put the glove on the breadbox. "There'll be enough money left over so you and Janice can have a soda."

"Mom!"

She gave him a look of exasperation. "Oh, all right! Don't look so stricken. I think she's a pretty little thing, but ——"

He got out before she thought of anything else. He snapped the leash onto Tye's collar, a procedure which always filled his collie with well-founded suspicion, and got his bike. Across the street Earl Sawyer was industriously sweeping the front walk.

"I gotta sweep the walks and bury the garbage and wash mom's car," he said breathlessly, "but I'll be there in time to pitch."

Earl always thought he was going to pitch. "I got some things to do myself," Davy admitted. "I might even be a little late. Tye's gotta get his inoculation."

Earl shot a look at his house and then at his cocker spaniel, rubbing noses with Tye as if they'd never met before.

"Gee, I was supposed to take Mike too. How's about taking Mike with you?"

Davy jumped on his bike. "Can't. Got places to go, after."

He rode off, Tye trotting disconsolately beside him. This trip started out like too many other unpleasant journeys for the collie to enjoy. A leash meant trouble.

Nine-twenty-two Cherry Street was not only across the street from Hal Dike's home, but Hal was out in front, frantically putting in a flat of pansies along the walk. Behind him his dachshund, Otto, was digging them up. There was nothing for Davy to do but act as if he enjoyed taking girls and their dogs to the vet's. He dropped his bike on the Parkinson lawn, slipped Tye's leash over the handlebars and looked at Hal.

"Gotta put in some pansies and cultivate the rose bed," he yelled, "but I'll be there in time to throw the first pitch."

"Might be late myself," Davy called. He started up the Parkinson walk.

"Hey, what you doing there?" Hal yelled.

"Errand," Davy called.

Janice let him in. She wore a blue sweater and blue pedal pushers and his heart jumped so far up into his throat he could hardly breathe.

"This is so nice of you, Davy," she said. The musical quality of her voice was bad enough in school, but here, alone with her, it was shattering.

"Let's go," he burbled, and backed out into the sunshine.

"Just a minute until I get Pierre."

Davy waited on the steps. He looked across the street at Hal.

"What kind of an errand?" Hal yelled suspiciously.

Janice came out with her dog. It was a great big black French poodle, with a red ribbon tied to its collar so that the bow was behind the dog's left ear.

"You hold Pierre," she said, "and I'll get my bicycle."

She gave Davy the leash and disappeared around the corner of the house. Pierre sniffed at Davy and then turned alertly as Tye, tied to Davy's bike, growled in jealousy. Across the street Otto began barking. Janice came back with her bike, took the leash and started down the walk.

"Better hang onto your dog," Davy warned.

Just then Pierre lunged at Tye and in a moment there was a fine confusion of dogs and bicycles and yelling children. Somehow or other Otto and Hal got into it too. When things were sorted out again, Davy was red-faced with anger at Hal, who could just as well have stayed home planting his pansies, and Janice's eyes were wet with tears. The neighbors went back into their houses.

"You ride on one side of the street," Davy said, "and I'll ride on the other. I don't think our dogs like each other."

"Pierre," Janice said coolly, "is a sweetheart."

Davy looked at Tye, who wagged his tail cheerfully; and then at Pierre, who chose that moment to scratch with disdain.

"He's got fleas like any other dog," Davy said.

They rode to Dr. Bill Morris' on either side of the street. For a block there was cold silence between them, but then Janice smiled at Davy and they went the rest of the way, talking across the passing cars, their dogs barking at each other.

Inside the veterinary clinic the dogs forgot their animosity in a moment of mutual apprehension. Doctor Morris was a big, blond man who always acted as if the dogs were the customers and the people just somebody who happened to come along.

"Hello, Tye," he said. He looked at Pierre. "Who's your friend?"

"That's Pierre," Davy said. "Pierre Parkinson. They both gotta have rabies shots so they can get their new licenses."

Doctor Morris nodded at Pierre. "That so, Pierre? You want to have a shot?"

(*Continued on Page 86*)

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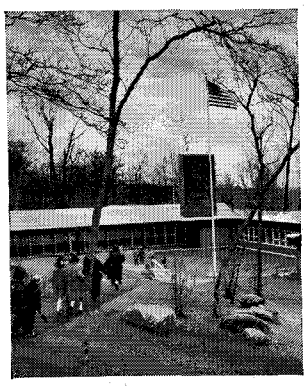

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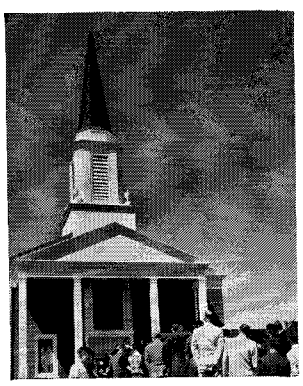

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(*Continued from Page 84*) Pierre barked. Doctor Morris began filling out a registration card for Pierre and shook his head. "Flunked French in high school, Pierre," he said. "You'll have to talk English."

Davy grinned at Janice, who smiled back uncertainly.

"O.K.," said Doctor Morris, standing up. "Who's first?"

Tye turned around and faced the door, whining. Pierre flattened out on the floor and put his paws over his eyes.

"Can't stand the sight of blood myself," Doctor Morris said cheerfully. He scooped up Tye and put him on the white metal table. Tye's legs trembled so they slowly slid out in four directions and he spraddled awkwardly.

"Good boy," Doctor Morris said approvingly, turning to pick up a hypodermic. "You won't get far in that position."

When Doctor Morris dabbed a spot with alcohol and bunched up Tye's skin with his fingers Davy shut his eyes.

"That's the boy, Tye. No strain, eh?"

Davy opened his eyes. Doctor Morris lifted Tye down. "Next," he said.

Janice handed the veterinary the leash and turned her back. Doctor Morris bent to pick up Pierre and the dog snapped at his face. Doctor Morris jerked his head aside, grabbed the black muzzle in one hand, slid the other under the dog's body and hoisted him up to the table. Deftly, he flipped out the four legs until Pierre, too, was spread-eagled.

"Pierre," Doctor Morris said, filling his needle, "you'll have to learn to curb your Gallic temper."

Pierre yelped.

"Better luck next time, eh?" Doctor Morris lifted Pierre down and gave the leash back to Janice.

The dogs sat there, shivering, while Doctor Morris filled out the inoculation blanks.

"There you are, boys and girls. That's three dollars, each."

Davy unfolded the ten-dollar bill and laid it on the desk. Janice's face got red.

"I forgot the money," she said. She didn't look at Davy.

"Why, that's O.K.," Doctor Morris said pleasantly, picking up the ten. "I'll just take it out of this and you can pay Davy later. All right, old man?"

Davy nodded helplessly. He took the four dollars' change and stuffed it in his pocket, then led Tye outside. Janice followed him and gave him a big smile.

"Mother laid out the money and then I went off and forgot it," she said. "Will it be all right if I borrow another two dollars so I can get the license?"

"I guess so."

He had only four dollars left. If he was going to get his hair cut, too, he'd have to go home for more money. That was ten additional blocks. He'd be the last man on the field and he'd be lucky to get a chance even to play, let alone pitch. He brightened suddenly. On the other hand, if he could slip into the kitchen and get his glove without his mother seeing him, he'd have a perfectly good excuse for not having his hair cut. It hadn't been his idea to take Janice Parkinson along. He whistled a little, softly, between his teeth.

Police stations made him nervous. Even when he was just going to buy a dog license Davy felt uneasy standing at the counter. He'd been in here one awful Halloween night two years ago and he could still remember his fright, and the terrible shame he'd felt when his father came in the door to get him. Some big kids had dumped a can of garbage on a lawn and just as the man ran out, Davy and Earl and Marty Lockney had come by. The man grabbed them and called the cops. There was a lot of talk about "delinquents" and "justice" and they'd had to clean up the garbage with their bare hands and then go down to the police station. Davy's father and Mr. Lockney had to come for them. They listened to the police report and then to the boys.

"I believe you," Mr. Wilson had said when he heard Davy's version.

"So do we," grinned the sergeant. "They couldn't lift the can after they'd filled it up again. But it's getting pretty late for kids their age."

"Right," Mr. Wilson had said. He led Davy out to the car. "Son, you were a victim of circumstances, but innocent bystanders are always getting killed. Next time ——"

"Next time," Davy had said, "I'll run too!"

The officer at the counter now was the same sergeant, but he didn't remember Davy. He took the inoculation receipts.

"Pierre?" he said, peering down at Davy. "You got a dog named Pierre?"

"That's hers," Davy said.

The sergeant looked over the counter at Pierre, ran his tongue around in his cheek a little and then laughed out loud.

"Hey, Joe!" he called, turning his head. "Come look at this dog!"

A bleary-eyed little man in brown coveralls with P.D. stamped on the chest came in from the hall, carrying a broom. He raised on his toes to look over the counter and then began to laugh in a high cackle. He had only two or three teeth left.

"That's a dorg?"

Out of the corner of his eye Davy saw Janice's face tighten and her lips begin to tremble. Davy pushed the four dollars across the counter.

"We only want two licenses," he said.

The words came out harshly, shocking him. The sergeant stopped laughing abruptly, jerked his head at Joe and pulled over a pad.

"O.K., son. What's the name?"

"You were just wonderful!" Janice said. They rode side by side, now, the dogs on the outside of their bikes. "You certainly put them in their places. That nasty little man!"

Now that it had turned out all right, Davy felt pretty good about it, himself. The more he thought about it, the more it seemed that he had wanted to sound tough. It wasn't every kid who had told a police sergeant to quit horsing around and get to work. They reached Cherry Street.

"You come with me and I'll get the money," Janice said.

Davy shook his head. "I gotta pitch in a ball game."

"I'll bet you win," she told him and rode off, looking back over her shoulder at him, smiling.

His mother wasn't in the kitchen, but his dad was. The lower half of Mr. Wilson stuck out from under the sink, the upper half lost in a maze of pipes in the dark and airless cuddy. Davy crossed the floor on tiptoes to the breadbox for his ball glove.

"Mary?"

"It's me, dad." Davy got the glove and eased back to the door.

"Hand me that big Stillson, there by my left foot."

Davy got the wrench and held it in under the sink.

"Not in my teeth!" his father roared. "Wait—there; thanks."

"Tell mom I didn't have enough money for a haircut."

"O.K.—O.K. . . . This blamed thing!"

Davy eased the screen door shut, skipped across the patio and jumped onto his bike. He put his head down and pumped hard, zipping along the street. Some of the kids were always late and he still might get a chance to play.

When he reached the park, there was only one other boy there. Marty Lockney stood out on the pitcher's mound, disconsolately tossing a ball up and down.

"Where's everybody?" Davy asked, skidding his bike to a halt.

Marty shrugged. "Couldn't come. They all got stuck with chores. My mom's sick," he added by way of explanation.

"What about the Bombers? I thought we were gonna play the Bombers, this morning?"

"They called Mac Horn," Marty said dispiritedly. "Couldn't get anybody to bring 'em over." He brightened a little. "Say, how's about you and me playin' a little catch? I'll pitch."

"*I'll* pitch," Davy said.

"It's my ball," Marty pointed out.

Davy looked off toward home plate. It was a long, lonely way off. The glamour of the game was somehow gone, now that he was here. He felt a vague restlessness. "I gotta get my hair cut and pick up some shoes," he said. "I just came by to see if anybody was here."

Marty tucked the ball in one hip pocket and his glove in the other. "Gimme a ride as far as your house?"

"That port engine sound a little peculiar to you?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

When he got home again, his father had his head under the hood of the car. So Davy went on into the house.

His mother was baking. Even before he got a chance to explain why his hair wasn't cut, she turned to him with a big smile. It was the kind of smile that always went through Davy like an electric shock, warming him from head to toe. It was her complete-approval smile, and he didn't get it very often.

"Mrs. Parkinson called to thank you for loaning the money to Janice, and being so nice. It seems you acted like a gallant young gentleman and I'm very proud of you."

He let himself wallow in it for a moment, then some innate sense of masculine modesty fought itself to the surface.

"Aw, shucks," he said. He went on. "That's why I didn't get my hair cut, mom. I wanted to, all right, but I didn't have any money left."

"I guess it can wait until Monday," she said pleasantly. "They're driving over to Henderson, where they used to live, and they'd like to have you go with them. There's a carnival there you children could go to while you're waiting. They'll be back before dinner. Would you like that?"

"Gee!" Henderson was the county seat, twenty-seven miles away: too close for the shows to come on to Medford; too far for the kids to get over to them very often. "Sure!"

"They were going to leave in an hour. You go get cleaned up a little and I'll call them."

He charged upstairs. In the bathroom he washed his hands and looked at himself in the mirror. His face was dirty. He got his washcloth, dampened it and started touching up his face. His shirt was pretty soiled, so he took it off and put it in the hamper. There was dirt on his neck and he started to scrub that and then, because he realized if he put on a clean shirt he ought to be clean all over, he took off the rest of his clothes and stepped under the shower.

When he came out he dried himself, combed his long hair neatly and dressed quickly, grabbing what clothes he could find in his closet. That it was his best shirt and newest slacks was only incidental: how often did a guy get to go to a carnival in Henderson?

He put on his Sunday shoes, gave them a swipe with his handkerchief, then threw the handkerchief in the hamper and got a clean one for his pocket. The vague restlessness was gone, replaced by a deep inner excitement. Of course he'd be going to the carnival with a girl, but that didn't need to matter. There wouldn't be any of the guys around and, besides, being with Janice this morning had somehow been kind of fun. Not as much fun as a ball game, but pretty near—unless he got a chance to pitch. He remembered to shift his jackknife and small change to his slacks, hung up his old pants, put his sneakers in the closet and charged downstairs.

His father was standing in the living room, about to light his pipe. His mother was there too. Davy stopped at the foot of the stairs when he realized they were staring at him. His dad had just struck a match and held the flame over his pipe bowl, but wasn't sucking in because his mouth was open.

"How nice you look," his mother said.

"Well, I'll be—ouch!" His dad flung the match into the fireplace and sucked his thumb and forefinger for an instant, then turned to Davy's mother, a growing, wondering smile on his face.

"Mary, do you realize what this is? *This is the day!*" THE END

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Have You Got the Freighter Bug?

(Continued from Page 23)

it amateurish of a ship to sail meekly just because a printed schedule says she will, and we regard daily-shuttling transatlantic planes as about as exciting as suburban buses. Consider this entry verbatim from a roster of passenger-carrying freighter services:

"From some U.S. port which may be New York, New Orleans or Los Angeles, to Marseilles, Genoa, Naples, Venice, Trieste, Piraeus, Istanbul. About every three weeks. Liberty Hall Lines." The nonfreighterer finds that a loony way to talk. If you must be so indefinite, why bring it up at all? To us, however, it makes perfect and enticing sense. And at that, we are only Class B freighterers. Class A's, the pre-Pearl Harbor old-timers, may date back to the early 1930's when knowing travelers began to get the hang of freighters.

In that Golden Age they went round the world in leisurely comfort for five dollars a day. Today's rates, depending partly on length of run, vary from $11–$15 to $25–$30. Barring cost, however, everything that the founders of the cult claimed for freightering twenty-five years ago is now as good or better: The number of such ships with fat-cat passenger quarters is greater; information about bookings is more readily available; the rise of wash-and-wear fabrics has gone far to solve the previously awkward laundry problem. Do it the ship's way—take your time without fretting—and these sturdy no-nonsense vessels will take you most places outside the Iron Curtain at less than the cost of planes and, on transatlantic runs, more or less the same as ship's tourist class.

By "freighter" the addict means a deep-water vessel devoted to general cargo, but also taking anywhere from two to twelve paying passengers in outside staterooms, often with private shower and toilet. On a consistently regular run she may be called a "cargo liner." But that description confuses her with other regular-run ships perhaps no larger—our freighters have ranged from 1500 to 8500 tons gross—also concentrating on cargo, but taking from fifty to more than a hundred passengers one class. Such vessels are often excellent, but they lack some of the loose-as-ashes informality and the intimacy that addicts value.

Perhaps 12,000 to 15,000 Americans thus go voyaging in any given year under American or other registry: Norwegian, British, Israeli, Dutch, Irish, French, Swedish, Panamanian. Thirty-odd flags appear in current freighter listings. The best-known round-the-world service is usually booked solid a year in advance. Freighter lines out of North American ports do little or no advertising, because potential patrons swamp them anyway. This has always been true. In 1931, when Thaddeus Hyatt, a pioneer in freightering, kicked off his Tramp Trips, Inc., agency with a tiny advertisement in a New York morning paper offering Caribbean freighter travel at five dollars a day, his borrowed office was chockablock with enthusiasts waving cash money before he got there after breakfast.

Many freighter owners still refuse paying passengers, on the ground that they're more grief than they're worth. We deplore this attitude, but, actually, it's not too clear why so many owners do bother to accommodate us and our likes. Historically it goes back thirty years, when freighters noted that the "owner's quarters" were seldom occupied and began selling the space to pioneer freighter addicts as a means of getting extra revenue. In typical newer ships these quarters have expanded into five large double and two ample single staterooms. The odds are good that there will also be a small public room serving as club for officers and passengers jointly.

A crack European-flag line assures me that, given heavy bookings on middle-length runs, their modern freighters turn a small but handy profit out of rates that run around twenty-five dollars a day per passenger. Much of this is in American currency, which pleases the home government and provides dollars to pay for port charges, dock labor, and so forth, in American ports. On the other hand, a crack American-flag line, paying American wage scales, says the actual passenger operation may just about break even at such rates. But only on long runs, where overhead averages far less per day, can it hope to pay anything off on the investment in quarters and equipment.

Both lines feel that "freight follows passengers"—that is, attractive passenger service keeps shippers favorably disposed toward the line. Sound or not, the policy has good minor points. In certain ports, vessels carrying even a few passengers get priorities on berthing space and port formalities. Passengers give the officers a change of faces that most of them welcome. For stewards they mean tips and jobs that otherwise would not exist. Where planes have displaced regular passenger liners since World War II, freighters can still accommodate travelers whom flying doesn't suit or whose baggage and other gear would cost too much to move by air. Many freighter passengers use these vessels as the handiest way to get themselves and bulky gear to cockeyed places. Missionaries, engineers, scientists, scholars—they make interesting shipmates.

The hazard is that word-of-mouth rhapsodizing about such ships, of which we have done our share, too often oversells people whose jobs or tastes counter-indicate freightering to begin with. You have to be—you really must be—a freighter type.

We once had as a shipmate a gregarious lawyer taking his winter vacation in a West Indies-bound freighter under the illusion that it meant gay young things and cruise-style fun. He went very glum on finding the passengers to consist of three non-English-speaking, French-Canadian couples all clubbed together; an elderly lady of great charm, but not just what he had in mind; and two middle-aged couples. At the first main port he quit the ship and flew home.

Our first freighter was a big Norwegian out of San Francisco that picked us up in Tahiti in early 1947, when transport in the South Pacific was still utterly fouled up, and we were desperate to get to Samoa, 1500 miles away. Bless her snow-white topsides, the freighter was landing a few new automobiles in Samoa—the first time she had ever put in there. Her officers were cordial, her table groaned with every known Scandinavian delicacy, our walnut-paneled stateroom was immense and as clean as a Dutch kitchen. Five days of that and we had the freightering disease for life. But the trip was too brief to be typical. For the complete essence of freighter, consider our Antwerp-to-West Africa pilgrimage a few years ago.

We had booked London-to-Sierra Leone in a Dutch freighter. Two days before sailing she was taken off the run and no replacement supplied. Every ship West Africa-bound from England was already packed, but room was alleged to be still available in a German freighter soon to sail from Antwerp. We hopped over to Antwerp to nail this deal down. I was not quite clear on what was happening as we were courteously bounced from shipping agent to shipping agent, but somehow the German ship disappeared along the way and gradually a booking materialized in a vessel we had never heard of at all. Sternly I reminded the agent that we had originally paid for a private bath and expected to get one if the ship possessed such a thing.

"But, sir!" he said, the most injured man in Belgium. "Sir! It is a suite!" It was too—living room, bedroom and bath forward on the starboard side, dining room next door, all at the original price of $180 apiece, fifteen days to Freetown, Sierra Leone. The ship was new that year, German-built, but at her stern, strangely, was a Swiss flag, and "Basel" as name of her home port. The second largest city in eminently landlocked Switzerland, Basel is 300 miles from salt water. To us, this made no more sense than an American ship being registered as out of Denver. We had not previously known that the Swiss had a merchant marine. They developed it during World War II to get imports and exports through the blockades.

Our ship's name should have been S.S. Meltingpot. Her captain was Belgian, the first officer Dutch, the chief engineer German, the chief steward Latvian; Sparks was actually Swiss.

So were most of the deck crew, trained on Swiss barge lines on the Rhine. Our fellow passengers were a young Swiss consul assigned to the Belgian Congo, with his beautiful White Russian wife and her equally charming black Spanish poodle; and a genial Belgian official returning from leave. Later, at Agadir in Southwestern Morocco, we picked up a Persian with an Armenian name and his French wife bound for the Ivory Coast. At dinner you sometimes heard five languages at once: English, French, Dutch—or Flemish, much the same thing—German, and the steward's Swiss-German, by no means the same thing. But most of them had enough English to rescue me, the world's worst linguist.

From Antwerp this floating United Nations dropped down the Channel to Boulogne to load; thence a few miles farther to Dieppe—all told, five leisurely days to sample the food and the sights of these ancient, war-battered French ports that most people know only as ferry slips for the Channel crossing. Twice a day passengers and poodle went ashore without so much as laying eyes on a French immigration official. Out of Dieppe the ship headed doggedly round Ushant and southward, staying out at sea all the way to Casablanca. En route we got the run of the Swiss cook's considerable talent with such tasty victuals as crawfish-and-chicken curry, onion pie, tiny, firm Brussels sprouts the size of cherries, and Emmentaler cheese, tomatoes and raw onions sliced up together in French dressing.

As the ship waited for a berth at Casablanca there were rumors of strikes—the start of the troubles that recently culminated in Morocco's independence. Presently the agent came out in a skiff and megaphoned orders to skip Casablanca, go on down to Agadir and load cement. That took days, because every time the ship opened her hatches it rained, and rain and cement in a ship's hold mix altogether too well. We had ample time ashore in Agadir, a strange half-modern, half-Arabian Nights town, where we saw our first working camels. Then we put into an obscure place called Safi, dominated by a medieval Portuguese citadel. We were about to sail to Las Palmas in the Canary Islands to bunker when here was a telegram—all is forgiven, come back to Casablanca.

Back we went, already days behind schedule. Now we really began getting nowhere fast. The theoretical fifteen days to Freetown stretched to twenty-eight before we finally picked up the loom of the Sierra Leone range. Eventually we heard from *Monsieur et Madame Consul* that they were five weeks late arriving in the Congo. West African ports are chronically overcrowded, and even if they weren't, that was the land of hurry-up-and-wait long before G.I.'s invented the phrase.

We could hardly have cared less. Time disappeared from consciousness. En route to Casablanca the second time, the first officer said he thought tomorrow would be some great American holiday. We said no, but he insisted and got out a calendar, and it dawned on us that he meant Thanksgiving, which had utterly slipped our minds. The captain asked of what Thanksgiving consisted. We said, well, you eat too much turkey. It so desolated him that there were no turkeys in the ship's freezer that he opened champagne on the house for all.

We loaded sardines, perfume and bagged fertilizer at Casablanca, fueled at Las Palmas, saw the cloud-piercing, snow-frosted island peak of Tenerife—the captain took the ship several hours off course so we wouldn't miss it—and Dakar, metropolis of French Negro Africa. And sometimes came the crass thought that the trip, a bargain to start with at twelve dollars a day, was prorating out to seven dollars, at which rate one can hardly afford to stay home.

My wife and I are not Jonahs specially hexing ships into such desultory behavior. Ralph Bellamy, the veteran actor, and a Class A addict, tells of a French freighter he and his wife were to take out of New Orleans for France. When the Bellamys reached New Orleans they were told to get on quickly to Houston; she was sailing from there. They scrambled to Houston and were sent to Corpus Christi. There they caught the ship, got settled on board for the voyage, sailed—and found themselves right back in Houston. But thanks to the ship's excellent, clean quarters and elegant table, they were anything but annoyed.

That sort of thing and our experience on the Meltingpot are freightering high-style. But practically all freighters have their points. After finishing our business in Sierra Leone, we went on down the

... ...

Midnight Train

By Avis Riordan

In wind and rain,
The midnight train
Winds through the sleeping
valley,

In far-flung skirls
The whistle whirls,
The echoes rally,

Thin silver trills
Festoon the hills
On scheduled midnight sally,

To wake from sleep,
However deep,
The dreaming valley.

... ...

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coast in an easygoing Norwegian that had been sunk in World War II and been raised to sail some more. The other passengers were Americans—a missionary couple and an oil-company couple with children going to a Gold Coast job. The huskiest member of the ship's company was the chief stewardess—in many Scandinavian ships the stewards are all women—who had taken to sea after years of running a seamen's boardinghouse in Singapore. When we joined the ship she was doubling as cook because the regular cook was taking a long time to recover from some Sierra Leone moonshine he had bought from some natives in a canoe. It was all right by her, she said, because she liked her own cooking better than his.

At Freetown, following a West African custom, we shipped a stevedoring crew of forty "Krumen"—a tribe long specializing in such work—to go down the coast and back. They lived in a sort of outsize tarpaulin tepee on No. 3 hatch, cooking, washing, skylarking and frequently demonstrating that they could and would eat bucketfuls of leftovers—green salad, ice cream, chicken wings and bean soup all mixed up together. It was like something at a World's Fair, only with nothing phony about it.

On many freighters, officers and passengers eat at one big table, family-style, which means close acquaintance with details of the ship's business that the passenger liner's passengers never dream of—what's stowed next to what, and why; what upset the agent so at the last port; where the redheaded deck hand got that shiner; how much fuel it saves to run half speed all night when the radio tells you there will be three ships ahead of you entering the canal next morning; what happened when the port authorities refused to let Passenger X land last trip. Leaning on the rail to watch loading of sugar or coffee, barreled mackerel or boxed lard, mahogany or steel girders, is as fascinating as watching the same being off-loaded at destination. The whine and rattle of the winches during night loading under lights make sleep difficult. But that's a good excuse for staying up to sidewalk-superintend, and you can always sleep next day at sea in a sheltered nook with your cap over your eyes.

It's good manners not to visit the bridge until invited. That usually happens soon, and the run of the ship is then yours, stem to stern. Youthful passengers sometimes help the crew with scrubbing or painting chores. Some years ago, little Heller Halliday, daughter of Mary (Peter Pan) Martin and Richard Halliday, her manager-husband, sailed in a Norwegian freighter with her addict-parents and was presently working steadily alongside the teen-age apprentice boys in the crew. At Bahia, Brazil, three of the boys asked the captain's leave to ask the Hallidays' leave to take Heller to the movies ashore. It was gravely granted, and when Heller's grandchildren inquire what grandma's first date was, she can say: "In Bahia at the age of thirteen with three Norwegian sailors."

Mary Martin says she got so attached to this ship that she always looks first at the ship news in The New York Times to see if it's come in. Former fellow passengers have been known to organize reunions on board whenever "their" ships are in port. With both pride and bewilderment the United States Lines reports that three out of four of their transatlantic freighter patrons whose bookings go awry refuse more expensive quarters at no extra charge on the line's famous, fast passenger ships. They'd rather wait a week or two, if necessary, for replacement freighter passage. Hail, brother addicts!

For couples dedicated to freightering, the equivalent of hitting Bingo is to be sole passengers, which is close to having your own seagoing yacht, but at far less expense. Popular as freighters are, long as waiting lists run, this can happen in the off season. We've had it twice—once in the Caribbean, once down the Great Lakes from Chicago to Montreal in an elegant little 1500-tonner. The Hallidays struck it once in a Britisher out of London. The ship's stewardess happened to be a Cunard chief stewardess taking a paid buswoman's holiday to the tropics. All her experienced skill concentrated on one lady passenger gave Miss Martin the most luxurious weeks of her life.

Fat-cat quarters are not essential. We enjoyed immensely our seventeen days on an antique freighter in a cabin the size of a Pullman compartment, and where there was only one bathtub and one toilet for twelve passengers, including three small children. One great compensation was the East Indian cook's strangely spiced dishes of bits of meat and fish and slivers of pancake. Another was when the ship took us up the Saguenay River to Port Alfred—a trip that tourists make on purpose—where we berthed alongside a Greek tramp, whose captain had just carved up the first mate and then skipped ashore to hide out in the bush.

Another elderly ship once took us up the Seine to Rouen. Slipping half speed up the river at sunrise on a spring morning, past green meadows and old-time castles and cave-hollowed chalk cliffs, was a kind of diesel-powered fairy story. The return trip was memorable in another way: The captain, a thorough-paced seaman, but given to studying astrology and playing the guitar with fervor, was feeling gay when we were sailing one midnight to catch the tide at the river's mouth. We had a local river pilot, which minimized his responsibilities. So he turned the P.A. system up high and, as we swept down the Seine in the May moonlight, waked up half of Normandy with a Teutonic-accented rendition of his favorite number, Home on the Range, with guitar self-accompaniment. It could happen only in a freighter.

Intriguing as such things sound, however, much of the above explains why freightering cannot be everybody's dish. Decidedly, if you know you like the multi-person, organized life of large cruise ships or if you go in a lot for spectator sports and bright lights, freighters cannot give you your money's worth. You may get a movie or two, shown for the crew's morale. I remember a Guiana East Indian deck passenger who proved to be a small-time conjurer and amused—if that's the word—our freighter's ship's company by transfixing his cheeks with long daggers and hypnotizing a deck hand so well that it was alarmingly hard to bring him to again. On the foredeck of a tiny round-the-Fiji-Islands vessel loaded with copra and insect life, the Fijian crew used to gather nights and harmonize hymns like bullfrog angels. But such things aren't planned. You can't even count on the usual maritime rodeo of porpoises frisking alongside.

Put it thus: If your first reaction to hearing about freighters is "What do you do with yourself all that time?", the cult is not for you. Mary Martin hedges by taking along a vast piece of needlepoint embroidery that she has worked on for years, but there's always plenty left to do when the trip is over. Ralph Bellamy ships forty or fifty pounds of books that he always meant to read, and really does read some of them in the intervals of doing as near absolutely nothing as one can without ceasing to breathe. But both are obviously capable of enjoying indefinitely prolonged freighter peace without ever cracking a book or threading a needle. It's just an idiosyncrasy that some are born with, like the ability to wiggle the ears.

For other practical qualifications: It helps to be a good sailor, though this is not essential. Modern anti-seasickness drugs work well on most people, and a 4500-ton freighter loaded deep in the water can be a better sea boat than some 45,000-ton passenger liners. Most freighters discourage or refuse to ship children under twelve; partly because a freighter's decks are not too safe for kids; partly, it may be, to protect the other passengers. We have sailed with children—other passengers', that is—several times. I recall one who was already a budding she card-sharp at the age of eight; and a small brother and sister who used to rig lines across the lower steps of ill-lighted ladders in hopes that somebody coming down in a hurry would take a really juicy fall.

Women more than five months' pregnant, persons over sixty-five unable to show medical certificates of fitness, and anybody else likely to need a doctor are usually ruled out because ships carrying under thirteen passengers are not required to provide doctors or nurses. Except in Scandinavian ships, even stewardesses are rare. For illness or accident the officers do what they can with the ship's medical handbook and a stock of basic medicaments, and maybe consultation obtained by radio. In extreme emergency a patient may be transshipped at sea to a vessel with a doctor. But in the lonely waters that freighters often get into, that is nothing to count on.

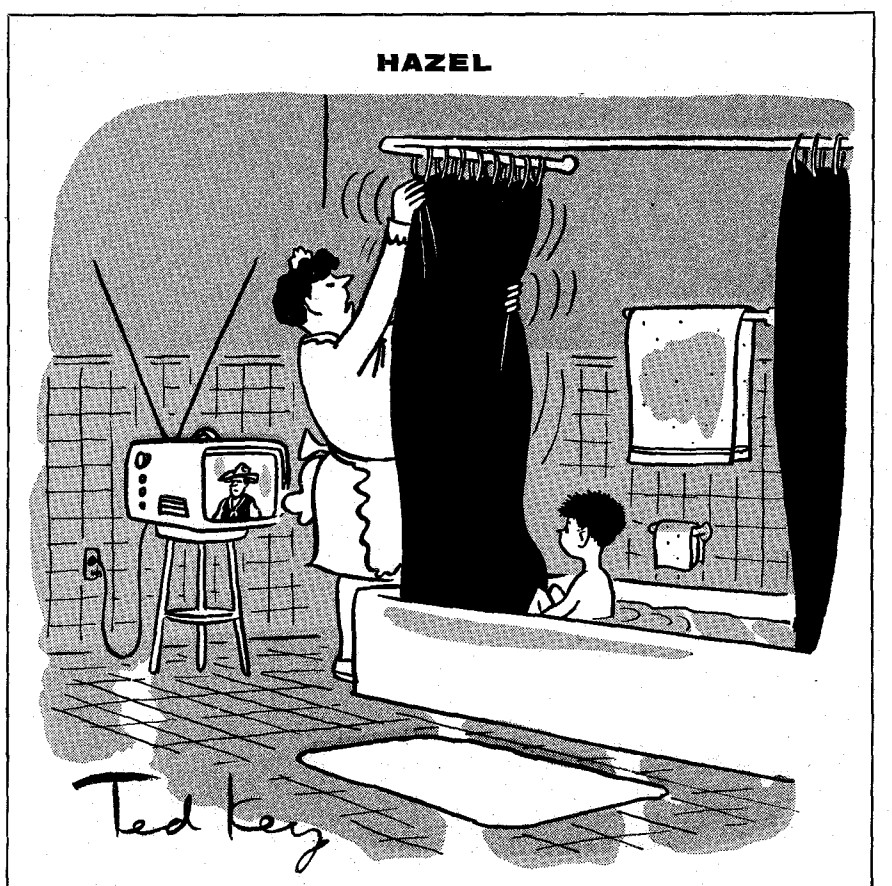
The worst of it is that the uncertainties inevitable in cargo shipping make freightering inadvisable for millions who might otherwise like it. A person with a two-week vacation between definite dates runs too high a risk of finding a sailing postponed. Three-week vacations work a little better on several Caribbean lines with reputations for keeping more or less close to schedule. But even so, the number of ships involved is limited. Given the bone-lazy temperament for it, freightering fits those who own their own businesses or can call their own vacation shots: many lawyers, doctors, ministers, artists, actors and writers; also retired people with income enough for occasional travel. Teachers with long summer vacations are eligible, but should allow an extravagant margin of safety at the September end. A freighter due into that "first U. S. East Coast port" around August thirtieth may still be plodding along off Bermuda when school opens on September eighth, an awkward situation that occasionally costs a nice girl a good job.

These warnings could go on and on. You risk getting dismally stuck—though we haven't yet—with a consistently sour batch of shipmates. Deck space is enclosed for bad weather only in the fanciest new ships. You dine at an inelegant hour between five and six, and may never really reconcile yourself to the Dutch-cum-Scandinavian habit of cheese for breakfast. The coffee is generally foul. Menus are usually set—no choice. In spite of all the above talk about good feeding, many a freighter's cook is fairly inept, and on long runs even pretty good cooking gets monotonous.

But even thus to enumerate the drawbacks of freightering makes our sea legs twitch. We had two freighter trips last winter, but the voyages—fifteen days out, twelve home—were miserably short. Next time we hope to try one of the really long runs.

For instance, from Chicago via the Lakes and the St. Lawrence to Venezuela; or from New Orleans to East Africa; or from Los Angeles all the way down South America, through the Strait of Magellan and up the other side.

Now there's a deal: two different services, double rooms with private baths, ships with excellent reputations, 100 days or more, for $1350 to $1400 apiece. It may sound good to you also. But, as a wise old gentleman once advised me while persuading me to learn to use an old-fashioned straight razor: "If you're in a hurry—don't." THE END



"Because of difficulties beyond our control
the picture you've been watching . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Photo by Jon Abbot

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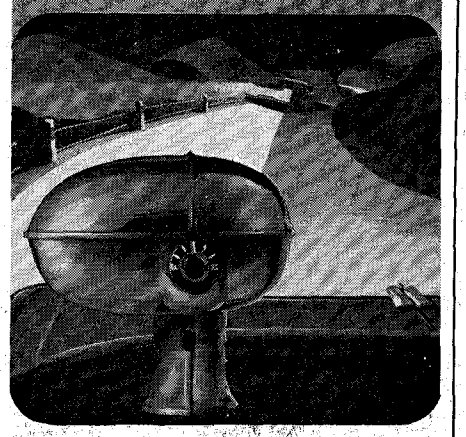

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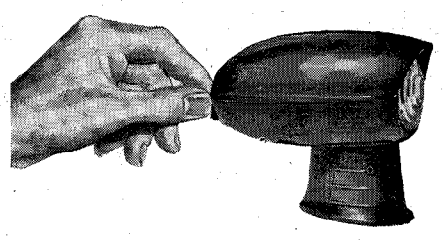

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Keeping Posted

Mr. Stout's Idea of Fun

When mystery novelist **Rex Stout,** who has written 30 books about Nero Wolfe, is tired out from concocting a criminal puzzle and then unconcocting it, how does he relax? "The trouble with my hobbies," he feels, "is that I'm over-hobbied." Although the page 30 author and his wife live in the relaxing town of Brewster, N.Y., Stout avers that the only place he could be utterly content would be on a strip of ground alongside the grandstand in Yankee Stadium, where he would have a small building ("or a tent would do"), a pool of deep, cold water, rows of vegetables and a border of flowers. Inside the building or tent he would be conducting three activities: cabinetmaking, playing chess, and arguing with somebody about something. Outside, three other activities: gardening, cooking on a grill, and fishing in the pool. Meanwhile, he would be watching some ball team, no matter which, whaling the daylights out of the Yankees.

Rex Stout and his wife Pola.

Tales of the Authors

Illustrator Stanley Meltzoff with model of a Civil War submarine.

Carl Rowan: journalist, lecturer.

Robert Carse's page 24 story about the Confederate Navy submarine Hunley evolved from research for his latest book, Blockade, a history of the Civil War at sea, published by Rinehart. Carse, now busy on two more histories of men and ships, quite naturally lives on Shelter Island, N.Y.—"The sea is on three sides, and my wife and I love it." Illustrator **Stanley Meltzoff** made his painting of the Hunley from a model (see photo) which a friend, Calhoun Smith, constructed from old pictures. Mr. and Mrs. Meltzoff and two sub-teen daughters live in Fair Haven, N.J. The illustrator, a Civil War expert, also a skin diver with lots of underwater experience, comments, "It's hard to figure how the Hunley ever reached its destination, let alone sank another ship. It seemed designed to sink itself."

Carl T. Rowan, who on page 11 writes about families on welfare relief, came from the have-not group himself; his first job as a youth, hard manual labor, paid him one dollar a week. His first attempt at writing was a poem which pleased his high-school teacher in McMinnville, Tenn., but displeased his girl friend's father—"I won't have my daughter getting interested in a poet. Do I want her to starve to death?" Today, Rowan is an award-winning writer on foreign affairs, race relations and education for the Minneapolis Tribune, and the author of several books, including The Pitiful and the Proud (Random House). In World War II he was among the first 15 Negroes ever to win Navy commissions. Considering that the busy Rowan has logged some 250,000 flying miles on Tribune foreign assignments in the last four years, when does he get time to see his wife and three youngsters? He partly solves this by often taking the whole crew along with him on lecture trips—he logs about 100 speeches a year.

Every time **Joe Furnas** and his wife take a voyage in a freighter (page 22), Mrs. F. carries along a set of Scrabble, that parlor game in which one builds up letters to form completed words—a sort of literary dominoes. Once on a Dutch freighter Mrs. Furnas dreamed up a three-language version of the game; she herself played in English and French, which she speaks well; a Belgian passenger played in French and Flemish, the latter being about the same as Dutch; and two Dutch ladies operated in Dutch and English. "Thus," Furnas explains, "nobody could get away with phony words because some player would always be wise enough to squawk." The playing board, he recalls, looked like an explosion in a Berlitz language school.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Nixon on Nixon"

The Vice President of the United States, interviewed by Post editor Stewart Alsop, reveals his aims and ideals with unprecedented candor.

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